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January 4, 1961

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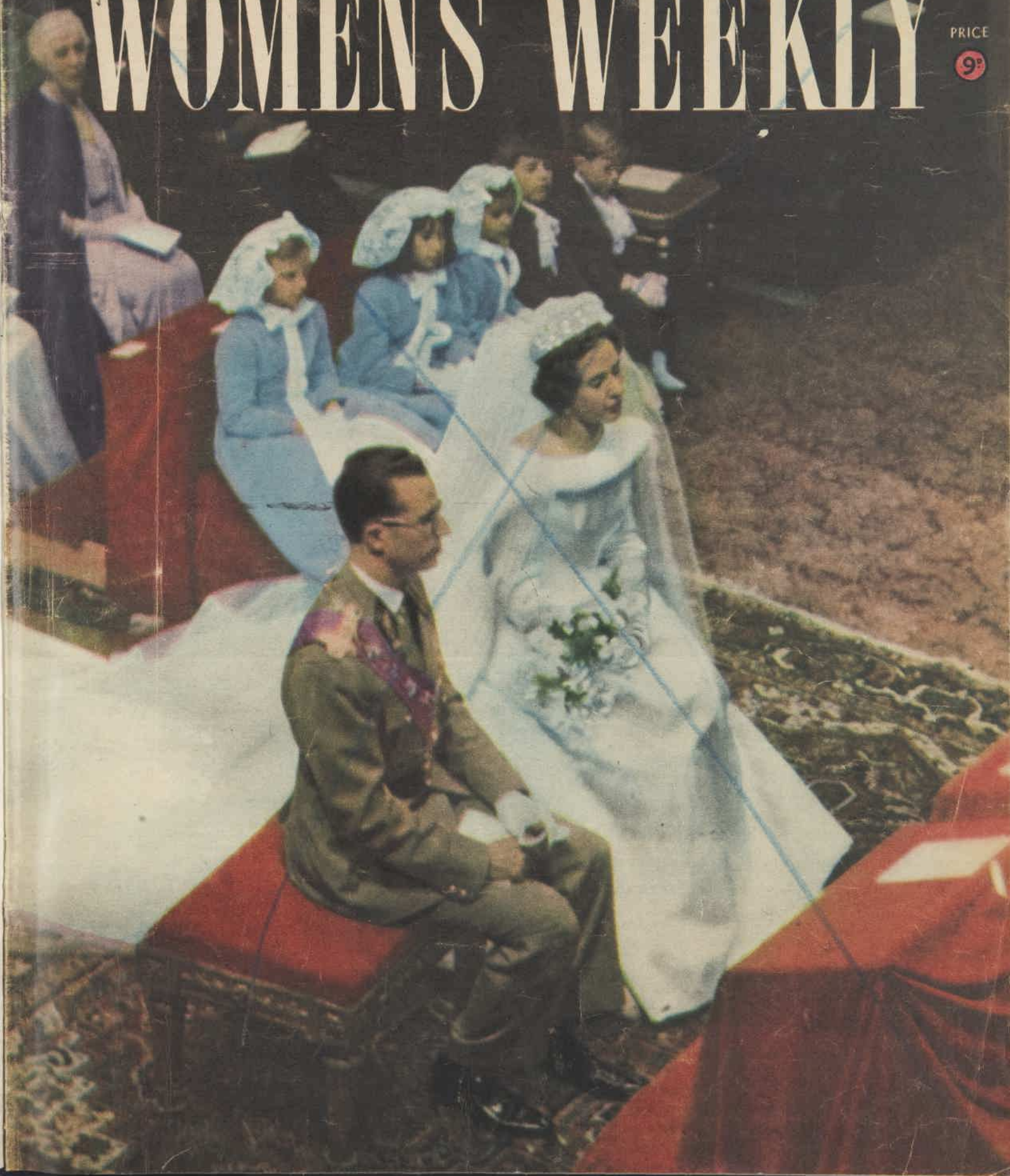
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● This issue has a new look. We have used black ink instead of the sepia-colored ink that has distinguished the paper for so long.

COMBINED with the most modern production methods, the black ink gives an even higher standard of color reproduction in our many color-illustrated features.

We'd like your comments. How do you like the look of the paper printed with black ink? Write and tell us what you think.

The use of new inks is one of the many major plans on which we are working to give you an even better and brighter paper in 1961.

★ ★ ★
STAFF artist Arthur Boothroyd has become so attached to the delightful little

figures he designed and built to illustrate Rumer Godden's short story "Candy Floss" (page 18), he can't bear to demolish them.

Clementina, the little girl of the story; Jack, the owner of the fair's coconut shy; Candy Floss, the doll; and Cocoa, the dog, stand on their fairground set in Arthur's studio at his home at Bayview, N.S.W.

"It took me three weeks' non-stop work to build the set and the figures," Arthur said.

"I've grown fond of the characters. They have their own personalities. I would be sorry to destroy them, even though their work is completed."

For the illustration staff photographer Keith Barlow photographed the set in color.

The bodies of the little figures are of material mounted on wire frames.

The faces are papier-mache, first covered with plaster of paris and then with a sealing agent, which allowed Arthur to model the features into shape and expression. Then he painted the faces.

The limbs, hands, and feet are balsa wood, with the sealing agent used again to work up relief, such as knuckles and nails.

Arthur's attractive wife, Ninette, who made the clothes for the models, agrees she would be quite sad to see the set broken up.

But she says emphatically that she was not sorry to see the end of the work.

"I've only just got rid of all the bits and pieces that seemed to fill every corner of the

Our cover

● King Baudouin of Belgium and Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon of Spain at the religious ceremony in the Church of Saints Michel and Gudule, Brussels, which followed their civil wedding. Behind them are three of the six little bridesmaids and two of the page-boys. More pictures, pages 8 and 9.

house while the work was going on," she said.

"The set and its models became quite a community project in Kannanook Avenue, where we live. Neighbors went through their scrap-bags for pieces of material.

"One neighbor's husband's worn-out pyjamas provided the blue-and-white-striped material for one of the tents."

To make the dog Cocoa, Arthur pasted brown theatrical crepe hair over the papier-mache frame.

He then trimmed it into an authentic poodle cut and, to give it that curly, slightly rough texture of a poodle's coat, singed it all.

Jack, the owner of the coconut shy, has gold earrings made of pieces of copper wire. Tiny green shamrocks were hand-painted on his purple scarf.

Incidentally, Arthur has designed costumes and make-up for three Shakespearean productions for the Globe Players — Sydney Grammar School students — and also has designed for other acting groups in Sydney.



ARTHUR and Ninette Boothroyd with two of the little figures, Clementina and Jack, Arthur made to illustrate "Candy Floss."

NEXT WEEK: Announcing — Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest, with prizes worth £2100 . . . "Quantum of Solace" — long short story by Ian Fleming, with Commander James Bond, one of fiction's most exciting characters.



Thai Queen will be hostess to Alexandra

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA this week begins a ten-day private holiday at Gstaad, Switzerland, as the guest of the King and Queen of Thailand.

Alexandra and chic young Queen Sirikit became friends when Alexandra stayed in Thailand on her way home from Australia in 1959.

The friendship developed when the Thai King and Queen paid a state visit to Britain last July. Alexandra was chosen to meet them at Gatwick Airport in Surrey, and the picture above shows them on that occasion.

Queen Sirikit has a reputation as match-maker and she has invited several eligible young men for the holiday, which begins on January 2.

It is rumored in London that they will include Lord O'Neill, the Duke of Atholl, Lord Lumley, Lord Patrick Beresford, Giuseppe Gazzoni, son of an Italian industrialist; Donald Marr, 24-year-old Old Etonian who is now a plastics salesman; and Prince Harald of Norway.

The Royal party have taken over a whole floor of the Palace Hotel for their guests, and will probably hold at least one dance.

The party will spend much of the time ski-ing. Alexandra can ski but is not very skilled. She can skate, but has not had much practice since she was a child.

Before Christmas, which, as usual, she was invited to spend at Sandringham, she bought some new clothes for her Swiss holiday.

for your knees...your face...
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Mothercraft Leaflet

● A free leaflet giving guidance on how to deal with a "difficult" child is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

SLEEPY?

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AWAKENERS

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"MY HUSBAND

*... says the woman who'll
be Princess Alexandra's
hostess in the New Year,
in this exclusive interview.*

LOVELY Queen Sirikit of Thailand, who recently visited Great Britain and the U.S. with her husband, charmed all with her beauty, grace, and poise.

Yet ten years ago, when I had first met her shortly after she was married, she was so shy that she barely spoke a word.

When I interviewed her again in Switzerland, the Queen blushed as she reached out for the King's hand beside hers, and explained: "My husband has given me the necessary confidence. I find it hard to believe that I was really once so shy."

Smiling tenderly at the King and speaking more to him than to me, she added: "He has given me everything. My husband is my whole life."

I was interviewing the Royal couple in the living-room of their rented villa at Chexbres, near Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, where they were holidaying after a series of strenuous State visits.

They are now back in Switzerland, at the fashionable ski resort of Gstaad. There, from January 2, they will entertain Princess Alexandra and many other distinguished guests.

Queen Sirikit (her name means "Glory") and King Bhumibol met in Paris, where her father was Thai Minister to France and the young King attended the Paris Conservatory. She was 18 and the King 22 when they married at Bangkok in 1950.

Love at sight

"It was love at first sight," the Queen said.

After the Coronation the Royal couple came to Switzerland, where the King spent a further year to complete his studies in political science at Lausanne University.

Queen Sirikit already then ranked among the best-dressed women in the world.

When I asked her ten years ago why she wore European clothes, she answered shyly, "To please my husband."

I asked her the same question again this time. And her answer was the same. Only she added, "I always try to make myself look attractive for him."

For this interview, though, the Queen was wearing a Siamese dress, almost ankle-length, turquoise-colored,



QUEEN SIRIKIT, New Year hostess to Princess Alexandra, has a magnificent wardrobe of Western clothes, but sometimes wears Thai dress as shown here.

heavily hand-embroidered at the bottom, with long sleeves and closed up to the neck. She wore a rose in her shiny black hair.

The Queen laughed when I told her that I had read in a magazine that she always carries a revolver with her on her travels and asked if this was true.

"I would be much too scared," she said. "And I

could put one thing right. Namely, the popular misconception that jazz and classical music do not go together, or that jazz is only for juvenile delinquents.

"The Queen prefers classical music. I, as you know, am a jazz fan. Yet we go together and enjoy a performance of 'Lohengrin,' just as we both enjoy hearing Duke Ellington's band."

By FREDERICK SANDS

would not even know how to handle one."

And she added: "Some strangely odd stories have been made up about us as we go from one country to another."

The King looked on patiently while the Queen spoke.

I thought of his interest in music, especially in jazz, and said to the King: "Your Majesty, I see no evidence of your hobby in this house."

He shook his head sadly and said: "There are barely enough chairs to sit on in this house, let alone a piano."

Then he added: "But I would appreciate it if you

The King also discussed political and economic affairs of his country, and wanted me to know all about the £12,000,000 hydro-electric dam which is being constructed at Vanhi, in the north of Thailand.

Suddenly the Queen asked me: "Is it right that Charlie Chaplin lives near here?"

I told her that this was so, and added that we saw one another from time to time.

The Queen's face lit up with joy as she asked me: "Do you suppose that I am likely to see him in the street?"

I assured the Queen that she did not need to depend on such a coincidence, and

that when the Chaplins were back from their holidays I would be happy to bring them together.

Then we talked about children — the Queen's children. These are Princess Ubol Ratana, 9, Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn, 8, Princess Sirindhorn, 5, and Princess Chulabhorn, 3.

"Because of their differences in age, I have to spend much time with each one individually," the Queen said.

The Queen said that all questions concerning the education of her children were decided by the King.

"For a long time we have been debating whether the children should receive private tutoring or whether to send them to an ordinary school," the Queen said.

Human contact

"In the end we found the ideal solution, fearing that unless they had other children around them they would lack the necessary human contact."

It was then decided, the Queen said, to set up a school in the compound of the Royal Palace, which is now attended by up to 50 children — sons and daughters of people in all walks of life.

The King then told me: "The Crown Prince, above all, must have a comprehensive education. He will be King one day, and I consider it among the duties of a modern monarch to possess above-average knowledge in all fields ranging from science, politics, and law to literature and art."

The Royal couple have paid many State visits this year to the U.S., Britain, Germany, and other countries.

Queen Sirikit's entire wardrobe was made by Paris couturier Pierre Balmain.

I asked the Queen what she had enjoyed most of all on her travels in America and Europe. She answered diplomatically: "I enjoyed it all." But two occasions, she said, stood out above all else.

"Going shopping in San Francisco's China Town and seeing London on the top deck of a bus, with Princess Alexandra as my guide."

Before I left, the Queen said she hoped I would find an opportunity to visit Thailand.

"I am sure you would find much to interest you there," she said, but her mind was clearly on something else, as she added quickly, "I hope you will not forget to speak to Mr. Chaplin."

I assured the Queen that she could count on it.

IS MY WHOLE LIFE⁹⁹



QUEEN SIRIKIT (above) with her elder daughters, Princess Ubol Ratana, 9, and Princess Sirindhorn, 5, near Lausanne.



THE BABY (right), Princess Chulabhorn, 3, trying on a new sunhat while the rest of the family went boating. Too frightened of the water, she went shopping with her nurse.



TENT GAME for the two elder Princesses is shared with their Royal mother. The Queen later suggested that the family should go boating on Lake Geneva, and bundled her children into a new station-wagon, with her mother and two nannies, to drive to the tiny harbor of Ouchy to hire four pedalboats.



KING BHUMIBOL helps his two elder daughters from the pedalboat in which he had driven them on the lake. The boats cost four Swiss francs an hour each to hire, and the King took four for his family. He also bought ten vanilla ices for them. The King wears strong glasses because of a serious car accident ten years ago which involved his sight.



ROYAL FAMILY patiently walk on the quay while waiting for free boats. L. to r.: Princess Sirindhorn, Queen, Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn, 8, King, and Princess Ubol Ratana. No one recognised the King when he hired the boats. The boatman said: "If you're not back in time you must pay an extra franc for every 15 minutes. They were back on time.



Anne Baxter, good "Aussie" barracker

From **ROBERT FELDMAN**
in *Oklahoma*

● Miss Anne Baxter—Mrs. Randolph Galt, of Giro, N.S.W.—has put Australia on the map in Oklahoma, U.S.A.

THE star and her grazier husband flew 9000 miles to Oklahoma City for the premiere of her latest film, "Cimarron," which was shot in Arizona and Hollywood.

The film itself was a heartbreak to Anne. Her role was cut to a bit part. But offstage she had top billing—and so did Australia.

She answered questions galore—over and over again—on television, on tape, to reporters, to famous Hollywood columnists.

Yes, she really likes it in the bush, she said. She gardened, cooked exotic dishes, and helped with the station chores. "Every day is different," she said.

No, she really hadn't picked up much Australian slang — "Sorry."

The Australian woman "is not so spoiled as you American women are. It would be a revelation to you to live there."

After two days of hectic touring, parading, speechifying, Miss Baxter was beginning to look "bushed."

Returning from a ranch-waggon barbecue, she flopped on to the long back seat of a bus, put her head in her husband's lap, and slept all the way back to town, in full view of the world's Press.

The Galts flew from Oklahoma to the King Ranch in Texas to visit Robert Kleberg, the cattle tycoon.

Then they went on to Hollywood, would spend Christmas in Hawaii with Mr. Galt's parents and Miss Baxter's nine-year-old daughter, Katrina, who was to fly from Australia to join them.

● Above, Anne tells her star-studded audience at the premiere of M. G. M.'s "Cimarron" of her 9000-mile flight from Australia to be there.

● Left, Anne laughing uproariously at a dinner given by the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, part of two days' pre-film festivities.

● Right, with husband, Randolph Galt, photographed against a backdrop of cattle pastures and oil derricks when visiting a ranch.



Your stars for 1961

By EVE HILLIARD

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

There are likely to be tests of staying power and ability to see things through during the early months of 1961. There are challenges from every quarter, and whatever happens you won't be bored. Mars on the home front favors property; some decide to build a new home or improve the present residence. There are likely to be changes in the household, but these may be merely temporary. Sudden love affairs are indicated in your house of romance. Career matters for some are at the crossroads. You seek new goals, wider scope for your talents, increased authority, prestige, which, however, all carry added responsibilities.

TAURUS APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Many short journeys, particularly during the early part of the year, give you new ideas, new contacts, and spark your imagination into keen activity. You increase your skill in sports, hobbies, and broaden your intellectual horizons through study. If interested in swimming or yachting, this is important until Easter. A number change places in residence, perhaps more than once. You may go from a flat to a house or vice versa, travel for business or pleasure, and see changes in the family circle through career or marriage. Steady progress will be made towards your chosen goal. You will be called upon to exhibit initiative, self-confidence, and a willingness to try new tasks.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21

Nearly all of you are likely to show a financial profit on the year's efforts, for your mind at present takes a practical turn. Many plan budgets, personal and domestic, and then decide to save for a definite purpose. Your chance to utilise your special talents in writing, advertising, and selling are growing brighter provided you follow up each small success and don't wander off on tangents. You are certain to find many changes, either in surroundings or outlook, but this stimulates interest and keeps you on your toes. From April until September opportunity beckons and you may be really lucky. However, health tends towards nervous wear and tear. Live one day at a time.

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22

Tact and adaptability to changing human situations will be required of you with Saturn in your house of partnerships. You will be inclined to play safe with personal relationships and practical assets. The chance to push open gates to success is most likely to come through others after you have shown you can stand on your own feet. The first three months of the year give you the green light if you are developing your creative talents. Rewards come during the winter. Your income may fluctuate, for Uranus in this department is full of surprises. Unexpected expenses and unforeseen gains will balance in the long run if you keep your feet firmly planted on the ground.

LEO JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

If you were born between August 13 and 22 you will not forget the next twelve months in a hurry, for Uranus, which overturns the existing order and makes all things new, will be hovering over your natal sun. It can lead to hasty marriage, if eligible, a change in occupation, or removal to another district. Whatever happens, you won't be quite the same person when your next birthday rolls around. There is likely to be an increase in money earned, although you may feel you are earning it twice over by giving extra care and interest to the job. There might be friction with workmates or with those in authority, but that is a passing phase.

VIRGO AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

Your chance to cash in on hard work and conscientious effort should now carry you along with both Saturn and Jupiter in favorable aspect to your own sun. In your department of romance, social life receives great emphasis, but lack of self-confidence and poise could spoil what should be your finest moments. Overcome your shyness, which holds you back under these influences. During most of the year you can advance in almost any direction, but you are more likely to attain outstanding gains between January and May, and again in September, around your birthday. New enterprises develop, perhaps meet with obstacles, but you can use such periods for study.

LIBRA SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

Some are likely to be tested in unexpected ways through more responsibility and ability to stand on your own feet. Be sure to weigh beforehand the consequences of any move you are contemplating, for Neptune can be tantalising in your department of income, bringing prizes and defeats. Any matter concerning property should be successful from January to April and again in September and October. April to August is a time of good fortune if your birthday lies between September 24 and October 3. This can apply to personal relationships or business affairs; everything seems to click. Your career or standing may see important changes, or you choose a new path.

SCORPIO OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

Subtle Neptune in your sign gives you extraordinary personal charm, greater sympathy for others, goals which are idealistic or down-to-earth, depending on your tendencies. Saturn is the sign which rules education, mental effort, encourages increased knowledge, and the acquisition of skills throughout the year. It's also excellent for relationships with relatives and neighbors, while Jupiter is also present in that part of your chart. April to August is fine for changes or improvements to the home. March is likely to be romantic with Easter weddings not far off. After June, your ruler, Mars, moves to a conjunction with Uranus, bringing spectacular events in your house of success.

SAGITTARIUS NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

Whatever experience and knowledge you have accumulated can now be used to widen your horizons by exploring new pastures, seeking a new niche, remodelling your life on a more satisfactory basis. Previous attempts may have been too hasty, without adequate foundations, but now you can realise some of your hopes and wishes, as Uranus is in good aspect with your natal sun. This applies especially to those born on or after December 12. Recognition of hard work brings financial reward in the early part of the year, leading to a richer, fuller period which helps you to forget old frustrations during midwinter. There is the possibility of an inheritance, or a lucky strike, in January or March.

CAPRICORN DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

With the ruler of your sign in his own home you tend to be conservative, sound in judgment, shrewd in management, a tower of strength to those around you. Decisions will have to be made as you start on a new cycle. Whether you are career girl, employee, homemaker, mother, widow, efficiency will be demanded of you and perhaps a willingness to stand on your own feet. Health and morale must be kept on a high plane if you are to reach the goals you have set. Many of you adapt yourselves to radical changes and prepare to face a new way of life. Let go of the old, accept the new. This will not be easy, but flexibility will lead to fresh hopes and smoother living.

AQUARIUS JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

There is, during the first five months, danger of accidents in connection with your occupation, or health matters need attention. This applies especially if you wear a uniform. Otherwise you have an exceptionally full programme which you are determined to carry out. Uranus in your 7th house of marriage may mean sudden marriage, disagreements with the marriage partner, or a broken engagement, yet by November these influences will have vanished. Tact and patience can prevent heartbreak. As far as your social and business standing is concerned, you may enjoy a number of lucky breaks or gratify an ambition. If you come before the public, aspects are excellent for success.

PISCES FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Your native sun being trained by Mars in your department of romance and speculation sets a swift pace for the start of the year. A spirit of enterprise will carry you in any direction you choose to travel and you'll grasp eagerly at the gifts of Lady Luck when she knocks on your door. For some of you this means good fortune to loved ones, especially if a parent. Neptune in a water sign in the house of travel indicates long voyages. If you do not travel yourself, someone close to you is likely to cross distance. There could be, between June and December, separation from an old friend, resignation from a group or retirement. This will be followed by compensations, new interests.

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Young babies have practically no resistance to germs; that is why they are so liable to suffer from tummy upsets, gastro-enteritis and diarrhoea. Thrush is a problem, too.

If your baby must be bottle-fed, it is important that you keep his bottles and teats germ free. Of course, baby's feed must be sterile, too. All milk must be boiled before use.

HOW TO KEEP BOTTLES AND TEATS FREE FROM GERMS

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Margaret and Tony guests



● Arriving at the airport in Brussels, Princess Margaret, besieged by photographers, temporarily lost Tony in the crowd.

● "Oh, she's a pretty parakeet," called onlookers when Princess Margaret, wearing a hat of parrot feathers, arrived in Brussels for the wedding of King Baudouin and Dona Fabiola.

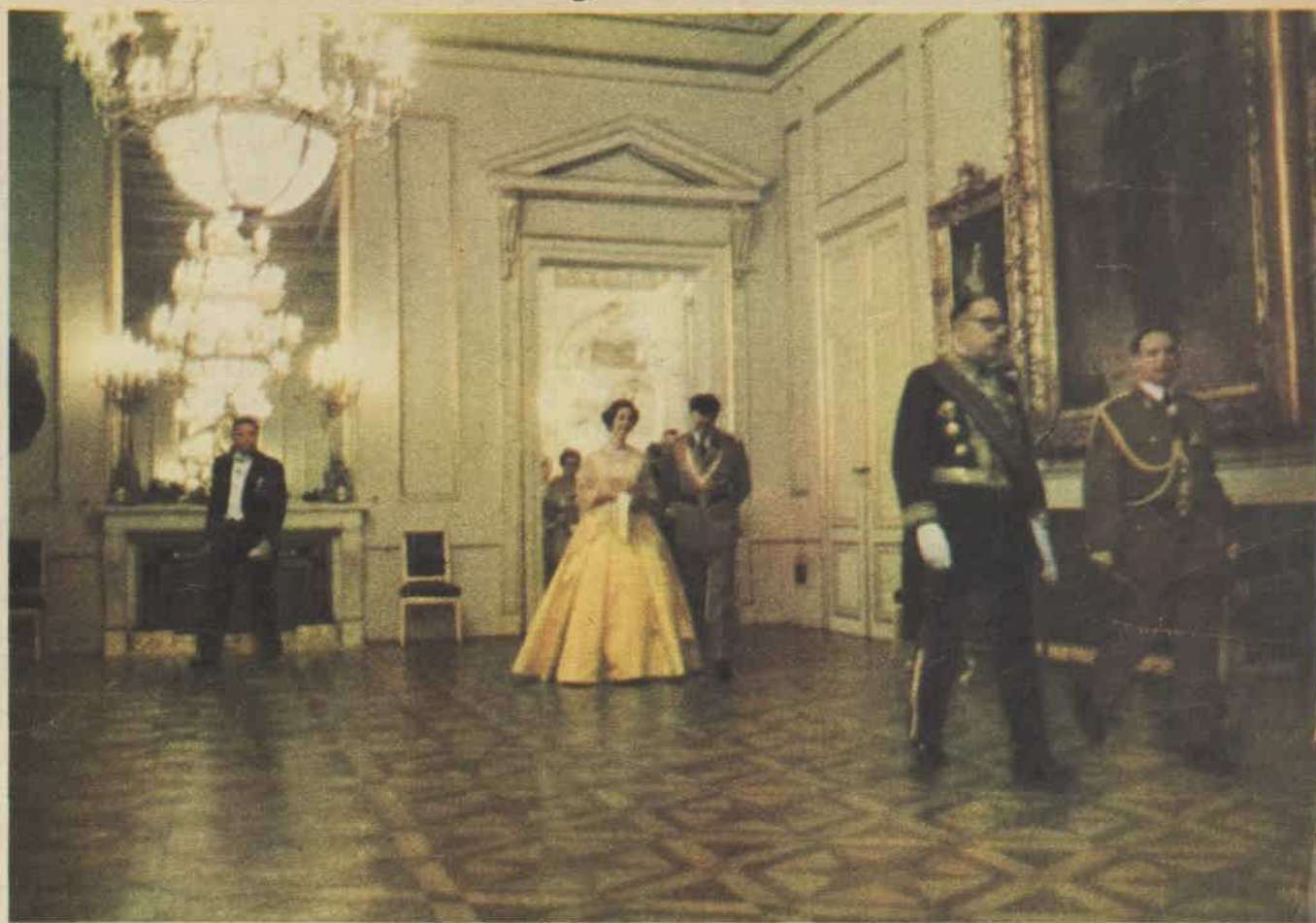


● Above: Window-shopping in Brussels. The Belgians cheered Tony wherever he went in the city.

● Left: At the wedding Princess Margaret (in second row) wore apricot wild silk and a matching feather toque. Queen Juliana is at left of the same row. In front (centre) is Queen Elisabeth, King Baudouin's grandmother.

at Belgian royal wedding

● King Baudouin of Belgium and Dona Fabiola enter the Throne Room at the Royal Palace in Brussels for the dinner and ball held two nights before their marriage. After the wedding ceremonies — civil and religious — on December 15 the King and Queen flew to Spain for their honeymoon.



● Some of the 2000 guests arriving at the reception (below). Picture shows Don Juan, Pretender to the Throne of Spain, with his father, the Count of Barcelona. Princess Margaret is in the doorway, and in front of her is Princess Paola of Belgium.



WHAT MAKE-UP SHOULD DO FOR YOU

● In the last of a series of four articles, Australian model Pauline Kiernan warns against using make-up as a mask or a means to look like someone else. She says it should help you present yourself at your best.

WHEN I start applying my make-up I don't try to make myself look like someone else—another model of a film star. I accentuate my best features and play down my bad ones.

It has taken me five years to learn this.

Naturally, for photographs I use much heavier make-up.

Each morning as I fall out of bed and start running to get to the photographer's studio on time I slap baby oil on my face and get ice-cubes out of the refrigerator.

I press the ice to my face (if your skin is sensitive, be sure to wrap it in a cloth first), under my chin, under my cheekbones, at my temples, on my eyelids, until I feel my skin taut over my bones.

Next I apply liquid make-up base in a palish tone. Then with a brown shadow stick I draw lines under my chin, cheekbones, tip of nose, to make my bones look even more definite.

I rub a little pale pink rouge (or a bit of the lipstick I'll be wearing) under my cheekbones.

Then I dust on face powder very lightly. This has a bluish tint, which looks white in photographs.

I never pluck my eyebrows now—they're left just as they grow, thick and definite.

Fortunately, I'm blessed

with thick, long eyelashes, and rarely have to bother with false ones.

I mascara my lashes thickly, both top and bottom.

I don't draw a dozen exaggerated lines round my eyes—it just doesn't suit me. However, I use a very pointed brown pencil and draw a fine line inside my eyelashes.

I put brown shadow on my eyelids, extending it slightly at the corners of my eyes and rubbing it in. Next I apply a darker brown shadow stick, then pencil over with a darker brown. Finally, I use a pale blue cream shadow and pencil over again with the brown.

By then my eyes look ENORMOUS.

I outline my lips with a pale brown pencil, then fill in with a bright, fairly dark shade of lipstick, plus a lighter shade, say pale pink, just in the middle of my lips. In front of the cameras I also smear on a little lip-gloss to make them shine—better than constantly licking the lips.

I've had some of my teeth capped, so my silver fillings don't show through and I can smile without worrying.

Usually I'm running late in the mornings, so I put most of this make-up on in the taxi. No wonder the driver often says: "Are you the same girl who got in?" as I step out.

My hair is cropped straight around just above my shoulders. This is a wonderfully adaptable length, as I can pull it back and add a switch—I've three switches and one wig. The wig is shoulder-length hair, rather wavy.

Since my hair is naturally curly, I have it straightened every month.

I have it done once a week—my hairdresser comes to my apartment every Monday morning at 8.

To make it thicker and give it more body I have a special conditioning lotion coated on every two weeks.

I never use a comb—always a brush. To get that bouffant effect (see, right, my "elegant" picture) I back-brush practically every strand till it stands out like a goliwog. Then I smooth it into shape along the line of my head and perhaps on to my cheekbones.

When I'm not working, my make-up routine is very, very simple. I use a light foundation base, pinch my cheeks to make them pink, put on some mascara and lipstick. And off I go.

My cleansing routine is equally simple. First I pile on cleansing cream and massage it gently into my skin for a few minutes, then wipe it off and use soap and water. That's all.



THE MODEL

● Pauline Kiernan, Australian model who has had brilliant success in New York, in professional make-up. "I still look like me," she says (see picture below, left), "only more so."

AND HER OWN MAKE-UP



THE GIRL

● "Each morning, first thing, I slap on baby oil (right) and press ice-cubes over my face until I feel the skin taut." Her skin is dry; she uses liquid make-up base to match her skin tone.



● "My bones, still the same big bones that were the bane of my life five years ago, are now called a photographer's delight," says Pauline. At right she shows how she plays them up—for photographs only—with brown shadow stick.



● As you might meet her (left) at a party. She doesn't think she is a beauty, and her advice is: "Don't make yourself look like me—or anyone else. Make the most of yourself, of your own looks."



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Narrow lives

I WONDER if many readers share my difficulty in making friends among everyday housewives? This doesn't mean I cannot easily find friends, but to find them taking an interest in subjects other than the most mundane household topics is a rarity indeed. A blank look greets any attempted discussion of plays, good books, or music. It's lamentable that in such a splendid country as ours, where there are so many ways in which to improve one's mind, such a condition should exist.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Watkinson, Villawood, N.S.W.

Short—but still lovely

TALL girls always take the prizes at beauty contests, so surely it's about time someone sponsored a beauty quest for the midgets — five feet nothing and under. Many of these girls are quite as attractive and intelligent as their taller counterparts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

Pudding tokens

I FEEL very sorry for the friend of "A Reader" (Vic.) who puts buttons instead of coins in her Christmas pudding to economise. Think of the disappointed looks on the children's faces if they got a button out of the pudding.

£1/1/- to "Christmas Cheer" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

REPLACE the sixpences in the Christmas pudding with buttons! What a ghastly idea. I could never again look my small boys in the eye if I did that to them.

£1/1/- to "Candied Peel" (name supplied), Wyche-proof, Vic.

MOST people—old or young—get a great thrill from finding a coin in their Christmas pudding. Why deprive them of this bit of enjoyment on the most special day of the year, to save a few pence.

£1/1/- to "Disagree" (name supplied), Hobart.

I'VE heard of some economical women in my time, but the woman who advocates buttons in Christmas puddings surely takes the cake.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Jamieson, Camp Hill, Qld.

A famished cry

MY little family leads a normal life, though I am a constant grumbler. My wife, sad to say, takes no delight in cookery. If it were not for our aged servant, no meal in this house would be worth its salt. Whenever I ask my wife what will happen when our cook dies, she replies, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Should a woman wait so long as that to please her husband at the dinner table?

£1/1/- to "Husband," Singapore.

Guests could help so much

WHEN invited for a meal, why not take rubber gloves along? Many a hostess would, I am sure, more readily accept the offer of help with the dishes, which, considering her guests' well-groomed hands and enamelled nails, she usually politely refuses.

£1/1/- to "Be Prepared" (name supplied), Darling Point, N.S.W.

Helping the handicapped

I BELONG to a Handicapped Club, formed last February, which has 45 members. Volunteers take us to a drive-in once a month, and three brothers have given us a block of land, on which we are trying to build a workshop. Confined to a wheelchair, I do not go out very much, so get a lot of enjoyment out of the club. I think such clubs should be formed in other areas.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. T. Hopkins, Waratah, N.S.W.

A tribute from South Africa

SOUTH AFRICA is at the moment in great difficulties, mainly through our own fault. Other countries despise us, but I, a young South African citizen, have always looked to Australia as a friend. My fancy for your country may be because your climate and vegetation are the same as ours; I feel Australia is our second home. Yours is a land to be proud of, and, take my word for it, a better land would be hard to find.

£1/1/- to Miss G. Hewett, Natal, South Africa.

Ordeal of the hairwash

MY two-and-a-half-year-old daughter is terrified of water on her face. After having her hair washed she is so upset I have to sit and comfort her for at least half an hour. Perhaps some reader has faced this problem and found a solution.

£1/1/- to "Water Fear" (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

SOCIAL

ON his return to England late in January, the Honorable Godfrey Morrison, who has been spending three months visiting his parents, the Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil, will begin a career as a newspaperman on the staff of Reuters in London.

And he'll be able to walk to work, living in Lord and Lady Dunrossil's London flat, which he is "borrowing" while they are in Australia.

It is in the famous Middle Temple — and couldn't be handier—right at the top of Fleet Street.

MY private award in the New Year Honors-list goes to the hire-car driver who got Dr. Peter Morris' bride, formerly Roslyn Thyrd, and her bridesmaids, her sister Helen, and Robin Marshall, to the church "bone dry" when the couple were wed on Sydney's wettest and wildest night of the December deluge. The driver borrowed three double sheets from Roslyn's mother, Mrs. I. R. Thyrd, and parcelled up the trio like Egyptian mummies so that they reached the porch of the Beecroft Presbyterian Church without a splash on their finery. The Rev. H. Durbin, who performed the ceremony, also raised a laugh at the reception at Oaklands House when he warned Peter to take care, "because Roslyn, being a radiographer, would be able to see through him!"

IT'S a very happy New Year for Mrs. Garry Weston, of Vauluse. She has her mother, Lady Kippenberger, and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Kippenberger, holidaying with her from Wellington, New Zealand. Lady Kippenberger is the widow of the noted wartime leader Major-General Sir Howard Kippenberger.

"THE MUSIC MAN" theatre-goers are marvelling at the likeness between star of the show Ted Scott and Bob Hope — as a young man. And, as Mr. Hope would himself quip, Ted says, "I don't mind being likened to Bob, as long as our fans remember to stress 'as a young man'."

A MELBOURNE spy says that Lord Angus Montague spent his first three weeks in that sunny city doing a job in a big store down there during the Christmas rush. He has been in Australia for the past six months discovering out-back life on a cattle station in the Kimberleys district of Western Australia. Now he is in Victoria meeting friends and relatives of his mother, the Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Nell Stead, of Melbourne.

IN town from Ivanhoe in the Riverina, John Hall is going on a shopping spree this week for a diamond ring for Jeanette Carson. They're also celebrating their engagement at a party Jeanette's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Menzies Carson, are giving at their home at Wahroonga on December 28, and there'll be another party, too, for country friends to "wish them luck" during the Royal Show at Easter. John is the son of Mrs. R. F. Hall and the late Mr. Hall, of Pennant Hills, and formerly of "Yoombra," Yass.

BECAUSE everyone will have had so much poultry and ham by then, Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey are going to entertain friends at a barbecue luncheon party at their seaside home, Hopton Lodge, Pittwater Rd., Bayview, on New Year's Day. The barbecue at Hopton Lodge is really out of the box — set in a glorious garden and wire screen enclosed — so that not a fly can buzz round the sizzling steaks.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Ken Cobb and his bride, formerly Eleanor Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Spencer, of "Kyoona," Barraba, leaving St. Lawrence's Church of England, Barraba. Ken is the son of Mrs. A. W. Cobb, of "Elmswood," Scone, and the late Mr. Cobb. Eleanor chose a white silk organza and Chantilly lace wedding gown.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE Christmas play season in the schools was a success, according to critics in our district.

Outstanding performances, such as Winston Smith's as a Wise Man of the East, have been highly praised.

Yet less than due recognition was paid to the mothers who made the costumes.

It is an exacting task dressing the actors and actresses for school plays, and it gets harder all the time.

Take the case of Mrs. Johnson.

Earlier last year young Harold Johnson came home and said: "I've got to be a germ by tomorrow." He had been given a featured role in the class Health Week play.

Mrs. Johnson rushed around and made a set of black tights, which she thought was what the well-dressed germ would wear. "At least that's over for the year," she said.

But Harold was such a hit as the germ that he was cast as Chief Angel in the Christmas production.

His mother had to run up a white robe for him. Her only consolation is that it can be turned into a pair of pyjamas without much trouble.

A good many mothers keep their fingers crossed, I am afraid, in hopes

CURTAIN CALL

that their young will not be given a part.

But some teachers believe in putting the whole class on the stage. This can lead to outsize choruses of fairies or peasants.

When my son's class presented "Robin Hood" he was one of the numerous Merry Men. His mother worked for hours on his Merry Man outfit of green plastic cloth.



Among the children there is keen rivalry for star parts. Diana Waffle, in our street, was very excited when she was chosen to be Mary in the Christmas play.

She wanted to know if Mary could wear polka dots, but her mother chose a more traditional costume.

A question that often comes up is: can wings that have been used before for a fairy be used again for an angel?

Some mothers take this short-cut. My feeling is that fairy wings with glitter on them are not right for an angel without alteration. They should be covered with white gauze and made more pointy.

Care must be taken, also, to see that the wire in them does not droop through metal fatigue. Nothing looks worse than an angel with lop-sided wings.

The pleasure of seeing the children in their costumes on stage is usually a mother's reward.

An exception was our friend Mrs. O'Neill, who has two little girls at a convent.

They were chosen to appear as Blessed Innocents in the Christmas play. Their mother took a lot of trouble over their dresses. She has a new sewing-machine that does scallops, and she scalloped right and left.

When she saw the play, though, she was much disappointed.

The Blessed Innocents had been massacred before the curtain rose, and they lay down on the stage for their whole scene.

They never stood up to allow the audience to see their frocks with all the scalloping.

Hard luck, indeed — but that's show business.

ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES



GUEST OF HONOR Tony Albert with Primrose Lysaght, of Wollongong, who was among guests at the delightful dance given by Tony's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert, at their beautiful waterfront home at Facluse to celebrate his 21st birthday. **BELOW:** From left, Tony's brother, Robert Albert, chatting with Angela Devereux, frocked in palest pink satin, and Henry Arnott in the entrance hall, where white wrought-iron balustrades are a striking feature of the decor of the Alberts' home.



PRETTY buttercup linen frock was worn by Faye Elliott (left), pictured with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Elliott, and her fiance, John Parker, of Condobolin, at party given by Dr. and Mrs. Elliott at their penthouse at "Glenhurst," Darling Point, to celebrate the engagement of the young couple. John is the son of Mrs. Phillip Parker, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Parker.



BETWEEN DANCES. From left, John Ferguson, one of the seventeen young bachelors who gave a cheery dance at the Pickwick Club, with Janet Isbister, Alan Dearth, and Annette Moxham, who were among guests at the party. The other hosts were Iain Edwards, Bill Blogg, Howard Bowen, Peter Hemery, Reg Howarth, Peter Lawson, Peter Jensen, Bruce McClymont, Geoff Moxham, Bill Murie, John and Peter Orr, Chris Sanford, Gary Stephenson, Doug Talty, and Rex Tomlinson.



JUST ENGAGED. Susan Halligan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Halligan, of "Murrumbong," Wellington, and her fiance, Donald Mildred, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Mildred, of Toorak, Melbourne. Donald, who is living in Canberra, is holidaying this week at "Murrumbong." Susan is leaving for a flying trip to Europe via the Far East on January 11.

THE

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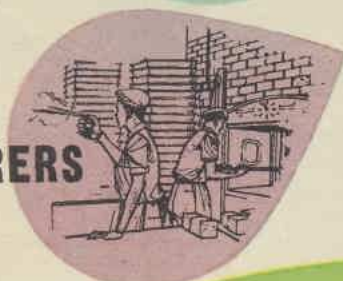
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PUSH THE "BUTTON"

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Regular size, 8/3; Large size, 14/3

Worth Reporting

THE venetians had got beyond us, the holiday visitors were due. Only one resort left—a phone call to a venetian-blind laundry.

"I'm sorry," the voice was apologetic, but hysterical, "we couldn't POSSIBLY do yours before the middle of January. We're rushing through 100 a day now."

"No one, absolutely no one, has even LOOKED at his venetians this past winter."

We didn't know whether to feel depressed at the knock-back or elated at finding ourselves in such a distinguished hate-cleaning-venetians company.

Here we'd been bearing our secret guilt alone, when we could have shared it with a whole metropolis of sympathetic housewives.

The laundry girl wasn't revealing her firm's special cleaning process... but "it did include a rare detergent from the U.S."

OUTBURST that convulsed all seats within earshot at Gala's Russian film epic "The Idiot."

After watching Dostoevsky's characters storm through explosive passions of love, hate, and fury, a 12-year-old boy exclaimed: "Gee, Mum, that's the third time she's come back to cry 'Goodbye.' The Russians sure are dramatic."

Slips into a nightie

OUR fashion-conscious, penny-wise budget girls take some beating.

When a Sydney store offered the new calf-length glamor "nighties" (£4 to £5) at one counter and a special Christmas bargain line in pretty nylon slips (29/11) at another, the girls were quick smart to spot the resemblance... they pounced on the slips.

One smug teenager confided during the crush: "With a bit of lace ruching to camouflage the slip straps, I've got myself the latest in nighties to wear under my brunch coat."



CANINE beatnik? No. Afghan aristocrat snugly clad for a London dog show.

Dachshund is Top Dog

THE dog shows are under their annual way again.

During the next few months thousands of pedigreed pooches will parade before the judges.

Guess which is the most popular breed of dog with N.S.W. owners.

According to the latest registration figures with the Royal Agricultural Society's Kennel Club of N.S.W. it's Herr Dachshund (standard) himself—there are 910 of him on the up-to-June books.

The Pekingese is second (831), then comes Corgi (751), German Shepherd (Alsatian) (635).

In England, Top Dog is the Poodle (miniature) with Corgi, Toy Poodle, and Alsatian.

Fashions in dogs are always changing, says a spokesman of the R.A.S. Kennel Club.

This year the Border Collie, Boxer, Wire-haired Terrier, Labrador, and Australian Terrier gained in favor... others, including the Australian Silky Terrier, Scottish Terrier, and Cocker Spaniel, lost slightly.

Next year the reverse could happen. It's all strictly an affair of the heart between Man and his Best Pal.

Who wants to grow up?...

A BRISBANE reader tells us that Betty Evseef was wise in encouraging son Nicky's belief in Santa Claus until he was old enough to part with Santa magic (A.W.W., 14/12/60).

She and her husband made the mistake of rising to their six-year-old daughter's cue "There isn't any Santa, is there?" with "That's right, darling, but now you are grown-up don't tell the little ones."

Being grown-up around about April is quite different from being grown-up two weeks before Christmas—the now-in-a-dilemma parents discovered.

The youngster was clearly heartbroken about no Santa... and, leaping even quicker to the cue this time, the parents encouraged:

"I know, let's make this Christmas 'A Search for Santa Claus.' Maybe we've been wrong and you are right."

"Of course," she thrilled, "I'll put out the cake and drink and if it's gone in the morning you'll look awful silly."

The reader adds, "You're right—we looked awful silly."

Agony of the teen years...

OUR brand-new teenager was about to set off for a record party at the home of a new schoolgirl chum... within walking distance.

Father, acquainted with the family but not the exact address, decided to walk with her to be sure, later, when he picked her up.

"Oh, NO!" she gasped, horrified. "You WOULDN'T do that to me. What would the others think of me with my FATHER tagging along?"

"O.K.," said cheerful Dad, "I'll trot six paces behind..." And he followed her, "yap, yap, yapping" like a poodle... until she, laughing, too, called the performance off.

FATHER



"I can't sleep."

MOTHER



"We've been helping you all the morning... Now will you help tidy up the mess we made?"

It seems to me

THE aftermath of Christmas is a kind of No Man's Land of time.

This year it is brightened by a Davis Cup of special interest and the approach of the second Test between the West Indies and Australia.

Often the few days between Christmas and New Year have a blank, dusty quality. The great effort has been made, the festivities are almost over, and tempers are only middling.

There are bright spots, like the day the garbage man comes and when the bread is fresh again, but you look forward to next week and a resumption of normal life.



Dorothy Drann

I NEVER thought to see the day when I would care about cricket, but television provides a fine course in sport-appreciation.

And when has there been a better season to start caring about cricket than this one?

Cricketers, because of the game's peculiar quality, have always tended to the lyrical approach. After that final half-hour of the first Test they all but burst into flames.

Even when I didn't take a genuine interest in the score I used often to enjoy reading some of the enthusiasts' reports of matches.

But now I've embarked on a brief education course via TV. You watch a bit, then save up some questions for the first informed character you meet.

This is a much better way than attending a match and nudging a companion to ask, "What ARE sundries?" Such queries in a grandstand are liable to lose friends and alienate people.

ONCE upon a time this last week of December was a fine time to shop if you had any money left.

The stores didn't attempt to lure a fresh spate of customers until January.

Nowadays the bargain-starring begins right away. The crowds, if not as thick as before Christmas, are still fairly formidable.

From time to time retailers make attempts to discourage the practice of holding sales.

The word "sale" is now not used much. But there are plenty of other devices, like tickets of special colors. One way and another, the shops manage to let the customers know when there are price reductions.

AFTERTHOUGHT on Christmas cards.

When the postage rates went up in 1959, many people decided to stop sending cards. Others reduced their lists.

This Christmas when I bought my usual batch I wondered if perhaps the custom was meaningless.

But now, looking at the bright array on display till Twelfth Night, I am glad that people still send cards. I like them.

COURTESY is a fine thing, but it can be carried too far, as was proved at a toll bridge in New Jersey, U.S.A.

Chaos followed an edict that toll-collectors must thank motorists.

Most drivers slowed down to answer. At least two, complaining of insincerity, attacked the toll-collectors. One got out of his car threatening to knock the collector down.

These belligerent types were maybe a little over-cranky, but that toll-collector can hardly be deemed heartless.

The collectors are paid a wage and may well feel more grateful when light traffic reduces revenue.

I don't know what the toll-bridge people will do now. Perhaps they'll put up a large "Thank you" illuminated sign.

This would serve about the same purpose as the words do printed on a cash register docket. Which is none.

THEN there was Glenn Gould, the Canadian pianist, who sued the firm of Steinway and Sons, piano manufacturers, charging that one of their employees injured him by slapping him on the back and shaking his hand.

If in doubt, avoid the folly
Of greetings that are over-jolly.
Some may think you rather rude,
But better that than being sued.

A SUPERIOR potato will soon be on sale, states an official of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture. This potato, named the Bungama, has a white skin with very little dirt. It was developed from 10,000 seed crosses and tested for three years.

Grandpa was a small potato,
Just an unpretentious spud,
Kicked around the kitchen cupboard,
Dressed in brown and speckled with mud.

Grandpa had his chips, departed,
Though 'twas said he didn't mind.
Now his numerous descendants
Have become so darned refined.

Quite forget their simple forebears,
Gloriously unabashed,
Who looked forward to an ending
(So humiliating)—mashed.

Snobbish now, these clean potatoes
Give themselves a sideboard air,
Scorn the kitchen, won't consider
Any name but pommes de terre.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte."

Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz). Price 29/9.

This sympathetic study of the life of the Brontës' only brother puts new light on this complex character, who died at 31 in anguish, despised by his once admiring sisters, insane from alcohol and drugs. Miss du Maurier suggests that it was Branwell who fired his sisters' imaginations that led to their literary masterpieces. He was leader of their childhood game which resulted in hundreds of thousands of closely written words about an imaginary kingdom, Angria, "somewhere in Africa." The girls, more balanced, turned their developed imaginations to literary account, but Branwell could never face reality.

So much was expected of him, but his promise was never fulfilled. No one would publish his poetry, posts as private tutor failed, and he got the sack from his job as booking clerk on the Manchester-Liver-

pool railway. He was happiest on the fringe of the artists' colony in Halifax. A famous novelist with her facile pen has written a most readable biography.

"The Ape in Me."

Cornelia Otis Skinner (Michael Joseph). Price 18/9.

The writer has obviously got rid of her inferiority complexes by yanking them right out of cover and looking at them fair and square. In this book she has not only written down all her natural—and unnatural—failings, but has taken a fair swipe at them with her slick pen.

"On Being Outsize" (viz, "too tall") is the funniest chapter, I think, of all. But "My Quaking Hands" runs a close second—"all tremble-handers know that between the saucer and the lip there comes a wobble point as inevitable as anything indicated by the Geiger counter." Dresses, tablecloths, and other people's precious carpets have suffered from this failing. She cuts all her social disasters down to size, and has a good laugh at them, as the reader will, too.

MRS. ADA HARRIS and Mrs. Violet Butterfield, of numbers 5 and 9 Willis Gardens, Battersea, London, respectively, were having their nightly cup of tea in Mrs. Harris' neat and flower-decorated little flat in the basement of number 5.

Mrs. Harris was a charwoman of that sturdy London breed that fares forth daily to tidy up the largest city in the world, and her lifelong friend and bosom companion, Mrs. Butterfield, was a part-time cook and char as well. Both looked after a fashionable clientele in Belgravia, where they met varying adventures during the day, picking up stray and interesting pieces of gossip from the odd bods for whom they worked. At night they visited one another for a final cup of tea to exchange these tidbits.

Mrs. Harris was sixtyish, tall and wiry, with cheeks like frosted apples, and naughty little eyes. She had a very efficient and practical side, was inclined to be romantic, an optimist, and see life in rather simplified divisions of either black or white. Mrs. Butterfield, likewise sixtyish, was stout, billowy, a kindly, timorous woman, the complete pessimist, who visualised everyone, including herself, as living constantly on the brink of imminent disaster.

Both of these good ladies were widows of long standing. Mrs. Butterfield had two married sons, neither of whom contributed to her support, which did not surprise her. It would have astonished her if they had. Mrs. Harris had a married daughter who lived in Nottingham and wrote to her every Thursday night.

The two women lived useful, busy, and interesting lives, supported one another physically and spiritually, and comforted one another in their loneliness. It had been Mrs. Butterfield who, by taking over Mrs. Harris' clients temporarily, had enabled her a year or so ago to make a flying trip to Paris for the exciting and romantic purpose of buying a Dior dress, which same trophy now hung in Mrs. Harris' wardrobe as a daily reminder of how wonderful and adventurous life can be to one who has a little energy, stick-to-it-iveness, and imagination to make it so.

Snug and cosy in Mrs. Harris' neat flat, by the glow of shaded lamplight, the teapot hot and fragrant beneath the yellow-flowered tea-cosy Mrs. Butterfield had knitted Mrs. Harris for Christmas, the two women sat and exchanged the events of the day.

The wireless was turned on, and from it issued a series of dismal sounds attributed to a recording made by one Kentucky Claiborne, an American hillbilly singer.

"So I sez to the Countess, 'It's either a new vacuum cleaner or me,'" recounted Mrs. Harris. "Stingy old frump. 'Dear Mrs. 'Arris,' sez she, 'cawn't we make it do another year?' Make do indeed! Every time I touch the flippin' thing I get a shock clear down to me toes. I gave 'er a ultimatum. 'If there ain't a new one on the premises

tomorrow morning, the keys go through the door,'" Mrs. Harris concluded. Keys to a flat dropped through the mail slot was the classic charwoman's notice of resignation from a job.

Mrs. Butterfield sipped at her tea. "There won't be one," she said gloomily. "I know that kind. They'll put every penny on their own back, and that's all they care."

From within the speaker of the little table wireless Kentucky Claiborne moaned—

"Kiss me good-bye, o' Cayuse.

Kiss me ol' hoss, don' refuse.

Bad men have shot me—

Ah'm afeared they have got me,

Kiss me good-bye, ol' Cayuse."

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Harris, "I can't stand any more of that caterwauling. Turn it off, will you, love?"

Mrs. Butterfield obediently leaned over and switched off the radio, remarking, "It's real sad 'im being shot and wanting 'is 'orse to kiss 'im. Now we'll never know if it did."

This, however, was not the case, for the people next door apparently were devotees of the American balladeer, and the saga of tragedy and love in the Far West came seeping through the walls. Still another sound penetrated the kitchen in which the two women were sitting, a dim thud and then a wail of pain, which was followed immediately by the turning up of the wireless next door so that the twang of the guitar and Kentucky Claiborne's nasal groaning drowned out the cries.

The two women stiffened immediately, and their faces became grim and deeply concerned.

"The devils," whispered Mrs. Harris, "they're 'avin' a go at little 'Enry again."

"Ow, the poor lamb," said Mrs. Butterfield. And then, "I can't 'ear 'im any more."

"They've turned up the wireless so we can't," Mrs. Harris went to the place in the wall between the houses, where evidently at one time there had been a connecting hatchway and the partition was thinner, and pounded on it with her knuckles. An equal measure of pounding came back almost instantly.

Mrs. Harris put her mouth close to the partition and shouted, "Ere, you stop hitting that child. Do you want me to call the police?"

The return message from the other side of the partition was clear and succinct. A man's voice, "Aw, go soak yer 'ead. 'Oo's 'ittin' anyone?"

The two women stood close to the wall listening anxiously, but no more sounds of distress came through, and soon the stridency of the wireless likewise diminished.

"The devils!" hissed Mrs. Harris again. "The trouble is they don't hit 'im 'ard enough so it shows, or we could call the N.S.P.C.C. I'll give them a piece of me mind in the morning."

Mrs. Butterfield said sorrowfully, "It won't do no good, they'll only take it out on 'im. Yesterday I gave 'im a piece of cake

left over from me tea. Cor', them Gusset brats was all over 'im, snatching it away from 'im before he ever got a mouthful."

Two tears of frustration and rage suddenly appeared in Mrs. Harris' blue eyes, and she delivered herself of a string of very naughty and unprintable words describing the Gusset family next door.

Mrs. Butterfield patted her friend's shoulder and said, "There, there, dear, don't excite yourself so. It's a shyme, but what can we do?"

"Something!" Mrs. Harris replied fiercely. Then repeated, "Something. I can't stand it. 'E's such a dear little kid." A gleam came into her eyes. "I'll bet if I went to America I'd soon enough find his dad. 'E's got to be somewhere, hasn't 'e? Eating his 'eart out for 'is little one, no doubt."

A look of horror came into Mrs. Butterfield's stout face, her duplicate chins began to quiver, and her lips to tremble. "Ada," she quavered, "you ain't thinkin' of goin' to America, are you?" Fresh in her memory was the fact that Mrs. Harris once had made up her mind that the one thing she wanted more than anything else in the world was a Dior dress, and that she had thereupon scrimped and saved for two years, flown by herself to Paris, and returned triumphantly with the garment.

To Mrs. Butterfield's great relief there apparently were limits to her friend's potentialities, for Mrs. Harris wailed, "'Ow can I? But it's breaking-me 'eart. I can't stand to see a child abused. 'E ain't got enough meat on 'is bones to sit down on."

All of Willis Gardens knew the story of little 'Enry Brown and the Gussets, a tragedy of the aftermath of the war, and, alas, too often repeated.

In 1950, George Brown, a young American airman stationed at an American air base somewhere, had married a waitress from the nearby town, one Pansy Cott, and had a son by her named Henry.

When at the close of his tour of enlistment George Brown was posted for return to the United States, the woman refused to accompany him, remaining in England with the child and demanding support. Brown returned to the United States, mailing back the equivalent of two pounds a week for the care of the infant. He also divorced his wife.

Pansy and Henry moved to London, where Pansy got a job, and also met another man who was interested in marrying her. However, he wanted no part of the child, and the price of his making her an honest woman was that the boy did not live with them. Pansy promptly farmed out little Henry, who was then aged three, with a family by the name of Gusset, who lived in Willis Gardens and had six children of their own, married her lover, and moved to another town.

For three years the pound a week which

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The kind-hearted cockney char was determined at all costs to help the little boy . . . first instalment of our new three-part serial

Mrs. Harris goes to



New York

By PAUL GALlico

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Candy Floss

For all children and grown-ups

... a delightful short story

By **RUMER GODDEN**

Setting and figures created by artist **ARTHUR BOOTHROYD**.
Color photograph by **KEITH BARLOW**.

ONCE upon a time there was a doll who lived in a cocoanut shy.

A cocoanut shy is part of a fair. People come to it and pay their money to throw wooden balls at cocoanuts set up on posts. If anyone hits a cocoanut off the post he can keep it. It is quite difficult, but lots of nuts are won, and it is great fun.

This particular shy was kept by a young man called Jack.

There are many cocoanut shies in a fair, but Jack's was different. It had the same three-sided tent, the same red-and-white posts for the nuts, the same scarlet box-stands for the balls; it had the same flags and notices and Jack called out the same call: "Three balls for threepence; seven for a tanner." (A "tanner" is what Jack called a sixpence.)

All these were the same, but still this shy was different, for beside it, on a stool, Jack's dog sat up and begged by a little electric organ that Jack had found and mended till it played (he called it his music box). On top of the box was a little wooden horse, and, as the music played, the horse turned round and round and frisked up and down. On the horse's back sat a beautiful little doll.

The dog's name was Cocoa, the horse's name was Nuts, and the doll was Candy Floss.

Jack was thin and dark and young. He wore blue trousers, an old coat full of holes, and an old felt hat; in his ears were golden rings.

Cocoa was brown and tufty like a poodle; he wore a collar for every day and red-blue-and-white bow for work. Cocoa's work was to guard the music box, Nuts, Candy Floss, and the old drawer where Jack kept the lolly (which was what he called money).

Nuts was painted white with black spots; his neck was arched and he held his forelegs up. He had a black painted mane and wore a red harness hung with bells.

Candy Floss was made of china, with china cheeks and ears and nose, and a little china smile. Her eyes were glass, blue as bluebells; her hair was fine and gold like spun toffee. She was dressed in pink gauze. When she needed a new dress Jack would soak the old one off with hot water, fluff up a new one and stick it on with glue. On her feet were painted dancing shoes as red as bright red cherries.

Tinkle-tinkle went the music-box. Cocoa begged, Nuts frisked, Candy Floss turned round and round. All the children made their fathers and mothers stop to look. When they stopped the fathers would buy balls and Jack was kept very busy, calling out his call, picking up the balls, and the heap of pennies and sixpences in the lolly drawer grew bigger.

When the cocoanuts were all gone Jack would empty the lolly drawer, put out the lights and close the shy. Nuts was covered with an old red cloth so that he could sleep; Jack put Candy Floss into his pocket (there was a hole handy so that she could see out); and, with Cocoa at his heels, went round the fair.

They went on the merry-go-rounds where steam organs played "Yankee Doodle" and "Colonel Bogey" and other tunes. Jack sat on a horse or a wooden swan, a camel, or an elephant, with Cocoa on the saddle in front of him and Candy Floss safe in his pocket; round they went helter-skelter until Candy Floss was dizzy.

Sometimes they went to the house-house booths. Once Jack won a silk handkerchief, bright purple printed with shamrocks in emerald-green. Cocoa and Candy Floss thought it a most beautiful prize and Jack wore it round his neck.

Sometimes they went on the bumper cars. When the cars bumped into one another the girls shut their eyes and squealed; Candy Floss' eyes would not shut, but she would have liked to squeal.

Best of all they went on the ferris wheel, with its seats that went up and up in the air high over the fair and the lights, so high that Candy Floss trembled even though she was in Jack's pocket.

When they were hungry they would eat hot dogs

from the hot-dog stall; Cocoa had one to himself, but Candy Floss had the tip end of Jack's. Sometimes they had fish and chips at the fried-fish bar; Cocoa had a whole fish and Candy Floss had a chip. Often they had toffee apples; Cocoa used to get his stuck on his jaw and had to stand on his head to get it off. Sometimes they had ice-cream and Jack made a tiny cone out of a cigarette paper for Candy Floss.

When they were tired they came back to an old van that Jack had bought dirt cheap (which was what he called buying for very little money). Jack put the music-box and Nuts in the van, too, so that they would all be together. Then they all lay down to sleep.

Jack slept on some sacks and an old sleeping-bag. Cocoa slept at Jack's feet. Candy Floss slept in the empty lolly drawer which Jack put beside his pillow; he folded up the shamrock handkerchief to make the drawer soft for Candy Floss and tucked one end round her for a blanket.

As she lay in the drawer Candy Floss could feel Jack big and warm beside her; she could hear Cocoa breathing, and knew Nuts was under the cloth. Outside the music of the fair went on; through the van window the stars looked like sixpences. Soon Candy Floss was fast asleep.

Fairs do not stay in one place very long, only a day, two days, perhaps a week. Then Jack would pack up the cocoanut shy, the lights and the flags, the posts, the nuts, the stands and the wooden balls. He would take down the three-sided tent, put everything on the van, start it up and drive away.

Sometimes the new fair was at a seaside town, and they would have a picnic on the beach. Cocoa would chase crabs, Nuts had some seaweed hay, and Jack found Candy Floss a shell for a plate.

Sometimes the fair was in the country and they picnicked in a wood. Cocoa chased rabbits, not crabs, Nuts had moss for straw, and Jack found Candy Floss an acorn cup for a drinking bowl.

Sometimes they stopped in a field. Cocoa would have liked to chase sheep, but he did not dare. Jack made daisy-chain reins for Nuts, Candy Floss had a wild rose for a hat; but no matter where they stopped to picnic, sooner or later the van would drive on to another fairground and Jack would put up the shy.

Cocoa would be brushed, his bow put on and he would get up on his stool. The cloth came off the music-box and Nuts would be polished with a rag until he shone. Then Jack would fluff up Candy Floss' dress and with his own comb spread out her hair. He washed her face (sometimes, I am sorry to say, with spit) and sat her carefully on the saddle and switched on the music and lights. "Three for threepence, seven for a tanner," Jack would cry.

Tinkle-tinkle went the music-box; Cocoa begged, Nuts frisked, and Candy Floss turned round and round.

Sometimes the other fair people laughed at Jack about what they called his toys but, "Shut up out of that," he would say. "Toys? They're partners."

"A doll for a partner?" they would jeer.

"Doll! She's my luck," said Jack.

That was true. Jack's shy had more people and took more pennies and sixpences than any other shy. Cocoa, Nuts, and Candy Floss were proud to be Jack's partners; Candy Floss was very proud to be his luck.

Then one day they came to the heath high up above London which was the biggest fair of all. Only the very best shies and merry-go-rounds, the biggest Ferris wheels were there. There were a mouse circus, three rifle ranges, and stalls where you could smash china. There were toy sellers and balloon sellers, paper flowers and paper umbrellas. There were rows and rows of hot-dog stalls, fish bars and toffee-apple shops.

Cocoa had a new bow. Nuts had new silver bells. Candy Floss had a new pink dress like a cloud. Jack bought a pile of new cocoanuts. "Goin' to make more lolly'n ever we done," said Jack, "more sixpences'n stars in the sky."

Tinkle-tinkle went the music-box, and how well Cocoa begged, how gaily Nuts frisked, and Candy Floss turned round and round as gracefully as a dancer. The wooden balls flew; pennies and sixpences poured into the lolly drawer. "That's my luck," cried Jack, and Candy Floss felt proud.

Now not far from the heath, in a big house on the hill, there lived a girl called Clementina Davenport.

She was seven years old, with brown hair cut in a fringe, brown eyes, a small straight nose and a small red mouth. She would have been pretty if she had not looked so cross. "I don't know what to do with Clementina," said her mother. "What can I give her to make her happy?"

Clementina had a day nursery and a night nursery all to herself and a garden to play in. She had a dolls' house, a white piano, cupboards full of toys, and two bookcases filled with books. She had a toy kitten in a basket, a toy poodle in another, and a real kitten and a real poodle as well. She had a cage of budgerigars and a pony to ride. Still Clementina had nothing to do.

"What am I to do with Clementina?" asked her mother and she gave her a new television set and a pair of roller skates.

On Saturday afternoon when the garden was full of daffodils and blossoms, the sound of the fair came from the heath, over the wall, into the garden and, "I want to go to the fair," said Clementina.

"Not a nasty common fair!" said her mother.

"I want to go," said Clementina and stamped her foot, and so her father put on his hat, fetched his walking-stick and took her to the fair.

Of course she went on everything: on the little merry-go-round where she rode on a bus and wanted to change to an engine, on the big merry-go-round where she rode on a swan and changed to a camel and wanted to change to a horse.

She went on the bumper cars, where she was angry when her car was hit; on the swing boats, which she did not want to stop; and on the Ferris wheel, where she wanted to stop at once and shrieked so that they had to slow it and take her down.

Her father bought her a toffee-apple which she licked once and threw away, a balloon which she burst, and a paper umbrella with which she hit at people's legs.

Having everything you want can make you very tired. "I don't like fairs," whined Clementina, "I want to go home."

"Come along then," said her father.

"Fetch the car," said Clementina, but motor-cars cannot go into fairs.

"I'm afraid you will have to walk," said her father. Clementina was getting ready to cry when she heard a gay loud sound.

Tinkle-tinkle. She turned round and saw Candy Floss.

She saw Candy Floss sitting on Nuts, turning round and round as Nuts frisked up and down. Clementina saw the red shoes, the pink gauze, the gold spun hair and, "I want that doll," said Clementina.

People often asked to buy Candy Floss, or Cocoa, or Nuts; then Jack would laugh and say, "Candy Floss? Why, she's my luck, couldn't sell that."

Now Clementina's father came to Jack. "My little girl would like to buy your doll. I will give you a pound."

A pound is forty silver sixpences, but, "Not for hundred pounds," said Jack.

"Give him five hundred pounds," said Clementina.

Jack smiled at Clementina. "I said not for five hundred pounds, little missy."

I cannot tell you how furious was Clementina. She scowled at Jack ("scowl" means to make an ugly face). Jack stepped closer to Candy Floss and Cocoa growled, and "You cut along to yer pa!" said Jack to Clementina. Jack, of course, treated her as if she were any little girl and she did not like that. She made

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Jack sat disconsolately outside the cocoanut shy with his dog Cocoa

when suddenly Clementina appeared holding Candy Floss in her hand



Did these six decrepit old people represent a threat

to French security? . . . This was Monsieur Plageot's

top-priority problem to the exclusion of everything

else, even the charms of Annik . . . a short story

BY PETER USTINOV



THE ASSASSINS

At what age should assassins retire? This burning question was exercising Monsieur Ambroise Plageot, the newly appointed head of the bureau of the French Surete entitled "Eloignement." The purpose of this department is to safeguard the persons of foreign dignitaries visiting France by rounding up all potential assassins and sending them away for a while. M. Plageot's brow furrowed as he looked up from the pile of documents before him and studied the figure of the man who was seated opposite him.

"You say that you had a pleasant relationship with my predecessor, Monsieur Latille?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It was a bit of a blow to all of us when he retired."

"All of you? There are more of you?"

"Six in all. Members of the Nihilist International."

"Nihilism went out before the turn of the century."

"That's what many people think."

Plageot sighed. He was half amused, half mystified, but, being a good civil servant, he could allow himself to show neither emotion. His eye roved once again over the documents. The earliest one was dated July 18, 1903. It was yellowed and fragile. Attached to it was a dignified photograph of a youth with a vast shock of black hair whose long neck emerged from a butterfly collar several sizes too large.

His name was Bratko Zvoynitch. The spindly, nervous hand of some long-dead policeman proclaimed that he had been detained at the request of the Consul-general of Montenegro as a suspected member of a terrorist organisation.

Briefly Plageot fingered his way through the other papers in the Zvoynitch file. In 1910, when he was arrested again, he was called Bruno Silberberg.

"Why did you change your name to Silberberg?"

"Did I? Oh, you know, I've had so many names in my life, I really can't remember why I adopted this particular one."

"Why choose Silberberg? You're not Jewish, are you?"

"If I had been I would hardly have called myself Silberberg. You have to be a Gentile to choose a Jewish name voluntarily. I think I occasionally chose a Jewish name in order to identify myself more closely with that great and victimised race. Revolutionaries can really exist only when they are in the minority. They are the living conscience of mankind. They are the forerunners of progress, the martyrs who lead the way. They act the dream instead of waiting lazily for the reality which may follow a century later."

"I see."

Plageot looked over his glasses and compared the face of the dark youth on the photograph with the wizened and asthmatic figure before him. There was no hair left, not a strand, not the trace of a root. The head was polished and locked into an awkward stooping position by some misfortune. His inability to move his head, the wrinkles at the back of his neck, and his great hooded eyelids, one of them billowing over three-quarters of his right eye like a sail, gave him the aspect of a tortoise, at once wise and ridiculous.

The name of the maker of his jacket was clearly visible as the garment stood up of its own accord to enclose flesh which was no longer there. His perpetual smile was not humorous so much as ironic, as though he expected little of men, but the firm lines near the corners of his mouth suggested that he was used to taking more than they offered. There was something Levantine about the sultry sweetness of his expression, a resignation, a closeness to history, a somnolence brought about by years of intense heat, a low opinion of the value of tangible things, a weary exasperation with the ephemeral.

When he spoke, it was in a voice which was scarcely audible, clogged with dust and black tobacco. His words were formed delicately out of wheezy gusts of breath and sounded as though they came from far away. Plageot couldn't help liking the fellow. He had substance.

"Remind me of some of the other names I used," he said suddenly.

Plageot obliged. "Vladimir Ilikov, Rene Saboureaux, Wolfgang Tichy, Antal Solomon, Count Napoleon de Souci."

At the mention of the last name he broke into frank laughter, which was transformed almost at once into painful coughing. At length the fit subsided, and he looked up at Plageot, exhausted but dimly amused.

"I was always at my worst when I tried to be aristocratic," he wheezed. "I could never think of a name. Napoleon de Souci . . . What an idiotic idea! The Organisation ordered me to infiltrate the royal family of Saxony from the inside in order to facilitate the murder of one of its members. We were aiming low in those days."

"They saw through me, of course. I no sooner presented my card than I was rushed away and deported. I didn't look like a Count Napoleon de Souci, you understand. Come to think of it, I can't imagine what a Count Napoleon de Souci would look like." He grew more serious. "No, I was my best, at my most dangerous, when I was a man of the people."

"Dangerous?" asked Plageot. "And yet, looking through your file, I cannot find the evidence of a single crime you committed. Certainly no murder. Always you have been arrested on suspicion."

"I was never lucky in France," said Zvoynitch, with a sigh. "Then why did you stay there? You seem to have no family ties here, and certainly no ties of blood."

"I love France," murmured Zvoynitch. "Unless you kick me out, I will never leave."

In spite of himself, Plageot was moved. He closed the file and lit a Gauloise cigarette. "Very well," he said, "let me recapitulate. I cannot reach any decision unless the problem is clear in my own mind. I took over this bureau yesterday, and you have consistently indicated by your insinuations that I don't know my way around yet. This I understand as well as you do. But put yourself in my shoes for a moment. A man of eighty-four enters my office—"

"Eighty-five."

"Eighty-five; I beg your pardon. Far be it from me to shorten your life. You enter my office, supporting yourself on two sticks, and announce that you are a violent and notorious assassin. Because I am polite by nature, I ask you to sit down. You do so with evident relief, having negotiated four flights of stairs. Then you produce a copy of this morning's paper, in which the imminent arrival of the Imam of the Hejjaz is announced, in order to promote better understanding between the French people and his people."

"I ask you what this fact has to do with your visit. You express surprise, and tell me that my predecessor, Monsieur Latille, would have understood. Since I insist, you explain to me that the life of the Imam is in danger. I become interested, and ask you if you have any information which leads you to believe this. You smile pityingly, and tell me that you may be tempted to kill him if I do not deport you for one week to Corsica. My dear fellow, have you any idea where the Hejjaz is?"

"It doesn't matter where it is," replied the old man. "I am against all autocrats, and the people of that unfortunate land, wherever it is, deserve to be liberated. No despot is safe while I am alive."

"Tell me," asked Plageot, "what would my predecessor, Monsieur Latille, have done?"

"There was no argument with him," replied Zvoynitch. "He recognised the danger which we constitute to the guests of the Republic. He would have signed the authorisation at once, and we would have been on the plane tonight."

"Tonight?" Plageot was frankly surprised. "But the Imam does not arrive until the day after tomorrow."

"Monsieur Latille was not one to take risks where desperate men are involved."

"I see. By 'we' I presume you mean yourself and your five colleagues."

"Yes."

"And where are your five friends?"

"They are all packed and ready to go."

"How is that?"

"When we read of the visit of the Imam in this morning's paper we held a meeting, and I was sent as a delegate representing our group."

Plageot took out a pencil. "Would you mind giving me the names of your friends?"

"Is that necessary? Monsieur Latille—"

"Monsieur Latille is no longer here," Plageot said sharply.

"Very well. Asen Popoff, of the Bulgarian Nihilist International. Yahuda Achron, of the Polish branch. Professor Semyon Gurko, of the Ukrainian Separatist Nihilist Union. Lazar Perlesco, of the Nihilist Centre of the Banat. And Madame Perlesco, better known in Nihilist circles as Rosa Liechtenstein."

"Well," said Plageot, "I can't give you an answer today."

Zvoynitch made no attempt to disguise his annoyance. "Tomorrow may be too late," he said.

"That is a risk we will have to take."

Zvoynitch rose with difficulty, seeming to think that he was more impressive at his full five-foot-eight. "You are young," he declared darkly. "Anyone who is young in charge of a government department must be considered promising. Your career may well be ruined by your short-sightedness."

"Do you know what I think?" Plageot answered. "I think you should see a doctor."

"Is that so? Before long you may find yourself in the position of being seen by a doctor."

"Are you threatening me now?"

"I threaten anyone who stands in my way."

He tucked his miserable suitcase under one arm, took a stick in either hand, and hobbled to the door.

"It may interest you to know," Zvoynitch whispered, "that the Imam of the Hejjaz arrives on Air France, Flight 178, from Baghdad at 7.48 on Wednesday morning. He is staying at the Hotel Raphael. He leaves on Sunday for Marseilles on the Blue Train. Guard him well."

He was gone. Plageot stubbed out his cigarette in irritation. He rang for Mademoiselle Pelbec, his assistant. After a moment she entered. She was one of those devoted functionaries who haunt French ministries, walking hither and thither with bits of paper, forever stamping something. An open pair of scissors hung from her belt on a chain. Her blouse was home-made and ill-fitting enough for one strap of her brassiere to be permanently visible, gathered with the strap of her slip in the loop of a gigantic safety-

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*It had been the most perfect
wedding, but now Donna knew,
as he took her in his arms,
that they must face the reality
they had not admitted . . . a story*

**By AGNES
SLIGH
TURNBULL**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



Deception

THE Barclay residence, an imposing brick edifice on the edge of town, was in the state of excited confusion that fills any dwelling on a wedding day. Though the ceremony that was to unite Dora, one of the twins, with the young Englishman would take place in St. James' Church and the reception at the Shore Club, there was still a stir within the big house itself.

In an attempt to restore order after last night's rehearsal dinner, old Howard, who had worked for the judge's father, was fussing nervously about the downstairs rooms with occasional help from his wife, Katie, who seemed even more nervous than he.

The dinner had been given by the Barclays because Derek Melville, the bridegroom, was alone. The sudden illness of his mother had kept his parents from flying over from England and had detained Derek himself until three days ago. Then he had come, a stranger to a strange land, to claim his bride.

The judge now was pacing back and forth in the library; Aunt Jane, her dress over her arm, was hurrying from a rear bedroom; Cousin Hattie and Will, her husband, could be heard in their room arguing good-naturedly about the best time to leave to ensure a parking place; and Tom, the son of the house, who was to be best man, entered the front door and took the stairs on a run.

In the upper hall, he called softly to his sister Donna, the other twin, who was to be chief bridesmaid. She came out, clutching a negligee about her. "Look, Donna, check with me, will you? See if I've forgotten anything. I have the ring. Gosh, do I have the ring! I feel it every few minutes to make sure. The big bags are in the car. And the ones with the going-away clothes are in the rooms at the club. I've attended to the reservations. Anything else?"

"I don't think so. You've done a good job, Tom," she said, smiling.

"Say"—he lowered his voice still more—"I think Dora has done darned well for herself. Derek's a good guy."

"Yes, he is, isn't he?"

"How is Dora today? She certainly looked bushed last night."

"I know. Dreadful! She left definite instructions before she went to bed. She said she was going to sleep till one o'clock, and then Katie could bring her a tray. You know mother was adamant about her and Derek's not seeing each other today till the wedding."

They both laughed. "Oh, sure," Tom said. "Bad luck and all that. Mother will have it all correct. I'd better get dressed."

"I'll go in soon and help Dora. She looked so done in last night, I thought I'd let her rest till the last possible moment."

"Oh, she'll perk up all right," Tom said.

As a matter of fact, the excitement was not all inside the house. Across the street a group of small boys had gathered to see the bride come out when the time came. As they waited, they rehearsed the facts as they had heard them. There were to be almost a thousand guests!

Dora, the bride, had met the young man when she was in England last summer, and now they were being married in September. The florist's truck drew up, and the boys craned their necks to watch.

Old Howard received three white boxes at the door and had just placed them on the hall table when Mrs. Barclay leaned over the banister and called to him. "Catch the florist's man, Howard, quick before he leaves. Tell him the bridesmaids' bouquets are to be left at Saint James' Parish House. Hurry!"

"What's the matter, Mother?" Donna came out of her room.

"It's that stupid delivery boy from the florist's. He's likely to leave the other bouquets at Saint Patrick's if he isn't reminded again. I simply couldn't bear it if there were the least slip-up now."

Donna went into her mother's room. "There won't be," she said. "It's going to be perfect. Where's dad?"

"He's in the library having a last cigar. I believe he's more excited than anyone else. It's such a great day for him, going down the aisle with Dora on his arm and all our worries over. He likes Derek so very much."

"So do I," Donna said.

"So do we all," her mother amended. "Just slip my dress over my head, dear, will you? Aunt Jane wanted to help me, but I knew she'd make me nervous. I'm shaky enough as it is, but it's all joy and relief. After our terrible anxiety about Dora and Rusty—"

"That's all past, Mother. Don't think of it now."

"Only as it makes today the more perfect. And the bishop to marry them! His coming really fills my cup to overflowing. Thanks, dear. You're always so soothing. Do run along now and check on Dora. She said last night this was one occasion when she didn't have to be on time, since nothing could happen till she got there. But I don't want her to be late. The cars will be here at twenty to four."

"You look lovely, Mother," Donna said. "Now try to be calm. I'll see to Dora."

Donna went along the hall to Dora's room. Dora didn't like anyone fussing over her and would prefer to dress alone. Donna was the same way. She was all ready now, even to make-up, except for the bridesmaid's gown, and it would take only a minute to get into that. But she felt Dora would be glad to accept a little help, with her veil at least.

She tapped on her sister's door, turned the knob and stepped inside. The wedding dress and veil lay like a mass of cloud on the bed. Dora was evidently in the bathroom. Donna moved toward it, then saw through the open door that it was empty. She ran to her own room adjoining Dora's. That was empty, too.

"Dora!" she called. "Dora!"

Her heart was racing, although she felt no real fear. It was so like her sister to take even her wedding casually and be late for it! She might even be in the kitchen with Katie, having a snack. Yes, that's just where she would be, Donna thought. Then suddenly, she saw the letter on the dressing-table. It was addressed to her.

She reached numbly for it, her heart not racing now but still and cold.

"Oh, Donna darling," the note read, "you've all your life been getting me out of scrapes. Can you possibly help me with this most awful, most tragic one? I can't go through with the wedding. I was afraid last night. This morning I know. It's Rusty. It always has been and still is. Oh, Donna, I tried so hard. Please make them all understand that. Especially Derek."

"I could kill myself if it would help, but I know it wouldn't. I'm slipping out the back way, with Katie's help, to meet Rusty, and he'll take me to his sister's. I'll stay there until we can be married. You can't fight against love. It's no good. Oh, try to keep them all from hating me too much."

Donna stood still while waves of heat and cold shook her. The clock said ten past three. The wedding was at four. In exactly half an hour they should be leaving for Saint James'. She thought of her father waiting proudly in the library; of her mother in her beautiful gown, rapturously ready for the crowning hour; of the guests soon beginning to arrive at the church; of the bridesmaids...

She saw her own face in the mirror and behind it the bed with the wedding dress and veil spread upon it. Then she went into the hall, her legs unsteady, and began to climb the stairs to the third floor, where Derek, the bridegroom, had the guest suite. She tapped on Derek's door, and he opened it. He smiled at her, a nice smile that lighted his long English face.

"May I come in, Derek? I must see you."

His eyes showed surprise. "Of course," he said, opening the door wider. And then, when she was inside, his voice quickened, "You're shivering. Are you ill? Is anything the matter?"

"Derek," she said, "are you strong enough to bear a terrible shock?"

She saw the muscles of his face tighten. "I've been through a war. That helps. What is it? Is it Dora?"

Donna's words came quaveringly. "There is another man, Derek. There always has been, but mother and dad disapproved, and that's why they sent Dora to England to Aunt Josephine's last summer. You know the rest, except that just now, when I went into her room—"

He held out his hand for the note, and she gave it to him silently. As he read it, she saw his face whiten. Then he folded the paper. "Yes, yes. Of course," he said, in what he tried to make a matter-of-fact voice. "If she loves this other chap, she couldn't marry me, could she? But we'll have to work fast to call off the wedding. Tell me what I can do to help you."

Donna went close to him and caught his arms, partly to support herself and partly to make her pleading more effective. "Derek, we can't call off the wedding now. Don't you see? Father and mother have been so happy over this. Don't you see that to tell them at this hour, to have a public announcement in the church, would be too cruel? They aren't young, and mother's not too strong. I'm truly afraid of what it might do to her."

"And what do you propose?"

"Me, Derek. Dora and I are so alike. She's prettier than I am when we're together, but even our best friends sometimes get us

mixed up when we're apart. The only real difference is our hair. Hers is darker than mine. But the veil has a Juliet cap, and I could tuck my hair under it. If you could just go through with the ceremony and the reception, you would, of course, be perfectly free afterwards. Father could attend to all the legal part. Oh, Derek, could you?"

He stood for a moment looking into her face. "You mean you would marry me?" he said slowly.

"To save my parents such awful shock. Just for the time being. Just for—"

"For the honor of the family?"

"Yes. That's it. Could you possibly?"

He hesitated, then nodded gravely. "I think I can."

All at once, tears flooded her eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I've sounded so selfish, talking of father and mother all the time, but oh, Derek, my heart simply aches for you. This is so terrible! I can't tell you how I grieve for you. And how I thank you for being willing to do what will be unspeakably hard for you." She reached up suddenly and kissed him on the cheek. "You are wonderful!"

"It is you who are wonderful," he said gently. "Now you'd better hurry. Have you something you can take? You're still shaking, you know."

"I'll be all right. I have to see Tom now and tell him."

"No," Derek said. "I'll talk to Tom. You go and get ready."

"Oh, would you? That's a great relief. Tom's an awfully steady person. You can depend on him to help you, Derek." She turned to go, then stepped back. "The name," she said, "as we take the— the vows. Dora and Donna sound alike, and if we sort of muffle our words, nobody will know which one we're saying."

"But it will be your name."

"Yes, Yes, I'm afraid it must be."

He was still holding the folded note as she left him.

Once back in Dora's room, she dried her eyes and slipped the white satin dress over her head. It fitted, of course. They were the same size. She put on the Juliet cap with care, making sure her hair was well covered. She let the veil fall over her face. Until after the ceremony, no one could possibly guess there was a substitute bride.

The biggest problem now was to stop the tears; they persisted in coming. She threw back the veil, wiped her eyes again, and clenched her teeth as she put on more make-up. Then she dropped the veil and took her place at the half-open door of the room.

There was a busy stir in the lower hall. She heard her father's voice. "You look lovely, Frances," he was saying to her mother. "People won't know which is the bride!"

"Oh, David, how silly! But I'm glad you like the dress. You look handsome yourself."

"Well, well, it's a happy occasion for us. Where's Jane?"

"I'm ready," she called. "Hattie and Will have gone on. Oh, here come Derek and Tom."

Derek did not pause on the way downstairs, but Tom stopped by Dora's room. His face was tense as he took Donna's hand. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?" he asked.

"I have to, Tom," she said. "It's the only way."

Her mother's voice rose excitedly. "Are you ready, Dora?"

"She's all ready," Tom called.

"Good. Don't be nervous, dear. We're leaving now."

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Fashion fun on the Isle of Capri



TAPERED PANTS, beautifully cut, are a specialty of Capri fashion. On the Mediterranean isle there's such a medley of glamor resort wear no single fashion could be labelled "typical," but this kind of outfit is popular for day wear.

MAD COLOR is a key to smart dressing on the Isle of Capri, and this novelty silk three-way "balloon" has all the requirements. Elasticised round the legs, it's fashion fun worn like this or when it's pulled down to bermuda or dress length.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 4, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS... page 3

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Less democracy wanted

IS Australia too democratic? Wouldn't the country progress more rapidly if there were less voting by people who are not really interested? A democratic country may be ideal when all the people are interested in its welfare, but more good would be achieved more quickly if the heads of State had more power. This has been proved throughout history and is being proved in some countries of the world now.—*Bill Prior, Oaklands Park, S.A.*

... but more hats

I'VE hardly ever seen teenage girls wearing hats. I don't think any outfit is complete without one. There is a church not far from where I live, and girls go in there on Sundays bareheaded! Some say hats are too expensive—why not make one? It's simple.—*Georgia Cummings, Collaroy, N.S.W.*

No wonder

YOU Beatniks sit in grimy clothes And rave for endless hours About the things that you oppose Like barbers, baths, and showers; You do your best to ward off jobs; You fight for each defeat; You work so hard at being slobs. No wonder you are beat.—*W.G., Middle Park, Vic.*

Expensive gift

"PUZZLED" (T.W., 7/12/60) asked if it was wrong for her to accept an expensive present from her boy-friend while they are saving for a home. Of course you weren't wrong—you deserve it. It isn't easy to save, especially if your friends seem to spend all their money on dates and clothes. Your boy-friend probably realised this and gave you an extra special gift. As for those jealous "friends," do their opinions really matter?—"Viva," *Higlett, Vic.*

First date

I RUSH to the bathroom And soak for an hour, My hair goes all wiry, The toothpaste tastes sour; I ladder my nylons, Nail polish won't dry, My eyes look like spiders, I'm tempted to cry. It's now seven-fifty, He's coming at eight, And everything's spoilt For my very first date.—*Bill Parkinson, Maidstone, Vic.*

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP: This week on page 12 is film actor John Saxon — tall, dark, dashing, and 24. He has been named one of the five most eligible bachelors in Hollywood by the film city's Bachelor Girls' Club. John is currently making "Posse From Hell," with Audie Murphy, for Universal-International. His last film was "Portrait in Black" — recently shown in Australia.

Decimal money

WE think that when Australian money is changed to the Decimal System it should be named after the Australian national animals. For example: 1d.=a joey; 5d.=a wallaby; 10d.=a koala; 10/-=a roo; £5=an emu; £10=a kookaburra; £50=a cockatoo; £100=a platypus.—*Ann Gordon and Mary Jane Gething, Frankston, Vic.*

Save our teeth

IT has been estimated that about 90 per cent. of Australian schoolchildren have badly decayed teeth. Instead of spending so much money on unnecessary projects such as ornate statues and fountains, why not spend the money on the fluoridation of the water supply, which would be of great practical value to the entire population.—*Andrea Gilson, Normanhurst, N.S.W.*

Attending funerals

RECENTLY my friend's mother died and her little sister, who is only three, attended the funeral. Afterwards a group of my friends were discussing whether or not the three-year-old should have gone. Most of the girls felt that she was right in going, to show respect. Others said that she was too young to understand such a ceremony and it would have been better if she had not gone. What do others think?—*Jennifer Dawe, Torrensville, S.A.*

Fine needed

THERE should be a fine for running over animals in the streets. This would make motorists more careful. I have had three dogs, and each has been run over without the driver even stopping to tell someone or to see if it was still alive.—*"A Dog Lover," Sydney.*

Make it yourself

HERE'S a holiday make-it-yourself idea for the girls. Take an attractively shaped bottle and paint it. Sprinkle it with coconut and when dry give it another coat of paint. Put a



"And a Happy New Year to you, too, daddy-o . . . Which part of the room did she say she lives in?"

candle in the bottle and decorate with whatever happens to take your fancy.—*Jan Conley, Glen Iris, Vic.*

Ten-pin bowling

TEN-PIN bowling is the greatest. I have just had my first game and it is one of the best sports I have ever played. It is a great outlet for teenagers with too much energy and vitality and it is also good exercise for the lazy ones. I love it.—*"Kando," Hurstville, N.S.W.*

Youth Club

I READ the item under the heading "Teenagers Form Their Own Club" (T.W., 16/11/60) and thought you might like to know about the club my brother and I formed in February, 1960. It is known as the "Greenacre Teenage

Club," and at present we have a membership of about 30. We have functions such as dancing (both 50/50 and rock-n-roll), tennis, hiking, and barbecues. The aim of the club is to provide organised activities for teenagers and to help local charities. We have a list of rules and regulations by which all members must abide. The joining fee is 10/-, but if you are still at school it is 7/6, and there is a weekly payment of 1/-.—*Julie Perrin, Greenacre, N.S.W.*

Be polite

HOW many pupils think of going back to thank their teachers after they receive examination results? We should show some common politeness by thanking them for their services in the past year—whether we pass or not.—*"Thoughtful," Warrnambool, Vic.*

Girl urged to live her own life

I FEEL sorry for you. Firstly, it is not your fault that you are the only child, and, secondly, it is your life and you have to live it, not your parents. But the career you choose should not cause a rift between your parents and you.—*"B.C.," East Brighton, Vic.*

I ENTERED nursing two years ago after working in a bank for a year, and although I was very happy in the bank I am even happier in my new career. Everyone tried to talk me out of nursing, including my mother. I am training in a hospital close to home, and this enables me to see my family often. I have also learned to appreciate home since I have had to live away from it.—*"Happy Nurse," Bankstown, N.S.W.*

I'M a new trainee for the Royal Adelaide Hospital and have not regretted my decision. I had a good job before I came to Adelaide, but

● Should a girl leave home, family, a good job in a bank to do nursing? asked "Wondering" (T.W., 9/11/60), especially as she is an only child and her elderly parents will be lonely without her. Most readers said that she must learn to live her own life.

I wanted to become a nurse. It will seem hard to leave your parents, living away from home, but I'm sure you'll not regret it. Your parents won't want to make you unhappy by refusing to let you do what you want to do, especially seeing that you will be serving humanity.—*"N.P.," R.A.H., North Terrace, Adelaide.*

IF I were "Wondering" I wouldn't hesitate. Besides having the opportunity of seeing more of the world, I feel that she'd feel much happier working with girls of her own age. Her parents will probably

miss her terribly for the first month or so, but they will soon overcome this if she visits them on her free weekends and writes the "once-a-week" letter home.—*Aline Alterink, Margaret River, W.A.*

"WONDERING" would be unwise to leave her parents unless she will be able to see them at least once a week when she is nursing. Our parents make many sacrifices for us; surely the least we can do is spend a small part of our lives with them when they are old.—*"Doc," Chelmer, Brisbane.*

PERHAPS "Wondering" does not fully realise the hard work entailed in training as a nurse. In love stories the pretty nurse marries the handsome doctor or a rich patient, but nursing is long hours on your feet, dealing with difficult patients. I think the solution to "Wondering's" problem is to join the Red Cross V.A.D.s and work in hospitals for a while.—*Dianne Tremlett, Ashfield, N.S.W.*

I AM not a teenager, but I had the same problem as this lass. I was an only child at school till 16. When I started nursing I left a job at £7/10/- a week in an office to work at 25/- as a nurse. I was very happy. I loved the work. My parents did not wish me to leave home, but I found they were pleased that I was happy and were very proud parents when I was handed my certificates.—*"Ex-Nurse," Callington, S.A.*

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1961

By **ROBIN ADAIR**

● Well, Christmas dinner might be only a memory now, but there's one ham you haven't yet finished with—me! And the gift I'm pulling out from the stocking this week is a list of New Year resolution suggestions.

AS this is traditionally a period of peace on earth and goodwill towards all, etc., I'm even going to tip off the boys, too.

Before we get going with the list, let's consider the New Year resolution.

It is a time-honored institution that, used genuinely, can be of infinite value.

Old habits, bad habits die hard at any time, and harder still as New Year enthusiasms diminish as the months go by.

By the example built up over centuries, now is the time to sit down, examine our shortcomings and promise to do something about them.

So let's have a look at how, when we ring in the New Year, we can all ring out wrongdoings . . .

FOR GIRLS

● Resolve that you will be on time for dates in 1961.

It's common sense and common courtesy to be resolute about this.

A boy is paying you the compliment of spending his time with you when he plans a date and obviously you expect to have a good time — so why waste these precious moments?

● Resolve that you will resist the temptation to "put on dog" with people.

"Put on dog" and you're barking up the wrong tree!

If you do manage to fool people with fibs about fantastic exploits they—particularly boys—feel that you're suggesting they are inferior.

If your stories are true there's still the inference that you are drawing odious comparisons.

● Resolve that you will not have delusions of gastronomic grandeur when you are taken to dinner.

Too many girls feel obliged to put eating like a horse before the a la carte—just to keep up appearances in a smart restaurant.

Having to provide chicken Maryland just to satisfy a silver-spoon-in-the-mouth pretence soon makes a bloke want to be carried back to old Virginia, who is happy with simple fare!

● Resolve that you will water down your demands on male chivalry.

No boy should object to making the little gestures of gallantry—walking on the outside of a girl, opening car doors, helping her to a seat, etc.

However—particularly in the face of constant claims about females belonging to the stronger sex—we object to being automatically obliged by tradition to give up well-earned seats on transport to no-more-deserving damsels, cart around incredibly heavy parcels, and similar nonsense.

Most girls have pretty legs. For this reason alone I'd like to see a girl stand on her own two feet!

● Resolve that you will join the Three Wise Monkeys instead of aping that repulsive person, the gossip.

Talk is cheap—and too much of it, about other people's business, is cheapening. For the talker.

Despite female claims that fellers are the worst kissers-and-tellers, there seems to be an open and shut (up) case against girls.

I'd like a long-play for every time a lass has declaimed, "Now, I'm not one to talk—BUT . . ."

If silence is golden it's reasonable to assume that a silent girl would find life pans out better!

● Resolve that you will give mother nature's handiwork a fair trial—and stay as sweet as you are.

I'm appealing, of course, for a lighter hand on the application of make-up and other beauty aids.

We've been through all this so often that I'm worn down to a (eye) shadow, so sufficient to say that in '61 it would be an interesting experiment to see if girls could still catch boys with one-color hair (the real color!), pink fingernails, and no blue eyelids!

● Resolve that you will wear the clothes you and the males who have to look at you desire.

Yes, it's high time girls made up their own minds, considering blokes' tastes, instead of being dictated to by Frenchmen who obviously think a tomato ought to be shoved around in a sack like a potato!

FOR BOYS

● Resolve that you will always act like a gentleman, who is simply what the word says—a gentle man.

To the discredit of many of today's blokes, charm and the art of being gallant with a girl has become to a great degree a lost art.

"C'mon, how about gettin' up . . ."



FIRST dawn of '61 and the end of a fabulous New Year's Eve party. Resolve that this time you'll really keep those New Year resolutions.

is heard too often at dances instead of a formal, polite request.

The gestures—unnecessary, but nice—of handing a lass into a bus, seating her at a table, standing when she enters or leaves a room, and so on aren't seen enough either.

When a girl gives a guy her time she's highly honoring him.

That's why the lady ISN'T a tramp—and shouldn't be treated like one!

● Resolve that you will recognise that, with a girl-friend, your time is not all your own.

Most girls are prepared to make sacrifices in spare time to keep the friendship of a boy.

But fellers aren't always so selfless.

Saturday afternoons are "out" for dates because he has to play tennis (she's welcome to come along, of course, he grandly invites), and certain nights are for going out with the boys.

This is not fair. A boy-girl friendship is a partnership.

And any feller who thinks a girl must be a junior partner should soon be told, quite rightly, "I'll be senior"!

● Resolve that you will meet a girl half-way on the problem of where to go on a date.

While it's the bloke's right and duty to organise an outing, never forget that the lass deserves to have her say in what's doing.

If you go ahead and insist on doing what you want without considering the team-mate in the fun and games, you

run the risk of enjoying yourself alone the next time.

● Resolve that you will broaden your horizons of general knowledge to make yourself a more interesting partner.

All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy, too.

I refer to work at keeping abreast of current affairs.

Conversation — a most important social grace — can only be kept up if you have something to talk about.

And, although you might find your pet sport or career fascinating, it doesn't always follow that girls you're out with do.

● Resolve that you will dress to kill—not to be a kill-joy.

While boys might not always agree with female fashion styles, we must concede that they take a lot of time and trouble to look nice for us.

Often, on the other hand, a boy's dressing for a date doesn't match the girl's standard.

This is discourteous. If a lass pays a fellow the compliment of being smart as paint, the least he can do is follow suit, literally.

Well, those are some resolutions I suggest girls and boys (including myself, of course) could do well to make for the New Year.

I must add that I've missed, perhaps, the most important one:

● If you make resolutions, don't forget to resolve to keep 'em!

A happy New Year to you all.



FIONA HYEM



LYNETTE LEWIS



HUGH FOLETTA

MARGARET MILWARD



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U.S. TRIP FOR PONY CLUB RIDERS



HELEN MURCHISON

● This week, for the first time, young Australian riders are to compete in overseas pony-club competitions — at Pebble Beach, California.

IN the team are five girls and one boy. Four come from Victoria, two from New South Wales, and their ages range from 12 to 19.

Selected by the Pony Club Association officials of Victoria and N.S.W., they are chaperoned by Miss K. Irving, chief instructor of the Victorian Association.

American families invited them to stay as guests and local pony clubs are providing horses.

The youngest member of the Australian team is 12-year-old Fiona Hyem, of Gunnedah, N.S.W. She started riding horses on her parents' property when she was three, and was only nine when she first rode over jumps at Sydney's Royal Easter Show, winning two open events against adults.

Last year she was Royal Sydney's girl champion rider. She has won most of her awards with her favorite horse, Stormy, one of Australia's best jumping ponies.

Fiona has not decided what career she will take up when she leaves Abbotsleigh School, Wahroonga, where she is a boarder, but her favorite subject at the moment is science.

Helen Murchison, 14, of Tamworth, is a team-mate of Fiona, and together they have won prizes at the last three Royal Shows in Sydney.

This year Helen won the girl rider championship, and was runner-up to Fiona the year before.

Her ambition is to be a commercial artist, for which she is studying by correspondence, in addition to her regular school work.

Of the Victorians, the youngest is Lynette Lewis, 15,

who has been riding since she was five, when her parents bought her her first pony.

This year she won the Good Hands Challenge Trophy at the Melbourne Royal Show and the Pony Jumping Competition.

She has four ponies at her Christmas Hills home, is a pupil at Firbank, and wants to work in her father's office when she leaves school.

Margaret Milward, 17, has three horses of her own at her Braeside home, where she helps with office and outside work in her father's boarding kennels for dogs.

Margaret belongs to the Melbourne Hunt Club, and at last year's Melbourne Royal Show she won first and second placings in two events in the Qualified Hunt. This year she won the Ladies' Riding Event over Obstacles.

Oldest member of the team to go to America is 19-year-old Sue Griffith, of Frankston, who won the Three-day Event at this year's Royal Melbourne, a grueling test which includes dress-

age, a 13-mile steeplechase, and jumping.

Sue gets up at five every morning to work her horse before going to work as a secretary in Dandenong.

The only boy in the team is 17-year-old Hugh Foletta, of Coleraine, Victoria. At last year's Royal Melbourne he was a member of the winning team in the Pony Club Jumping Event with his sister Keren, 16, and brother Geoffrey, 14. Between them, the Foletta children won 19 ribbons at the Show. Hugh has just finished a wool-classing course, and hopes to stay on in America after the competitions to see something of American ranch life and cattle industry.

Australian pony clubs hope that this trip will be the beginning of regular international competition. They hope that the Americans will send representatives to Australia to compete in the annual Victorian pony clubs' competition in May at the Melbourne Hunt Club, Cranbourne.

SUE GRIFFITH



Famous business run by a girl

By ELSA BARKER, in London

● She's just 19, dark-haired, and very pretty. She works 60 hours a week running a million-pound international business and says that a teenage tycoon needs to have a split personality to remain sane.

SHE is Fiamma Ferragamo, daughter of Salvatore Ferragamo, who, before his death, was the world's leading shoe designer.

Ferragamo invented wedge heels and platform soles. He made shoes from humming-birds' feathers and 18-carat gold.

When he died in August he left Fiamma, the eldest of his six children, in control of his business.

Since then Fiamma has run the two factories which make Ferragamo shoes, and the three shops which sell the shoes in Italy, checked the distribution of shoes to more than 20 countries around the world, and designed a spring collection.

I met Fiamma in the Bond Street shop which sells Ferragamo shoes in London.

She was wearing a slim grey skirt, grey jersey and a single string of pearls. She offered me a cigarette, then lit it with her gold cigarette-lighter.

"I'm here to show my spring collection to the English buyers," she said. "I made the toes a little rounder, the heels a little broader, and chose brown as the predominant color."

"So far, thank goodness, the buyers have liked it."

Biggest worry

She flashed a smile at me. "Designing is the most worrying part of my business. I have to think up 150 styles for each collection."

"I've lots of plain wooden lasts and jars of different colored paints in my office in Florence. When I get an idea for a style I paint it on a last to see how it looks."

The spring collection was not the first Fiamma designed. She started working with her father just after her seventeenth birthday.

"It seems my father knew he was going to die soon," she told me sadly. "My mother and I wanted me to go to university to study languages when I left school."

"But my father said no. He insisted I come into the business and learn about it while he could teach me."

"For a year he took me everywhere with him, to the factories, the shops, the offices,

to many countries—telling me all he knew."

"Then he became ill, and I had to take over. I used to come home at night, go to his bedroom and tell him what I had done. He would tell me my mistakes, and the best way to correct them."

"In March he told me I would have to design the autumn collection for him."

"When I had finished I took the shoes into his bedroom. He picked up every pair and examined them closely without saying a word."

"When he looked at the last pair, he put them down carefully, and then looked up at me for the first time and said he was very pleased with the collection."

"I was very happy."

High heels

Although Fiamma has the poise of a woman of 30, she still gets awestruck at some of the people who buy her shoes.

"Marilyn Monroe went into a store in New York to see my autumn collection," she said. "She liked it so much, she ordered 12 pairs to be delivered to her home immediately."

Fiamma has 25 pairs of shoes and brought 15 pairs with her to London.

She always wears at least three-inch high heels.

"High heels don't hurt us," she said. "It is the badly fitting shoes which ruin women's feet."

"When you buy shoes, you should see that your toes aren't cramped, and that the shoe fits your instep perfectly."

Like most Australian teenagers Fiamma loves swimming and tennis, but unlike most Australians she has very little time for sport. She works ten hours a day six days a week.

She drives to her office in her pale blue car each morning at eight o'clock.

Her first job is to answer the 50 or 60 letters in the morning mail. Then comes designing, checking orders, showing buyers the collection, and settling disputes or problems in the factories.

Between one o'clock and three o'clock she has lunch, as is the custom in Italy, and then back to her desk again until eight o'clock.

And what about Fiamma's split personality?

"I change my personality as soon as I leave the office at night," she told me with a laugh.

"After dinner I invite some of my friends around."

"We play records, including rock-n-roll, and dance and sing."

"My mother tells me the noise is deafening, but I tell her that is the way all teenagers relax."

The rest of the family probably makes quite a bit of noise, too—Fiamma has five brothers and sisters, Fulvia, Massimo, Ferruccio, Giovanna, and Leonardo.

Signora Ferragamo has very definite ideas on how they should behave. She insists that the little girls curtsy when introduced to guests and the boys should kiss women's hands.

The Ferragamos have two beautiful houses—a summer villa by the sea, called "Forte de Marmi," and a town house, "Villa Il Pagio," which overlooks the Arno River in Florence.

Fiamma is doing a man-sized job, running the business at the age of 19, but she takes after her father—he made his first pair of shoes at the age of nine.



FIAMMA FERRAGAMO walks happily with her famous father not long before his death. Below, she reads his autobiography "Shoemaker of Dreams" to her young brother Leonardo.



Where th

● Where do the boys go during vacation time? That's a question asked by girls all over the world as they plan their own holidays. Most Australian girls find the answer in resort towns around the coast — the same answer that Connie Francis and Yvette Mimieux find in M.G.M.'s latest teenage movie, "Where the Boys Are." They go to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and there find George Hamilton — along with 20,000 other university and high-school students.

"THERE HE IS!" crows Connie Francis as she points George Hamilton, who, as catch-of-the-season Ryder Smith, owns a mansion and a cabin cruiser. Connie, however, in the quiet role of university student Angie, fails to catch him.



YVETTE MIMIEUX, playing the role of the blond beach siren Melania, is the first of the girls to make a holiday conquest—but before long she gets into real strife through playing the field.

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 1961

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

At the end of her modelling course SANDRA is offered a chance as a top model, but prefers to stay with Major Scott. Meanwhile, Gerald Radnace, who is in advertising, gets his first big job—an advertising campaign for a nightdress. He thinks of the name, but needs a pretty girl to model the nightdress, and writes to Sandra. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Jacky's

DIARY.

By JACKY MENDELSON
age 33 1/2



THE ONLY THING IS, PRISSILLA WASN'T JOHN ALDEN'S BOY-FRIEND. INSTEAD IT WAS A GUY CALLED MILD STANDISH.



THIS HERO MILD STANDISH ONCE USED TO BE MARRIED, ONLY HIS WIFE HAD DIED OF ROMANTIC FEVER.



SO ONE DAY MILD STANDISH FIGGURED HE WOULD GET MARRIED AN OTHER TIME. ONLY HE WAS BASHFUL, SO HE ASKT JOHN ALDEN TO GO & ASK PRISSILLA FOR HER HAND IN MACARONI.



WHEN HE WENT OVER HER HOUSE SHE WAS REAL HAPPY TO SEC HIM. THIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN AS PILGRIMS PROGRESS.



ONLY WHEN HE ASKT HER TO GET MARRIED WITH MILD STANDISH, SHE SAID:



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS: IF YOUR A MAN WHOSE FIGGURING ON GETTING MARRIED, YOU BETTER DO YOUR TALKING NOW!

Jacky.

TIZZY



"It's an awful summer — I haven't been..."



SIDE BY

"But, for a..."

BUTCH



"They wouldn't believe I'm a burglar. They said I'm a party-crasher and threw me out."

Kate Osann



love once!"

GLANCES
Galbraith

ear, it's your duty to ask
raise. The Government
he additional tax on your
salary!"



in Apron
by Larry
right London Punch

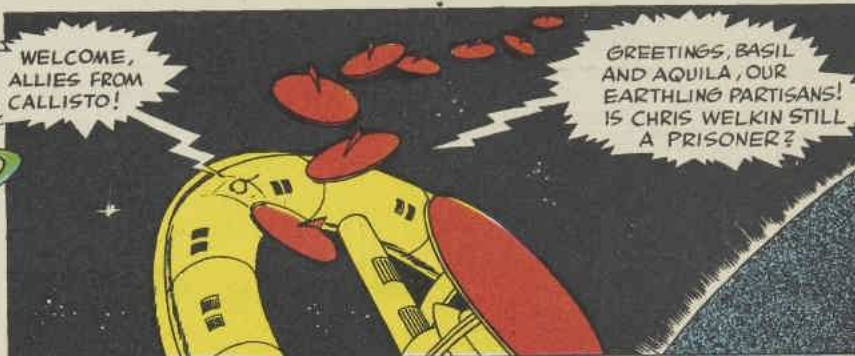


CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

WELCOME,
ALLIES FROM
CALLISTO!

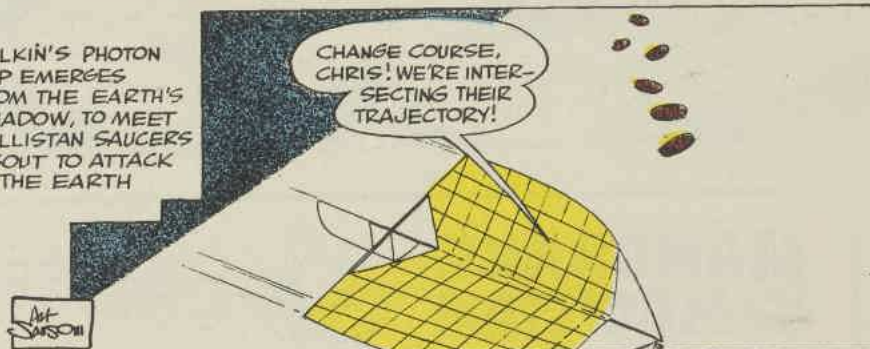
GREETINGS, BASIL
AND AQUILA, OUR
EARTHLING PARTISANS!
IS CHRIS WELKIN STILL
A PRISONER?



WELL--UH--
AS A MATTER
OF FACT HE
ESCAPED!
BUT HE'S UN-
ARMED AND
CAN'T
INTERFERE!

WELKIN'S PHOTON
SHIP EMERGES
FROM THE EARTH'S
SHADOW, TO MEET
CALLISTAN SAUCERS
ABOUT TO ATTACK
THE EARTH

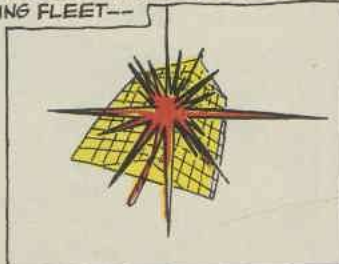
CHANGE COURSE,
CHRIS! WE'RE INTER-
SECTING THEIR
TRAJECTORY!



NO USE, AMAIZA!
THE SAUCERS
ARE TOO FAST!

DON'T
GIVE UP,
KOOT!

CHRIS TURNS THE SAILS SO THAT
THEY FOCUS COUNTLESS PHOTONS
OF SOLAR ENERGY ON THE INVAD-
ING FLEET--



SO, BASIL! WELKIN WAS UNARMED AND
HARMLESS--EXCEPT FOR THE MOST
POWERFUL WEAPON OF ALL--THE SUN!

USE THAT TREMENDOUS BRAIN OF
YOURS, KOOT--FIGURE OUT WHAT
ANGLE TO TURN THE SAILS TO HIT
THE GUN TURRET OF THE SPACE
STATION!

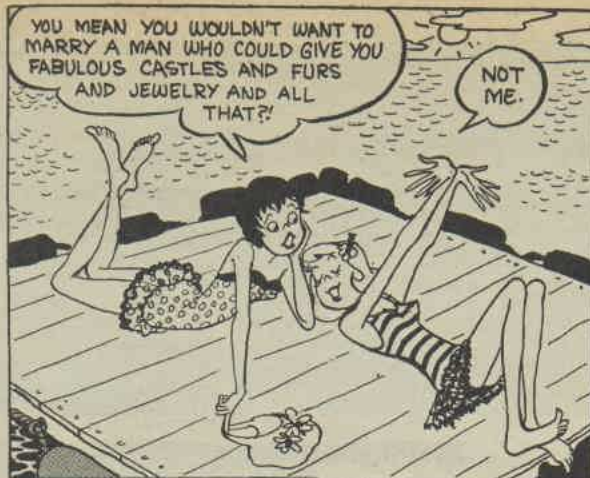
FORTY-SEVEN DEGREES, EIGHT MINUTES
AND FOURTEEN
SECONDS--

NO, CHRIS! DON'T
RISK IT! YOU CAN'T
DESTROY THE SPACE
STATION! OUR CREW
IS STILL ABOARD!



CONTINUED

TEENA[®] BY Lilla Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN

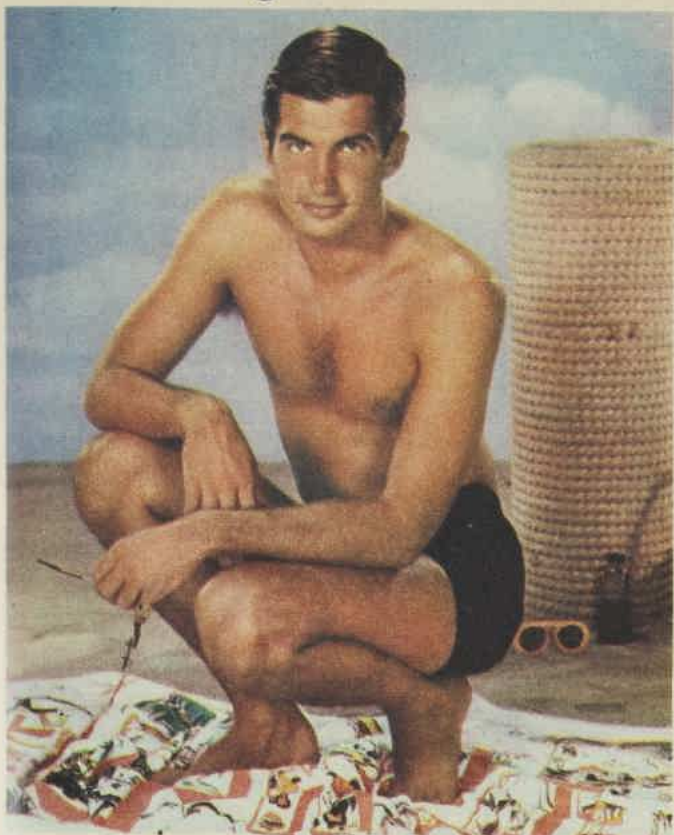


MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and Narda have not yet solved the mystery of the disappearing lakes and the water spouts which go up and up and never come down. As the water usually disappears at night, they spend a night beside a lake to watch. NOW READ ON . . .



AT THE ASTRONAUT TRAINING CENTER—WHAT IS MANDRAKE UP TO? CONTINUED

the boys are



THE CHARACTERS of Connie (above) and Yvette (at right) are revealed in their clothes. Connie, a casual type, lands an interesting jazz musician, while Yvette, floating around in filmy falderals, is attacked by a lout and lands in hospital. Other stars in the film include Dolores Hart, Paula Prentice, Barbara Nichols and Jim Hutton.



MIMIEUX MOODS are revealed in her hairstyles — from semi-beat to demure to exotic



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Too much liking

"EARLIER this year I was going with a girl for four months. But then she told me she liked me too much, and she hasn't spoken to me since. How could I make it up with her again? I am 18 and she is 17."

H.H., N.S.W.

Ring her up or call at her place and tell her you'd like to take her to the pictures, and ask if she would like to go with you. If she does, you're right.

Nice, but shy

"FOR quite a while now a certain boy has said to me, 'Hi' or 'How are you going?' every time we happen to meet. Usually it is at his place, and he seems to be always at the gate waiting for me to pass. Would it be correct for me to stop and talk to him? He seems very nice, but shy. Also what could I say to him at these moments? I can never think of a thing to say."

"Wondering," Vic.

It would be quite correct for you to stop and talk to him. Right now is the time for easy conversation. "Merry Christmas" is the remark that starts every conversation these days, and it is easy to tack on something like "Are you going away?" or "Do you have a big celebration at home?" or "What do you want in your stocking?"

If you don't catch up with him before Christmas, right up to the middle of January it's the thing to say "Happy New Year." Tag questions for this remark could be "Don't the holidays go quickly?" or "Are you doing the Leaving this year or next year?"

If you want to be mysterious, you could say something like "What's your favorite color?" and when he says

"Blue, why?" you could say, "That tells me a great deal about you," which should surely keep the conversation rolling along while he asks, "What?" Sounds to me as if you'll be at that gate for hours.

Social custom

"RECENTLY I received and accepted an invitation from a boy to take me to a social. As this is my first date of this kind, could you please tell me whether I should dance all the time with this boy?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

I think it would be terribly dull to dance with the same boy all the evening, and just as dull for the boy, too. But sometimes it is the custom, and other boys just don't ask you for dances. What I'd do is grin and bear it if no one else asks you, but if other boys invite you to dance, accept with pleasure.

"Common" blonde

"I AM a girl of 18 and very attractive. I have blond hair which most consider attractive. However, my boyfriend, who is 21 (and who says he is deeply in love with me), cannot stand my blond hair. He considers it looks cheap and common. Will you please suggest a suitable remedy (in the nature of a dye which does not affect my fair complexion). Please don't suggest that I drop him, as that is impossible, as I am crazy over him. I am desperate, as he refuses to take me out at night."

H.B., Qld.

If you want to take this extreme step, consult a skilled hairdresser and have it done properly. Your boyfriend is footing the bill, of course.



"Now I'm REALLY mixed up, Jimmie. Pat Boone says to give you another chance, and Miss Lonely Hearts calls you a creep."

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

I think his attitude is quite ridiculous, and so is yours. You're just asking for trouble, big trouble later on. But if you do get your hair dyed I would insist he does the same. Why should you go out with a boy with the common, ordinary hair he was born with?

Lipstick at 13

"I AM 13½ and my mother will not allow me to wear lipstick. All my friends wear it. My mother told me to write to you and your advice will be final. What do you think?"

A.B., N.S.W.

I think girls of 13½ look very nice with a pale pink lipstick on for special occasions—but not at school. Lipstick does not go with school uniforms.

When you buy your lipstick, though, choose carefully one of the pretty pinks—they're the most these days—and learn to put it on properly, so it doesn't smudge, smear, and get all over your teeth.

Job with parents

"I HAVE a problem which I consider is becoming serious and would value your opinion. The trouble is I am a shop worker and my bosses are my parents. I have nothing whatsoever against them; they are as good parents as any girl could wish for. The key to all the trouble is I don't like my job, and my parents have made it clear that they don't want me to leave. As the summer season is coming up in a few weeks, I would not consider leaving before the end of January or early February. There is an office job vacant at the moment, and I would like it very much, but, as I said, I would not leave at this time of the year. There is a chance that the same type of position with the same firm will be available next year. I will be 16 then and it would suit me fine. Do you think it would be unfair of me to apply for this job? I really would like to. I would appreciate your consideration very much. Am I being mean thinking of myself like this?"

M.V., N.S.W.

I don't think you are being mean thinking of yourself. We all have to sometime. But whether you are being fair or not to your parents in thinking of getting another job is another matter. Why they don't want you to leave the family business is the other side of the matter. They may be being selfish themselves, or they may have some very real reason why they don't want you to leave.

I think the only thing is for you all to have a roundtable conference about it. Most girls want to be independent of their parents, stand on their own feet, and get the job they want. It is understandable.

It would be interesting for you to try another job, get another string to your bow professionally, and get to know other people.

Why don't you suggest to your parents that you get another job, an office one, for a trial period of six months after the summer rush is over? Try it during the slack winter season and see if you really like it. If you do, I'm sure they'll agree to you continuing as a stenographer.

You probably don't believe me, but it is quite true that what parents want most of all is for their children to be happy, and they go to great lengths to see that they are.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



IT'S a foolish girl who doesn't take advantage of the fact that some of the nicest clothes now being designed are exclusively for teenagers and business girls.

It often happens, however, that with the best intentions in the world a girl simply does not know how to plan a wardrobe or how to assemble it once it is planned.

The following hints and suggestions may prove helpful in a problem that is not peculiarly the teenager's.

To begin with, ask yourself these questions: Is your wardrobe jammed with clothing and yet contains "nothing to wear"? Are you forever buying bits and pieces, not to complete a particular outfit but to cram your drawer space so that it fairly bursts with belts, scarves, ribbons, bows, jewellery, and goodness knows what else that you seldom or ever wear? Do you fall for every new fad and fancy of fashion, regardless of the fact that you may not be at all the type for it?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, do make a mental note that you—the kind of person that you are—and your figure should always govern your selection of clothes. It is all very well to want to run with the herd, but if a pleated skirt makes you look like a balloon or a sheath turns you into a string-bean, don't wear them.

If your legs are not exactly pretty, be careful about the length of your skirt to see that it doesn't cut across them at the worst point. Watch its fit, too, so that it is not so slim and tight as to direct attention to the legs.

If you are the quiet, studious type, don't, no matter how much you admire the vivacious tomboy, copy her. If you are a big girl, destined to grow into a tall, gracious woman, never dress coyly; coyness will never go with your size.

Let your figure and personality decide whether you can wear bulky sweaters, bouffant skirts, up-and-down stripes, solid colors, noisy patterns, bright colors, two-piece or one-piece outfits.

Fabrics should flatter your figure, never call attention to any faults it might have.

When it comes to getting clothes together, a basic wardrobe is the best bet. Accessories chosen for the right effect when the wearer is finally dressed can be added. These should either match or harmonise or attract by contrast.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

- With lots of lucky people enjoying well-earned holidays, this is a good time to stock up with a few all-purpose party discs.

YOU can't please everybody all the time, but most of the following LPs will pay their way in the weeks ahead when you can't be too sure who's going to drop in or what's going to turn up on the programme.

For a lively teenage session there's no better starter than Les Baxter's "Teen Dreams" (Capitol). It holds a lot of strange, exciting stuff you've never heard before—for the good reason that most of it was never written down, but just happened when the recording session got under way.

Rock-n-roll's daddy, **Bill Haley**, reaches back into his country past (something not everyone knows he had) with "Bill Haley's Juke Box" (Warner Bros.). Some of the pleasing, persuasive tunes that emerge are "Candy Kisses," "Cold, Cold Heart," "This Is The Thanks I Get." He goes into orbit on this LP with his Comets as usual.

A good man to have along with you on holiday is **Ray Conniff**, especially when he's present with his orchestra and chorus, as he is on "Say It With Music" (Coronet). A touch of Latin, but not too much, adds an extra something to a bunch of better standards such as "Stranger In Paradise," "Night And Day," "Deep Purple."

In "Let's Have A Party" the Light Music Club has a disc that just asks to be packed into a holiday suitcase. Against a background of happy party noises **Pat Dodd** and His Boys reel off no fewer than 45 proved party hits, some with vocals.

As you never know when some European Count or Baron might drop in, a dash of the Continental style mightn't be a bad thing to have on tap, especially when it's "Lightly Done" by the accomplished **Jacky Noguez** and Orches-

tra (Pye International). Numbers getting the "oh la la" treatment include "Ramona," "Cinderella, Stay In My Arms," "I Double Dare You."

— If your crowd likes to cut really loose, one record that will get a lot of playing is Top Rank's "Battle Of The Groups," Vol. 2. Taking part in the fray are **Little Anthony and the Imperials** ("Shimmy, Shimmy, Ko-Ko Bop"), **The Chantels** ("I'm Confessin'"), **The Flamingos** ("Lovers Never Say Good-bye"), and **The Dubs** ("Don't Ask Me To Be Lonely").

Such tunes as "Love Is The Sweetest Thing," "I Wanna Get Married," "Love Is The Reason" give **The Ray Charles Singers** a ready-made title, "Love And Marriage," for their Top Rank LP. The style is light and carefree, with the accent more on romance than on matrimony.

Local talent: We're not sure if Australia's Le Garde Twins, Tom and Ted, qualify under the Local Talent heading. At 15 they started singing at local rodeos and agricultural shows, but had to go to America to have their talent developed and recognised. To celebrate their return home for a Christmas visit, London has issued a single containing an excellent romantic ballad, "Where Can The Loveliest Be?" and "Baby Sitter," a bright account of the perils of that chancy occupation—both tunes by the highly successful **Boudleux Bryant**. When they return to America the boys will star in "The Powder River Boys," a new TV series.

Pops: After two years of collaboration, which produced such good sellers as "Teenager In Love" and "When Or Where," **Dion and The Belmonts** have split up, the official reason being

"separate goals." So now it's **Dion** as a solo artist with "Lonely Teenager" (Top Rank 45). O.K. for fairly junior teens who don't mind listening to someone being sorry for himself. "Little Miss Blue" is on the other side.

IN the hands of the knowing Mr. **Perry Como** a romantic ballad is likely to come out romantic PLUS. And that's the way it is with "Gone Is My Love" (R.C.A. 45). There's a good blues, too, on the flip, "You Came A Long Way From St. Louis," though I'm not too sure that happy Perry's the ideal man to sing it.

A NEW voice on the American charts is that of 21-year-old **Jerry Butler**, whose first single, "He Will Break Your Heart," went up into the top 10. Jerry's gospel-singing background comes through specially strongly in "Thanks To You" on the flip (Top Rank).

Movie music: People who get a kick out of having music of the latest big films on hand at home can be right up to the minute with the "Spartacus" soundtrack album (Festival LP). Composer **Alex North** conducts an unnamed orchestra in the effective score he has written for this epic. The folder-type package carries medalion portraits of the cast, and opens to a huge color picture of **Kirk Douglas**, "Spartacus," himself.

Classical: Schubert's glorious "Unfinished" Symphony, the No. 8 in B Minor, and Mozart's always delightful "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" are temptingly paired on a new W. and G. LP. The orchestra is the Vienna Festival, and the conductor **Philip Vernal**.

PIANIST **Gyorgy Cziffra**, who is considered by his detractors as altogether too dashing and by his admirers as a real virtuoso, shows what he can do with "Beethoven Variations" on an H.M.V. LP. There's the taxing "32 Variations in C Minor" (used by Beethoven to test his most advanced students), "Variations on a Russian Theme," the popular "Rondo a Capriccio," the seven "God Save The King" variations, and the Sonata No. 22.

A RECORD to add distinction to any collection, and one to listen to with growing appreciation over the years, is the Festival LP "Music Of The Medieval Court And Countryside For The Christmas Season." **Noah Greenberg's** now celebrated New York Pro Musica Antique, with its reconstructed medieval instruments and devoted band of singers, are responsible for a noteworthy record.

How to be an Angel-Child...



Others like you for what you are

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BILL HALEY and his Comets.



Edwin the defender

IT was early spring, not long before Cress' fourteenth birthday. In the gully, a quarter of a mile south of the Delahanty farm, cactus was already blooming. Meadow larks sang their liquid, worldly songs. Butcher birds, rich in insects, impaled their surplus stock on suitable thorns.

Buzzards floated low, their shadows dark on the grass, which the sun, almost down, was gilding. But the air was still warm, the day still lovely, and the gully continued to echo, as it had for the past hour, with the stateliest measures ever moulded by the lips of man—the long, rolling periods of Virgil.

"Ancora de prora iaciture, stant litere puppes," Edwin concluded, taking his eyes from his invisible audience and looking inquiringly at Cress, who sat across the ravine from him on a large, sun-warmed boulder.

"Begin at the beginning and say it all over again," Cress urged. "Not that I don't think you're perfectly right now," she added frankly.

Edwin relaxed somewhat, but still looked worried. "Perfect means incapable of improvement," he reminded Cress.

"Well, I don't see how you can improve it," Cress protested, her fair, freckled face flushed with sunlight and her pleasure in Edwin. "You know every word by heart, and you pronounce every word right. What more could you do?"

Edwin scowled across the narrow gully as if its smallness hampered his imagination. "If I was good enough," he said slowly, "I could put the whole spirit of Virgil in it." He paused and looked earnestly at Cress. "If I was good enough I could put the whole spirit of the ancient world in it."

"Well, O.K., then," Cress said enthusiastically. "Let's do that. Let's be absolutely terrific."

Edwin replied a little stiffly, "I wasn't joking."

"Me either," Cress exclaimed, surprised. "Wasn't that what you meant, Edwin?"

"I wasn't thinking about being terrific or anything like that."

Cress, who had been, said, "I'm sorry, Edwin."

"You kind of always overstate things, Cress."

"Edwin," Cress asked, leaning forward, "do you think I'm impetuous?"

Edwin removed his steel-rimmed spectacles and cleaned them on an

oblong of white canton flannel neatly feather-stitched in blue around the edges.

"Do you, Edwin?" she repeated.

Edwin resettled his spectacles. "I think you're pretty hasty sometimes, Cress."

Hasty was not the same as impetuous, and Cress returned to Virgil. "Go on, Edwin," she said. "Say your part through from the beginning again."

"It's your turn to say your part," Edwin told her.

"My little two lines," Cress scoffed.

"A chain is no stronger than its weakest link," Edwin said honestly, "and your lines have their place in the play."

The play "Scenes From 'The Aeneid'" was to be presented in one week's time by the Latin students of Tenant High School. Each spring, wearing togas and hauraches, garlanded with chaplets of eucalyptus leaves and carrying short swords carved from wooden orange boxes, the Latin classes demonstrated to assembled parents their mastery of the language. This year's demonstration was unusually ambitious, and Edwin as narrator was, after Aeneas himself, its most important male personage.

"Shut up about Cress," Edwin told Rambo, lifting the cactus section menacingly, "and beat it."

CRESS DELAHANTY — PART 3

By JESSAMYN WEST

Skinny. The Romans would've exposed you at birth."

Miss Freitag, while considering this statement, thought it probably true, and was proud of her final solution of the problem posed by Edwin. She developed the part of narrator for him, and kept him off the stage entirely.

Edwin straightened himself as if to recite again, then lowered his chin and looked about. The gully, while narrow, was deep, a sandy, golden, cactus-filled waste, lonely, strange, and, at this time of day, a little mysterious.

"This probably looks a good deal like Africa," he said.

"Africa?" Cress asked, her thoughts far from there.

"Where Aeneas met Dido."

"Oh! It's a good place to be practising, isn't it?"

EDWIN nodded. "It's funny, isn't it, Cress? Here we are reciting Virgil and Virgil didn't even know the New World existed. Let alone the United States."

"Let alone California."

"Let alone this gully and you and me in it," Edwin said, and he and Cress both laughed.

"Maybe he does know," Cress said. "Maybe he's alive some place and listening."

"Do you believe in life after death, Cress?" Edwin asked seriously.

Cress sighed with pleasure. Perhaps they would now have a philosophical discussion. That was one of the things she liked so much about Edwin; he was interested in everything and would talk about everything: life, death, honor, immortality, transubstantiation. Did everyone see the same chair? If you could hear the intervals of silence in music, would they be music, too? At what minute did a bird swallowed by a cat cease to want to chirp and begin to want to meow instead?

Now she replied judiciously, "Yes, I do, Edwin. Don't you?"

But Edwin only shook his head. Evidently he was not in the mood for a philosophical discussion this afternoon.

"You got time to hear me through once more?" he asked.

"Of course," Cress said. "That's what I've been waiting for. Begin at the beginning. Begin at 'Arms, I sing, and the man.'" Cress imitated somewhat Edwin's polished declamatory style. But without the Latin words the imitation was rather flat.

"Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris," Edwin began, his r's liquid as water, his vowels like trumpet notes. He had gone as far as Dido's curse, "Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras," when glancing at the bank above Cress' head he broke off.

"Hi, there!" he said in a flat voice.

Cress turned about. There, above her, was Clarence Rambo. He was known, because of his red hair and ability to cover ground, as the Crimson Rambler. The Crimson Rambler now stood, legs wide apart and hands in pockets, regarding her and Edwin curiously.

"The Rambler himself," Cress said without enthusiasm. She and Clarence were not on good terms. He had passed her a note in study hall which she, after seeing the first few words, had taken up to the wastepaper basket and ostentatiously torn into a thousand pieces without further reading. Now, as Clarence dropped down into the gully, Cress looked with renewed distaste at his red, good-natured face and his small reddish-brown eyes.

"Nice hide-out you two got here," he observed.

"Hide-out!" Cress exclaimed.

"Yeh, hide-out. What you two do down here, anyway?"

"Do? We're practising," Cress told him with dignity.

This struck the Rambler as being very funny and he laughed immoderately.

"Practising!" he was finally able to say. "What you two practising down here in your hide-out, Cress?"

"We're rehearsing for the Latin play," Edwin said. He pulled his copy of "Scenes From 'The Aeneid'" from his pocket as if to prove it.

This also seemed very funny to the Rambler.

"Scenes From 'The Aeneid'! Say, did you ever hear this?" he asked them.

"Latin is a language, Least it used to be, First it killed the Romans, Now it's killing me."

"We've heard it," Cress said. "It's very, very funny. Also very, very old."

"I know some more," Clarence said. "New. Want to hear some more?"

"Beat it, Rambo," Edwin said. "Get out of here. We're busy."

The Rambler looked at Edwin very coolly. "Drop dead, Skinny," he advised, "and save the doctor's bill." Then he turned again to Cress. "You want to hear some more, Cress? I can make up poetry. Latin poetry."

"You and Virgil," Cress said lamely.

"Sure, me and Virgil. I sing of arms and the woman."

"Shut up, Rambo," Edwin said.

"I'm not talking to you, Skinny. You go off some place and practise. Practise acting alive. This poem's about you, Cress. Amo, amas, amat, Delahanty's plenty hot. How d'you like that, Cress? More truth than poetry, huh?"

Edwin threw "Scenes From 'The Aeneid'" to the ground. "Cut that out, Rambo."

"Oh, hell, Skinny," Clarence said easily, "don't let it worry you just because it didn't come out of a book. You'd be surprised what ain't in books. Besides that's just the beginning. Amo, amas, amat, Delahanty's . . ."

CLARENCE stopped suddenly and Cress, who had been watching him, too amazed and shocked to speak, turned towards Edwin. Edwin was holding threateningly aloft a large and very spiny section of the cactus plant beside which he stood.

"Don't that hurt, Skinny?" Clarence asked finally, a little uncertainly.

"You shut up," Edwin told him, "or you'll soon find out."

"Why, Skinny?" Clarence said, "don't you know that's just like pulling a gun on an unarmed man?"

"O.K.," Edwin said. "I've got a gun and you're unarmed. And you better shut up and get out of here or I'll fire it. And another one right behind it." Edwin extended his free hand in the direction of the cactus plant at his side.

"Two-gun Skinny!" Clarence's voice was heavy with sarcasm.

"Three-gun, four-gun, if you don't beat it," Edwin said, unmoved.

"I was only making a little joke. Cress don't . . ."

"Shut up about Cress," Edwin told him, lifting the cactus section menacingly, "and beat it."

"You don't have to keep saying it," Clarence said. "I got no desire to hang around where I'm not wanted."

He climbed the embankment slowly and unconcernedly. At the top he turned around. "Any time you get brave enough to meet me without a gun, Skinny, just let me know."

Whistling loudly to show his indifference to the entire affair, Clarence disappeared. When he could no longer be heard Edwin dropped the cactus, walked over to the boulder which Cress had vacated, and sat down.

"Does your hand hurt, Edwin?" Cress asked.

The hand with which he had held the piece of cactus was red, full of spines and already swelling, but Edwin shook his head.

"I guess you're pretty ashamed of me," he said in a low voice.

"Ashamed!" Cress exclaimed.

"Pulling a gun on an unarmed man that way. I guess that was pretty tricky, all right. And cowardly."

"Cowardly," Cress repeated vehemently. "Why, he'd have beaten you to nothing, Edwin, if you hadn't. And said anything he wanted to about me."

"A brave man would've fought him on even terms," Edwin said dejectedly. "Knuckles to knuckles."

"Knuckles to knuckles!" Cress cried in disgust. "Why, you did fight him on even terms. He's got muscles and you've got brains. You fought his muscles with your brains."

I'VE got some muscles," Edwin said.

"Of course you have. But Clarence Rambo's got ten times more muscles than anybody I know. It would be like David's throwing away his sling-shot and going out to wrestle with Goliath. It would be stupid. Knuckles to knuckles," she said again scornfully. "Is that the way it seems to you, Cress?"

"Yes, it is. And besides, it didn't hurt David any to use his sling-shot and it must have hurt you terribly to pick up that cactus. In fact, it was the most courageous thing I ever saw. Or heard of."

Cress hurriedly lifted Edwin's hand and began to examine it. "I can pull out these big ones now," she told him, "but I can't do anything about the little ones without tweezers."

When most of the large needles were out Edwin said, "You never did get to say your part, Cress."

"I don't care," Cress told him. "Anyway, I think 'The Aeneid' is silly, really."

"Silly!" Edwin sounded shocked.

"The men are all right, I guess. But Dido! Building herself a funeral pyre because Aeneas was sailing away from her."

Edwin was silent while Cress worked on a final needle. Then he said, "Dido loved Aeneas."

"Well, of course," Cress answered.

"What would you have done, Cress?"

"I would have built myself a boat and sailed right after him."

Edwin said nothing. "Which would you want a woman to do, Edwin?"

"I don't think anyone's going to jump on a funeral pyre for me or sail after me in a boat, either one."

Cress finished her work on Edwin's hand before he spoke again. "Of course, in this day and age that's just figuratively speaking. Funeral pyres and sailing away in boats and so forth."

Edwin stood up and with his good hand pushed back his hair.

"Figuratively speaking," he said, "I wouldn't like you jumping on any funeral pyres, Cress." He examined the remaining cactus needles closely for a second or two, then looked up. "That is, if I were sailing away—which I wouldn't be."

Cress' heart gave a sudden deep throb, so that there seemed to be no room left in her chest for lungs or breathing. She walked over to where "Scenes From 'The Aeneid'" lay, picked it up and returned it to Edwin.

The sun, just setting in a flood of gold and crimson and the meadow larks, as if aware that day was ending, sang with a kind of sad sobriety. Cress, able to breathe easily again, looked about. It's a thousand times more beautiful here than Africa ever was, she thought and started to say so. But remembering what Edwin had said about overstatements, she contented herself with, "I bet Africa's not half this beautiful, Edwin."

● Next week — Cress falls in love with Calvin Dean.

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Looking at Edwin now, Cress thought that, with his dark hair falling in a jagged line across his high white forehead and his eyes lifted, he looked like a great tragic actor, or perhaps, except for his glasses, Hamlet himself.

"Edwin," she asked, "would you like to play Hamlet?"

Edwin shook his head. He had no illusions about his qualifications as an actor, or about the problem he had presented to Miss Freitag, Latin teacher and director of the play. He was the best student in Miss Freitag's classes, and he could memorise Latin verse more easily and deliver it with greater sonority and conviction than any other of her pupils.

But his appearance was woefully unclassic and he knew it.

Edwin seemed to be a touchstone of reality. The minute he stepped on to the stage, chaplets, which, until that time had been easily recognisable as of the true laurel, became nothing more than circles of wire incompletely covered with eucalyptus leaves.

And the toga, which on the other boys was a picturesque and dignified garment, appeared on Edwin to be a costume downright unsuitable for public wear.

Miss Freitag had tried putting Edwin into a short tunic, but that had been even worse. Atlas Peake, the Aeneas of the play, took one look at him, thus scantily covered, and said, "You're sure lucky to be living today,

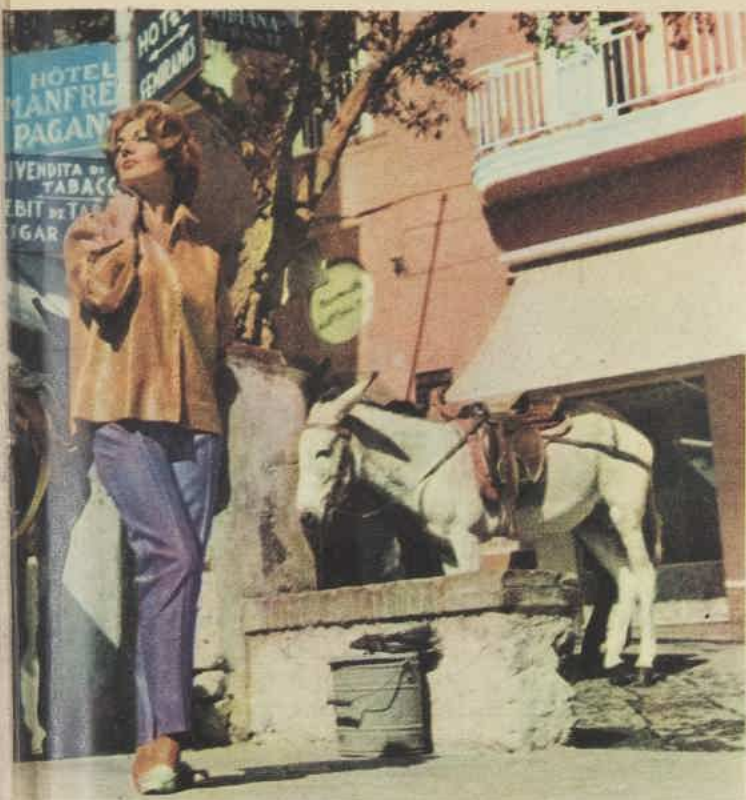
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 4, 1961



JOHN SAXON

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—January 3, 1961



GLAMOR for evening wear in Capri. The glistening gold nylon-and-lurex shirt worn over tapered silk pants is an ideal combination in the gay, after-five social life of the resort. Countless fashion boutiques dot Capri's winding cobbled streets.

THE glamorous Isle of Capri is a Mediterranean playground for everyone from European royalty and society's "International Set" to the average budget-watching tourist. And as it's an exciting, colorful melting-pot of holidaymakers, so it's an exciting, colorful melting-pot of fashion. The tempting boutiques flanking Capri's winding cobblestone streets are packed with exclusive designs, all different, but all unmistakably bearing the Capri signature.

Specialties of this island couture are tapered pants, beautifully tailored to order in a vast choice of locally printed fabrics in vibrant colors. Bearing the same Capri signature are boldly printed silk shirts and wonderful straw bags and hats. Capri is a leader in high fashion funwear, but it's high fashion at little cost by Australian standards. And it's no wonder that within hours of arriving there, all women — rich and poor, fat and thin, young and old — are dressed in sunny Capri style. — Cynthia Strachan.



AS GAY AS CAPRI itself is this shirt-and-trouser twosome in warm sunshine colors. It would cost a cool 20 thousand in Italian lire, but this in Australian currency is just over £14. The cute straw hat is another Capri specialty.

How

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It should be emphasised that excessive obesity is a medical problem and a physician should be consulted.

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TOO TALL

A short story

BY MARGERY
SHARP

MARY MACDONALD was too tall. She took after her father's side of the family; Commander Macdonald was six-foot-four. Why couldn't she have taken after her mother, a neat five-foot-two? Until she entered her teens, indeed, it seemed as though she had. At eleven she was just right, a trifle leggy, perhaps, but everyone said she'd fill out. Only she didn't fill out. She shot up.

It wouldn't have mattered if she'd wanted to be (her brother Ian's suggestion) a policeman or (her brother Toby's idea, and even worse) a showgirl. Her nice cousin Sally suggested that she could be a model.

But what Mary wanted to be was a ballerina; and was technically well on the way (which made it all the more hard) to becoming at least a coryphee, when Madame Vera, at the end of Mary's penultimate term at a famous ballet school, summoned her into the principal's room for a little chat.

No pupil in the school but trembled before the prospect of a little chat with Madame Vera. Even established performers, just there to brush up their mime, trembled a little to find a note from Madame Vera. For the pupils it was a sheer agony of expectation, because, though Madame Vera was probably going to say something scathing about one's elbows, she might also be going to say one might walk on as a page in "Swan Lake."

Thus Mary Macdonald entered the little office, shaking all over. She but glimpsed the Bakst sketches on the walls, the framed programmes of Diaghilev's first season in London, a wonderful impression of Nijinski in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," Mary's knees (however straight she kept them in class) were practically knocking together as Madame Vera bade her sit down.

"My dear child," said Madame Vera, "there is something I must tell you. I have written to your parents already. But because you yourself have shown so much talent and such good will to work, I tell you personally, too. You are too tall," said Madame Vera.

"I've tried not to be," said Mary foolishly. "My child, no one is blaming you! But you are not only too tall already, you are still growing. You are growing like a beanstalk!" said Madame Vera, compassionately but firmly. "There isn't a dancer I can think of you wouldn't overtop already, 'sur les pointes'."

"Suppose you needed to be supported! But even among the coryphees you would be unacceptable on stage as too tall. My dear child," said Madame Vera, "I know this must be a painful moment for you, as indeed it is for me; but it is my duty to tell you that for the ballet you are altogether too tall."

"Darling, does it really matter?" cried Mrs. Macdonald. "At any rate, you've learned to



move! It's such a treat having a daughter who isn't lumpish!"

Mary, who was very fond of her mother, tried to look resigned. Children try to spare their parents much more than their parents suspect. Upon Ian and Toby, however, when they came up with their suggestions of policeman or showgirl, her misery found vent.

"How would either of you feel," demanded Mary furiously, "if you found you couldn't go into the Navy? Just because you were color-blind or something? Besides everything else, besides being too tall, I've got two of the stupidest brothers alive," cried Mary, "and I hope you both fail your next exams!"

She even turned upon her nice cousin Sally, who suggested she might become a model.

"Or clotheshorse!" snapped Mary. "Of all the silly, useless careers! Are all my relations such complete idiots?"

"I only thought," said Sally mildly, "you might marry a millionaire. Lots of models do."

"Not if they're as plain as I am!" snapped Mary.

Unfortunately, there was sense in this.

No one at the ballet school had ever worried about Mary Macdonald's face, so long as her knees were straight and her elbows curved. But she really was rather plain. She had a high forehead and her father's long nose. As a blank canvas, ready for the magic of make-up, it would pass; but even Mrs. Macdonald, rejoicing in a daughter who moved well, never imagined her daughter to have a pretty face.

It was decided among the Macdonalds that Mary should learn shorthand-typing.

Mary hated the secretarial college.

She hated impartially all the teachers there and all the other girls. That nearly all the other girls adored ballet was simply an added irritation. They knew nothing, didn't want to know anything of the long, arduous toil before the final perfection that enchanted them: the audience.

To page 46



It was a bitter disappointment to Mary when Madame Vera told her she would never be able to be a ballerina.

They met at a party



SHE: "I don't know him from Adam . . . but he dresses well . . . quiet tie . . . my own taste exactly."



HE: "She's only a girl . . . still, a chap has to be sociable . . . and Dad said to behave . . . my word, she likes sweets!"



SHE: "What a nice boy . . . he deserves a big kiss . . ." **HE:** "Well, I'll be blown . . . still some sweets for me, too."

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I'm sure there's a funny side to preparing for a family holiday, if only I could see it!

PAST experience tells me that I'm going to love it when we get there, but in the last few days before we leave, when there's so much to be done, I always find myself thinking "Why? I'm only going to have to do the same old cooking and cleaning jobs under more difficult conditions."

We've taken a cottage, sight unseen, which is always a bit of a lucky-dip. The agent assures us that it has accommodation for six. "This," says Mike, speaking from past experience, "means it has five beds and one so-called settee made out of boards and barbed-wire, for me."

We need that sixth bed, because we are going away for three weeks with the usual arrangement: each of the children is allowed to invite one friend for one week.

Katherine and her friend Pat (first week) will be no trouble to anyone. They will spend most of their time on the beach, they will absolutely decline to come fishing with the rest of the family, and when they are in the cottage they will spend their time in endless sotto voce conversation, like a pair of spies about to be ambushed in hostile territory.

Diana and her friend Janet (second week) will have the time of their lives, and be a considerable nuisance.

Any time they're in the cottage the radio will be tuned to rock and roll, punctuated by their shrieks of laughter; they will never come home from the beach in time for meals; they will spend a great deal of time doing their own and each other's hair in more and more unsuitable styles; they will vanish as if by magic at the hint of washing-up to be done or something needed from the store; and they will have so much loud and hilarious fun that probably we shall all enjoy that week more than any other.

The children's cousin Roger (third week) is always Mike's choice when he's allowed to take a friend away. *Hugh and I can never understand why, because they take almost no notice of each other the whole time.*

By the third week Mike will already have struck up firm friendships with neighboring holiday-makers, which will be just as well, as Roger never does anything but dog Hugh's footsteps, fish with him, clean the catch for him (if any!), and wash out the boat.

Mike comes and goes, sometimes spending his day with the family, sometimes reappearing only when he wants to eat. Apparently he and Roger find this a very satisfactory arrangement, and Mike wouldn't think of asking anyone else to share his holiday.

Wanted — fine days on beach, wet in garden

I'VE been trying to set the garden in order, as it has to manage three weeks without any water. All the weeds I've pulled out, barrowloads of them, I've laid round the roots of the shrubs to help keep the ground moist.

The last of my precious stock of poultry manure I've put round the fuchsias, which are now in my garden and just beginning to bloom.

A friend of mine tells me that for really spectacular results they should be watered twice a day in hot weather.

I don't like to pray for wet weather during our holidays, but I do hate to think what the garden will look like if we get the sort of weather the rest of the family wants.

The same friend has given me a good tip for growing dazzlingly white azaleas. She says once a week you should give them the

tea-leaves from your pot, well diluted with water.

I haven't tried it yet, because it's such a long walk from the kitchen to my white azaleas. Perhaps I'll have more energy after my holiday, and start the treatment then.

In between bouts of gardening I've been wrestling with clothes and packing. I'm always torn between the idea that we don't need to take much on a holiday, and the idea that if I take plenty I won't have to bother with much washing and ironing.

Diana has to be restrained—she feels her entire wardrobe will be hardly sufficient for her needs. Mike would be satisfied with his snorkel, his flippers, and his mask, and the clothes he stands up in.

Whatever we do, the body and the boot and the roof of the car will be overloaded, and Hugh will look at it glumly, as usual, and say, "What, no pram?"

Baked tomatoes — a la Sydney

THE nicest Christmas present I was given this year came from Katherine and Diana, who clubbed together and gave me a wonderful collection of little glass bottles of herbs.

Among them are rosemary, coriander, marjoram, mace, tarragon, aniseed, sweet basil, and ground caraway.

I have to confess that most of them are just wonderful-sounding names to me, and I haven't very much idea how I should use them.

On Boxing Day I made a potato salad, which I sprinkled liberally with rosemary. Hugh, who doesn't much like potato salad, said it at least made it "eatable." Katherine and I loved the flavor, Diana said it was "musty," and Mike, who always uses his eyes more than his sense of taste, took it to be pepper and insisted that it was hot. So my first experiment with my new herbs wasn't an unqualified success.

But my second (another wild stab in the dark) was voted a culinary triumph by the entire family.

I cut some large, firm tomatoes in half, put them in a flat cake-tin with just enough water to stop them sticking to the tin, sprinkled them with salt and a heavy dusting of powdered caraway, and put them on the bottom shelf of the oven while a joint was cooking. In three-quarters of an hour they had cooked right through without getting mushy or breaking their skins.

They were delicious. I refuse to look up the proper use of caraway in case I find that someone else has thought of this first.

I'll be able to hold my own with those aggravating people who say, "Oh, I never use recipes; I just sort of create as I go."

I shall say, "Have you tried Tomatoes a la Sydney? It's an economical little dish I created one evening when I had three minutes with absolutely nothing to do."

Fishermen who live on sausages

MY mind seems to have run on food, clothes, and the garden all the week. I've warned the family that I'm going to stop thinking about all these things as soon as our holiday begins.

Hugh tells me I needn't think about food at all. Apparently all I have to do is mix up a barrel of batter and leave the rest to the fishermen. I rather doubt that.

I've been on these fishing holidays before. Usually fish appears very infrequently on the menu, and the consumption of barbecued chops and sausages is colossal.

3-page feature



- This 3-page feature has been designed as a guide to the fascinating hobby of shellcraft—the art of designing and making beautiful things from seashells.

SHELLCRAFT is a hobby which appeals to all ages. Children have great fun collecting the shells, and they can be taught to make simple ornaments and novelties.

It will pay dividends to the housewife, too. Jewellery and ornaments make ideal gifts for friends, and can be sold to make pin-money to swell the budget.

Most of the attractive jewellery and novelties pictured in the next two pages, and instructions for making them, were sent to us by Mrs. Vailima Calton, of Albany, Western Australia.

The vase of flowers made from shells and shown overleaf was made by another Westralian, Mrs. Lillian Rose, of Cottesloe.

"Almost every shell on the beach is worth using," Mrs. Rose told us. "Even those dark, rough shells can be used as leaves in shell flower arrangements, and barnacles are useful for ornaments and novelties."

Mrs. Calton says that there are unlimited possibilities for things to make with shells.

"Shells have even been used for making roads," she said. "The North-west Highway, just south of Carnarvon, W.A., was sealed with the help of shells from the Hamelin Pool deposits."

Here are some of Mrs. Calton's suggestions for using shells.

For the garden: Shell walls, kerbs, ornaments, rockeries



(decorated with shells and planted with cacti), shell name-plates, and letter-box numbers.

Mosaics: These are made from selected pieces of weathered shells.

Novelties: Animals, birds, flowers, etc.

Book ends.

Vases and flower bowls: The large ones can be fitted with concealed lighting, and they are most effective.

Dishes: Pin-trays, ash-trays, etc. These are simple to make, and ideal for children to do.

Wall Plaques: Delicate shells, painted with water-colors, are ideal for these.

Jewellery: Brooches, earrings, bracelets, necklets, shoulder sprays, hatpins, and shoe decorations.

Box covers: For sewing-boxes, jewellery cases, etc.

Buttons: The shells are glued to press-studs, which can be removed when the garments are washed.

Belts: Using soft leather or a raffia base. Each shell is bored and attached individually. In this way the belts are pliable and comfortable to wear.

Hats: As decoration for straw beach hats.

You will need

1. WORK SPACE with good natural lighting. Part of a verandah, a spare room, or perhaps a cleared section of the family workshop.

2. CHAIR OR STOOL. It must be fairly high, so that you are looking down on your work.

3. BENCH OR STURDY TABLE. A painter's one-legged stand is an asset.

4. A WORK BOARD (12in. by 6in. by 2in. deep) for boring and filing shells on. Hammer a small nail in one corner of this board, so that when you make jewellery—necklets or bracelets—the raffia can be looped over the nail and held firmly while plaiting. Then cover the board with several thicknesses of thick, open-weave cloth to help prevent the more delicate shells from being scratched and broken.



5. PASTE. A cement-like mixture is needed to stick the shells firmly in place. Plaster of Paris is too crumbly, and it is not durable enough. The plastic cements are more successful. There is a plastic wall patcher on the market which sells for about 2/8 a packet, or a water putty, selling for approximately the same price, which are both quite satisfactory. For large ornaments, such as shell walls or rockeries decorated with shells, a waterproof contact adhesive selling for about 2/3 a 2oz. tube should be used.

6. SMALL HAND-DRILL with several very fine steel bits. These bits are available in hardware stores for about 1/3 each.

7. THREE-CORNERED FILE. The tool department of any hardware store will have these.

8. SMALL SCISSORS.

9. SNIPS. These are used for holding shells in place and for cutting them to fit. You can buy them in the tool department of any hardware store.

10. TWEEZERS. These are used for holding the very tiny shells. Long-handled tweezers are the best, and can be bought from any medical store.

11. DARNING NEEDLE.

12. THIMBLE.

13. RAFFIA. Available in many colors.

14. PAINT-BRUSHES. You will need about a dozen cheap brushes (available from chain stores) and 2 or 3 sable hair-brushes (art shops have these) for water or oil painting.

15. PAINTS. The choice of these will depend on your personal preference. You can use on shells water-colors, oils, house paint, china paint, or even nail varnish.

16. TURPENTINE.

17. SAUCERS. These serve as palettes for mixing colors.

18. WORK KNIFE. This should be short, with a curved blade. This is used for cutting the shells to the required shape, and can be bought from the tool department of any hardware store.

19. STEEL PENCIL for applying putty. This can be improvised from part of a steel knitting needle or a compass point.

20. CUP or similar container with smooth bottom surface and sides. This is used for mixing cement.

21. SCRAP BOX for keeping the shells together.

22. SHEETS OF COLORED FOAM RUBBER as a base for ornaments and novelties.

23. PIPE CLEANERS for making the turtles (see overleaf) and other novelties.

24. EARRING CLIPS. You can buy these cheaply from chain stores or haberdashery shops.

25. BROOCH CLIPS. These are cheap and can be obtained from chain stores. Or you could use gold safety-pins, obtainable in various sizes.

26. CLEAR VARNISH. All your shell pieces should be clear-varnished when they are completed. This helps retain their color.

27. COVER to be placed over your work while it is drying. This prevents dust from adhering to wet paint or varnish. A large clear sheet of plastic is most suitable.

28. OVEN OR BAKING KILN. This is not absolutely necessary, as it is possible to do most things with your shells without baking-in the colors. If you do a great deal of shellcraft, however, it is an advantage to have one, as the colors will last indefinitely.

The above list may seem enormous, but many of these requirements can be found in the home or the family workshop.



Basic steps

First wash the shells. If they are very gritty put them in cold vinegar and bring them to the boil.

If this does not remove all the grit, use a solution of water and spirits of salt (hydrochloric acid). You will have to experiment to find the right amount, as it will vary with the type of shell.

For very delicate shells, use plain cold water only. Then dry with a soft cloth.

Sort the shells and grade the small fan shells and cockles according to size. Tiny shells found on rocks can have their natural color lacquered and can be used for berries or small flowers.

Continued overleaf

Continuing . . .

Shellcraft



• A vase of flowers made from many different shells, including fan, cockle, and trumpet shells.



• Making attractive jewellery and novelties can be fun. Directions for making these appear on the page opposite.

THE pictures on this page and opposite show only some of the things you can make with shells. Follow our instructions at first, but as you become more practised use your imagination and sense of color to create something that has the stamp of your own personality. Some of the basic essentials will be the same, of course, but the finished work should always reflect your individuality and taste.



• Children will love this tiny doll, dressed with shells and lying in a scallop-shell cradle.



• Above: Two bracelets made from seashells are threaded on raffia and varnished to keep their soft, translucent colors.

• Left: A necklace and matching bracelet in white shell with a tiny pink centre are threaded on raffia.



... hobby for a holiday

● Instructions for making the jewellery and novelties pictured opposite and below are given on this page. All the shells used are common sea-shells found on most Australian beaches.

Turtles

Select shells which resemble turtle backs. In the pictures below, two different kinds of shells have been used. At left a limpet shell and right a cowrie.

For the turtle made from a limpet shell, take two pipe-cleaners, cross them, and press them into the hollow of the shell. Trim pipe-cleaners so they are the right length for the turtle's feet.

Fill the hollow in the shell with cement paste, anchoring the pipe-cleaners firmly. Shape a head and short tail from the cement and fix into place. Lie the shell on its back and allow to set for about 12 hours. When set, paint the



back of the turtle as shown in the picture and the legs, head, and tail with a plain color. Paint with clear lacquer.

The cowrie-shell turtle is made a little differently. The one pictured was made using wire instead of pipe-cleaners, but you can use the cleaners if you prefer.

For this turtle you will need three pieces of wire or three pipe-cleaners. Cross two pieces and press into the crevice at the back of the shell. Cement into place. Take the third piece of wire and place it lengthwise down the shell. This forms the base for the head and tail.

Glue on small cowrie shells for the head and the feet. The tail has been made with a small cone-shaped shell. Allow to set for 12 hours. Lacquer.

Penguin

The penguin is made from scallop shells.

Join two large scallop shells inside to inside. Glue two smaller shells on to the body to form wings. The head is made from a mussel shell. Glue it on to the body, tapered end to the front.

Then glue on two small white shells for the eyeballs and two tiny black shells for the pupils of the eyes. Glue on a small pointed shell for the beak. Allow to set.

Now take a smaller scallop shell for the penguin's shirtfront and glue on. File shell pieces to a small triangular shape and glue on to the feet (see picture opposite). Allow to set.

Cut out two pieces of foam-rubber the same size as the penguin's feet and glue on. Paint the penguin glossy black as shown in the picture, leaving the shirtfront and the feet. Paint these white and put small black dots on the shirtfront to represent buttons. Paint on a bow-tie.

Let the paint dry and cover with a coat of clear lacquer.

Shell babies

Buy a tiny plastic doll from a chain store (about 3d. each).

Using a steel pencil (see page 29), mix a small amount

of putty or plastic cement (the type marketed as caulking compound), and shape the top of the dress. When this is set, paint with oil or house paint.

Using fresh putty or cement, shape hair for the doll and, while still damp, arrange the small shells and coral in it to form the hat. Allow to set.

Shape more cement into tiny flowers and leaves and arrange in groups around the crown. Allow to dry, then paint the leaves green and the flowers in different colors. Paint the doll's hair gold or brown.

Then, when all the paint is dry, cement the doll into a scallop or cockle shell.

Using tweezers and the fine steel pencil, cement small cockle shells on to the doll for her skirt (see color picture opposite).

Then varnish the doll's skirt with pearl nail lacquer or clear varnish. Cut out a small piece of foam-rubber and glue it to the base of the shell so that the cradle shell will sit firmly.

Jewellery

Use raffia to make the jewellery. This is most effective, as it is pliable and strong.

To make the matching necklace and bracelet pictured

opposite: Using the nail at the top of your workboard, plait several strands of raffia together.

For the bracelet and necklace the plaited raffia will have to be $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. longer than required measurement.

Lay the plaited raffia out straight and secure the ends down firmly. Then take some fine wire and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths.

The shell flowers are made by taking a small piece of plastic cement (caulking compound) and shaping it into a ball.

While the cement is still soft, thread the wire through the raffia and secure both ends of the wire in the cement.

Now place four pieces of fine white shells on the cement to form petals. Tiny pink shells form the centres. Allow to set.

Do not put too many flowers on the raffia; leave about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. between each one.

To finish off the bracelet, divide the loose raffia at the end of the plait into two sections. Thread each set of raffia strands with a darning needle and sew on to the plait at the base of the opposite set of strands, making the loop even. Over-sew this loop with another strand of raffia.

The other end of the bracelet is finished off by making a raffia button to fit through the loop. This is done by threading each strand of raffia through a needle, bringing it up under the wrong side of the bracelet through to the right side, and making small French knots into a rosette, big enough to fit into the loop.

Leave for about 24 hours until completely set (check the drying time for the cement you buy), then cover the shells with a coat of clear lacquer.

To make the other bracelet pictured opposite, select some attractive shells well matched for size and color.

Now, using a drill and a very fine steel bit (see page 29), drill a hole at the top of each shell. Plait the raffia as before, but this time leave strands at one end, twice as long as the bracelet.

Thread one of these ends into a needle, then string the shells on to the raffia, attaching them where required (see picture opposite). Cut the other ends fairly short and finish the raffia off with a loop and button as before. Paint the shells with clear lacquer.

Vase of flowers

Mrs. Lillian Rose, who made this vase of flowers from shells, has used it here as a firescreen. Similar ornaments, such as wall pictures and trays, can be made using the same basic techniques.

To make the vase, cut out the required shape in cardboard. Cover with glue and carefully place the shells on the shape so that the cardboard is completely covered. Allow to set.

When it is dry, paint over the whole surface with your chosen color.

If your arrangement is to be placed on to glass, this is the procedure:

Arrange a spray of greenery on the glass. Mrs. Rose has used plastic ferns and plastic rose leaves, available from large department stores.

When you have arranged the ferns, glue them on. Now, using small shells, like cockle, fan, and trumpet shells, begin to make the flowers.

Large shells are used for the outside of petals and smaller ones for the buds and flowers. Tiny shells found on rocks can be lacquered and used for lily of the valley or berries.

Delicate flowers can be made from thin, weathered shells, or the more common shells can be filed down to the required shape. Each flower is tinted with watercolors and clear-varnished to preserve the color.

When making the flowers, start with a small lump of putty. Glue the shells around the outside of the putty in one, two, or more layers, depending on the size of the shells and the type of flower you are making.

Then, finish off the centre of the flower with a tiny trumpet shell and artificial stamen (available in department stores).

If you cannot buy these, crush white shells with a rolling-pin, tint, varnish them, and glue on.

Allow to set, then paint each shell flower with watercolors or leave them in their natural color. Leave for 24 hours, then cover with a coat of clear lacquer.

When all the flowers are completely dry, arrange a spray on the glass. Gluing the spray on must be done very carefully.

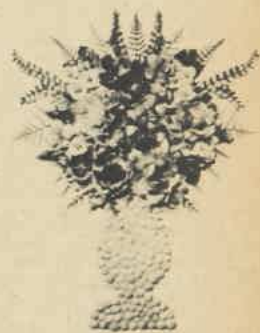
Glue a small section at a time. Each flower must be held in place until the glue sets (use the quick-drying plastic cements).

When the whole spray has set, retouch with a little clear lacquer.

If you want to place your shell flowers under glass, to make a wall picture or a tray, follow the same procedure, except instead of gluing the greenery and flowers directly to the glass back them on colored paper or paper finished with enamel paints.

An easy way to make pictures and firescreens is to use an unwanted picture. Take out the back of the picture, remove the painting, enamel the back of the picture to the required color and arrange your flowers on this. Replace the backing.

To make the firescreen, place this picture on to short wooden legs.



CUT DOWN COOK'S WORK

● Make a resolution for 1961 to try the wide variety of excellent tinned and packaged foods now available. Serve them plain or experiment in your kitchen by adding extra ingredients and making them the basis of many appetising dishes.

AUSTRALIAN manufacturers are proud of the fine quality of their ready-cooked and partially prepared foodstuffs, so housewives need not fear they are not getting good value when they open a tin or package.

The recipes on these two pages all have some tinned or packaged foods in their ingredients—thus saving time and making the preparation of the dish easy.

All spoon measurements are level.

FISH WITH GOURMET SAUCE

Six fillet of bream or snapper, 1 bay leaf (crushed), 3 peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, salt, pepper, lemon juice.

Remove skin from fish fillets and rub with little lemon juice, season with salt and pepper. Arrange in thickly greased baking-dish, pour over vinegar and water, add bay leaf and peppercorns. Cover, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove and place on heated serving-dish, pour over the following sauce:

Mushroom Sauce: One small tin mushrooms in butter sauce, 1 packet mushroom soup, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons claret or other red wine, salt, pepper, rosemary.

Combine mushrooms, mushroom soup, water, and milk in saucepan, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add wine, season with salt, pepper, and rosemary.

MOCK MINISTRONE

One packet tomato and vegetable soup, 1 packet chicken noodle soup or chicken broth, 8 cups water, 1 cup shredded raw cabbage, 1 cup shredded raw carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. skinned chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper.

Place packet soups in large saucepan, stir

in the water and bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes, then add cabbage, carrot, and tomato; simmer further 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and serve piping-hot.

PRESTO LASAGNE

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. skinned chopped tomatoes, 1 cup tomato puree, salt, pepper, oregano, rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lasagne noodles, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Monterey or soft cheddar cheese, paprika.

Saute onion and crushed garlic in heated fat in large saucepan. Add minced steak, stir over heat until meat changes color. Mix in chopped tomatoes and tomato puree, simmer 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper, oregano, and rosemary. Meanwhile, cook lasagne in boiling salted water 10 minutes; drain. Arrange layers of noodles, meat mixture, and cottage cheese in ovenproof dish and top dish with cheddar cheese (cut in slices). Sprinkle cheese with paprika, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

BEAN BURGERS

One large tin baked beans, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 beaten egg, little milk, extra breadcrumbs, fat or oil for frying, tomato and parsley to garnish.

Open baked beans and allow sauce to drain away at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Saute chopped onion in fat until soft; drain. Mash drained beans with spoon until smooth, add cooked onion, breadcrumbs, Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Chill 30 minutes, then with floured hands form into patties. Dip in beaten egg mixed with little milk, then in extra breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot fat or oil until golden. Serve hot

or cold, garnished with parsley and tomato wedges.

KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

One tin kidney beans (drained), 1 cup sliced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed pickles (chopped roughly), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced stuffed olives, 2 tomatoes (cut into quarters), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced shallots (some green stalk pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, lettuce.

Chill all ingredients in refrigerator. Rinse kidney beans under running water, combine with celery, pickles, olives, tomatoes, shallots in large bowl. Combine mayonnaise with chilli sauce and salt; pour over ingredients and toss lightly. Line wooden salad-bowl with lettuce and spoon in prepared salad. Chill until required.

CEYLON SOUP

One tin cream of chicken soup, 1 large tin evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tin coconut chips.

Combine in large bowl the chicken soup, evaporated milk, lemon juice, and curry powder; beat until creamy. Taste, and if necessary season with salt and pepper. Chill until required. Serve in bowl or cups garnished with coconut chips.

BAVARIAN JEWEL

One packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 packet port wine jelly crystals, 2 pints boiling water, 1 large tin evaporated milk, extra $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons powdered milk, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons custard powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry.

Combine raspberry and wine jelly crystals, add boiling water. Mix well, allow to set. When set, chop roughly. Combine evaporated milk and the $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water in saucepan. Add powdered milk, beat until dissolved. Blend custard powder with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of this

milk mixture; stand aside. Add sugar to remaining milk mixture. Heat until boiling. Stir into blended custard powder, mix until smooth. Add sherry, blend well, and allow to cool. Arrange layers of chopped jelly and cool custard in one large or two smaller glass sweet-dishes. Serve well chilled.

COCKTAIL TORTE

Two packets pastry mix, water, milk. Mix pastry with water as directed on packet. Roll out thinly on floured board and cut into four 9in. rounds. Flute edges, prick all over with fork. Carefully place on greased oven-trays, glaze with milk. Bake each in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on oven-trays, sandwich together with the following:

Filling: One large tin chilled evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, few drops almond essence, 3 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 tins fruit cocktail (drained).

Beat chilled milk until thick, then beat in sugar, lemon juice, and almond essence. Gently fold in dissolved gelatine and fruit cocktail. (Reserve some for decoration.) Sandwich between pastry rounds, leaving some for the top. Top with remaining mixture and then with remaining fruit. Serve well chilled.

CURRIED TUNA

Two cups chopped onion, 1 cup chopped apple, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons curry powder (more or less according to taste), 1 large tin tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2 tins tuna, hot cooked rice, chutney.

Melt butter or substitute in pan, add onion and apple, and saute until softened but not brown. Add curry powder and tomatoes; cover and simmer 30 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add tuna; mix well. Place bed of hot rice on serving-dish, top with curry mixture, and serve hot with chutney.



SIMPLE yet substantial mock minestrone, a lasagne casserole which would be ideal for weekend meals, and a special mushroom sauce to serve with fish are the dishes illustrated.



CEYLON SOUP, served hot or cold, a nutritious kidney-bean salad, and patties made from a tin of baked beans are shown above. They are all ideal dishes for summer meals.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,

OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERT



GLAMOROUS DESSERT which can be made from packaged pastry-mix, tinned evaporated milk, and tinned fruit cocktail. See recipe for cocktail torte opposite.



SPARKLING CUBES of jelly layered with a rich, smooth custard make this attractive yet simple hot-weather dessert. For variation use jelly crystals of different colors and flavors.

PINEAPPLE SPICE SQUARES

Three tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 large tin pineapple rings, 2oz. cherries, 1 pkt. spice cake mix, 1 egg, water to mix.

Melt butter in small saucepan, blend in sugar. Spread over base of greased shallow lamington-tin. Drain pineapple and arrange rings and cherries in base to form attractive pattern. Prepare cake mix as directed on packet, using egg and water. Carefully spoon over pattern in base of tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Invert at once, cut into large squares, and serve with pineapple sauce.

Pineapple Sauce: Make up pineapple syrup to 1 cup with water if necessary. Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour or arrowroot with little extra water, stir into juice. Stir over heat until thickened and clear, add any pineapple (chopped) which may be over from sweet.

VEAL WITH RAVIOLI

Six thin veal fillets, salt, pepper, garlic salt, 1 12oz. tin ravioli in tomato and meat sauce, 1 tin spaghetti sauce, 1 small tin mushrooms in sauce.

Season each veal fillet with salt, pepper, and garlic salt. Cover half of each fillet with 2 individual ravioli. Carefully fold over other half of veal and fasten securely with toothpicks. Arrange veal pockets in greased casserole dish and pour over the spaghetti sauce and mushrooms in sauce. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

FROZEN FRUIT CREAM

Two tins fruit cocktail, 16 marshmallows, 1 pkt. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or almonds.

Drain fruit cocktail. Place marshmallows and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup drained from fruit in top half of double boiler. Heat over simmering water until marshmallows are melted. Cool. Blend cream cheese with salt and lemon juice and add to cooled marshmallow mixture, a little at a time, blending thoroughly. Fold in drained fruit cocktail and nuts. Pour into refrigerator tray which has been lined with waxed paper. Freeze until firm with refrigerator set at coldest point. Turn out on to platter, remove paper, and cut into thick slices. Garnish with fresh mint if desired. This dessert can also be served chilled instead of frozen.

SIMPLE CREME BRULEE

Two cups cold milk, 1 pkt. instant vanilla pudding mix, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar.

Place milk in bowl, sprinkle over the instant pudding mix. Beat with egg-beater until well mixed (about 1 minute). Pour into ovenproof pie-plate and chill until close to serving time. Sprinkle brown sugar over top of dessert so it is completely covered. Grill under hot grill until sugar melts. Serve at once.

CANADIAN SALMON STICKS

One 8oz. tin salmon, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil.

Flake drained salmon and add egg, milk, and seasonings. Shape mixture into 8 rolls about 4in. long, roll in breadcrumbs. Place in greased shallow baking-dish and chill. When ready to bake, pour salad oil over fish, bake in hot oven 25 minutes. Garnish with lemon wedges.

NEXT WEEK: Fresh fruit salads.



921

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows glass wall in living-room opening on to an attractive terrace.

COMPACT PLANNING FOR SMALL SUBURBAN BLOCK

● This week's home plan, No. 921 in our series, has been designed by our experienced architects for the small site with a 50ft. frontage.

THE house has two spacious bedrooms and, built in timber, would cover 9.2 squares; in brick, 10.2 squares.

Keystone of this plan is its compact planning. Kitchen, laundry, and bathroom are placed together to cut plumbing costs, and the toilet, designed as a separate room, is accessible through the laundry.

The spacious kitchen, 10ft. by 10ft., opens into a dining nook, which, in turn, opens into a large living-room.

This room has an open fireplace, and one wall of glass opening on to an attractive terrace.

Built in timber, the house would cost £2900-£3300, and in brick £3000-£3400.

Accurate costs

These prices are approximate and do not include the price of the land.

For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre (see addresses at right).

Each of The Australian Women's Weekly eight Home Planning Centres is under the

direction of experienced architects and supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you on all aspects of home planning and building.

Plans for the house you choose are available for £10/10/- a full set (five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications).

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an inspection of your proposed site, and advise as to the house most suitable for the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

Plans changed

Modifications can be made to any plan you choose from the Centres, but if draughting and printing are involved in the alterations a small extra charge will be made.

All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can generally be placed at any angle on the site, on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill.

Walls can be constructed of whatever material you like.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, please return the

plans and specifications, and the Centres will deal with your problems and return the plans to you as quickly as possible.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you, if you wish, in choosing the furnishings and decorations for your home.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be included in the design.

Add approximately £175-£250 for a carport, and £235-£400 for a single brick garage.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Pty. Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

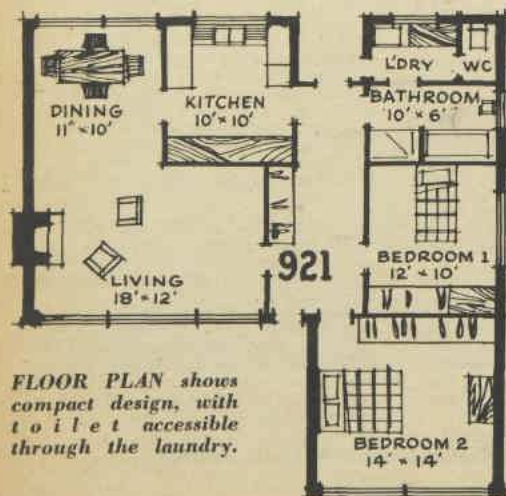
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)



FLOOR PLAN shows compact design, with toilet accessible through the laundry.

CHILLED SOUP RECIPE WINS £5

● This week's prize of £5 is won by a South Australian reader for her recipe for a piquant chilled soup served with crisp bread croutons.

THIS soup is a good starter for a barbecue or supper party. To keep it very cold set the bowl in a larger one which is partially filled with crushed ice.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAN FERNANDO SALAD SOUP

One small clove garlic, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 large tin tomato juice, ½ cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tomatoes (finely diced), 1 cucumber (finely diced), 1 green pepper (finely diced), 1 cup shredded carrot, 1 cup thinly sliced celery (if unavailable substitute ½ cup parsley), ½

cup thinly sliced shallots, 4 cups crisp croutons.

Crush garlic finely and combine with sugar, salt, tomato juice, olive oil, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce in large bowl. Beat with rotary beater to blend in olive oil. Cover. Chill while preparing the vegetables. Stir in the vegetables. Chill again for at least one hour. Pour into a serving-bowl. Serve croutons sprinkled on top of the well-chilled soup.

Crisp Croutons: Cut enough sliced bread (crusts removed) into small cubes to make 4 cups. Arrange in single layer in a shallow baking-dish. Toast in a slow oven about 30 minutes.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Trammere, S.A.

Continuing . . .

MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 17

Pansy had agreed to pay the Gussets for little Henry's keep (thus taking a clear pound of profit for herself) continued to come, and Henry, while not exactly overfed on this bounty, was not much worse off than the members of the Gusset brood.

Then one day the pound did not arrive, and never again turned up thereafter. Pansy and her new husband had vanished and could not be traced. The Gussets had an address for the father, George Brown, somewhere in Alabama. A letter sent thither demanding funds was returned stamped, "Addressee not known here." The Gussets realised they were stuck with the child, and after that things were not so good for Henry.

From then on it became evident to the neighborhood that the Gussets were taking it out on the child. Little 'Enry had become a matter of deep concern to the two widows who lived on either side of the Gussets, but in particular to Mrs. Harris, who found that the unhappy little orphan-by-law touched her heart, and his plight invaded her dreams of the day and of the night-time.

If the Gussets had been more brutally cruel to little Henry, Mrs. Harris could have done something immediate and drastic in co-operation with the police. But Mr. and Mrs. Gusset were too smart for that. No one knew exactly what it was Mr. Gusset did to eke out a living for his family, but it took place in Soho, sometimes during the night, and the general opinion held that it was something shady.

Whatever it may have been it was known that the Gussets were particularly anxious to avoid the attentions of the police, and, therefore, as far as little Henry was concerned, remained strictly within the law. They were well aware that the police were not able to take action with reference to a child except in cases of extreme and visible cruelty. No one could say exactly that the boy was starving or suffering from injuries. But Mrs. Harris knew his life was made a constant hell of short rations, cuffs, slaps, pinches, curses, as the Gussets revenged themselves upon him for the stoppage of the funds.

He was the drudge and the butt of the slatternly family, and any of their two girls and four boys ranging from the ages of three to twelve could tweak, kick, and abuse him with impunity. But worst of

all was the fact of the child growing up without love or affection of any kind. On the contrary, he was hated, and this both Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield found the most painful of all.

Mrs. Harris had had her share of hard knocks herself; in her world these were expected and accepted, but she had a warm and embracing nature, had successfully brought up a child of her own, and what she saw of the little boy next door and the treatment meted out to him began to assume the nature of a constant pain and worry, and something which was never too far or entirely out of her thoughts.

Often when she was, as dictated by her nature, blithe, gay, lighthearted, and irrepressible about her work, her clients, and her friends, would come the sudden sobering thought of the plight of little 'Enry. Then Mrs. Harris would indulge in one of her daydreams, the kind that a year or so ago had sent her off to the great adventure of her life in Paris.

The new daydream took on the quality of the romantic fiction of which Mrs. Harris was a great devotee, via magazines many of her clients sloughed off upon her when they were finished with them.

In Mrs. Harris' opinion, and transferred to the dream, Pansy Cott, or whatever her new name now happened to be, was the villainess of the story, the missing airman 'Brown the hero, and little 'Enry the victim. For one thing, Mrs. Harris was convinced that the father was continuing the support of his child, and that Pansy was simply pocketing the money.

It was all Pansy's doing — Pansy who had refused to accompany her husband to America, as was her wifely duty; Pansy who had withheld the child from him; Pansy who, in order to satisfy a lover, had farmed out the little boy to this beastly family; and finally Pansy, who had vanished with the loot, leaving the boy to his awful fate.

George Brown, on the other hand, was one of nature's noblemen; in the intervening years in all likelihood he would have made his fortune, as Americans did. Perhaps he had remarried, perhaps not, but whatever and wherever, he would be pining for his lost 'Enry.

This estimate of George Brown was based upon her ex-

perience with American GIs in England, whom she had invariably found friendly, warm-hearted, generous, and particularly loving and kind to children. She remembered how during the war they had unfailingly shared their rations of sweets with the youngsters surrounding their bases.

They were inclined to be loud, noisy, boastful, and spendthrift, but when one got to know them underneath they were the salt of the earth.

They were, of course, the richest people in the world, and Mrs. Harris reared a kind of fantasy palace where George Brown would now be living, and where little 'Enry, too, could be enjoying his birthright if only his Dad knew of his plight. She had no doubt but that if somehow Mr. Brown could be found and advised of the situation, he would appear upon the scene, wafted on the wings of a faster-than-sound jet, to claim his child and remove him from the tyranny and thralldom of the nasty Gussets. It wanted only a fairy godmother to give the knobs of Fate a twist and set the machinery going in the right direction. It was not long before, so affected was she by the plight of little 'Enry, Mrs. Harris began to see herself as that fairy godmother.

Somehow in the dream she was transplanted to the great United States of America, where by a combination of shrewdness and luck she turned up the missing George Brown almost at once. As she narrated the story of little 'Enry to him tears began to flow from his eyes, and when she had finished he was weeping unashamedly. "My good woman," he said, "all of my riches can never repay you for what you have done for me. Come, let us go at once to the aeroplane and set out to fetch my little boy home where he belongs." It was a very satisfactory dream.

But as has been noted before, Mrs. Harris was not wholly given to spinning webs of fantasy. She was hard-headed, practical, and realistic about the situation of little Henry, the Gussets, and the knowledge that no one had been able to locate the father, coupled with the fact that no one had really attempted to do so. Underneath the dreams was a growing conviction that if only given an opportunity she could manage to find him.

To page 37

SHOW BUSINESS



“KLONDIKE’S” NEW FACES

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD, even in the Klondike, where fortunes were made and lost overnight in the goldrush. Almost as bright, and certainly as much sought after as gold, are these two new TV stars, blonde Joi Lansing and brunette Mari Blanchard. Here they have the hero of the TV series, Ralph Taeger, temporarily tamed by the camera.

A luxury
you can
afford . .
only the
taste is
expensive!



HARRIS fine Ceylon TEAS

There's no place for second best when it comes to buying tea. Serve HARRIS fine Ceylon teas and you'll be able to relax in the knowledge that your family and friends are enjoying the finest quality obtainable. HARRIS fine Ceylon teas have more flavour than any others you've tasted yet cost only one farthing more per cup! Yes indeed . . . HARRIS fine Ceylon teas are a luxury you can afford.

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AT ALL LEADING STORES. ASK FOR IT BY NAME

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For King Size Comfort

The only chair with patented adjustable 4-point suspension. Try the deep, life-long comfort of Wrightbilt TV chairs at all leading furniture stores.



W2

No case for Perry

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television's most popular private-eye and brilliant attorney-at-law, Raymond (Perry Mason) Burr, wants to come to Australia. Reports that he is on his way, or nearly, have been current ever since the Perry Mason series started.

THE latest "authentic" American statement that he was due early in 1961 to address an Australian "Bar Convention" caused excitement in TV circles and guffaws from one end to the other of Phillip Street, the haunt of the Sydney barrister.

The registrar of the N.S.W. Bar Association, Mr. L. S. Osborne, was staggered when I rang him to check this fascinating piece of news.

"Perry Mason?" he said. "That TV fellow? I can assure you he hasn't received an invitation to address us."

Mr. Osborne told me that the Law Council of Australia is indeed having a convention in July, 1961, but Perry wouldn't fit in at all.

The convention is for Australia's practising solicitors, barristers, judges, and other legal functionaries.

There is always a special convention guest of honor, but they're in a different class to the most brilliant and distinguished TV attorney.

For instance, Australia's special guest at the last one in 1959 was Lord Justice Pearce, one of the Lords of Appeal from Great Britain, and at a recent Law Convention in New Zealand the guest of honor was Viscount Kilmuir of Creich, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

Puzzle for fans

The unforthcoming invitation from Australia's legal eagles to Perry is probably rather puzzling in American TV circles, for off camera he spends quite a lot of his time as a "legal" after-dinner speaker. And he has indeed addressed the American Bar Association.

At present he is spending one night a week in a courtroom at the Law School at the University of Southern California. He likes, he says, to watch the student-lawyers arguing hypothetical cases in court before real judges.

"What these youngsters lack in experience," he says, "they more than make up for in zeal."

Perry is not lacking in zeal himself. Ever since he started, he has spent hours in the law courts reading and studying procedure, and as a result has been paid many compliments on his court manner and manners.

But the Law Council of Australia requires more than zeal. Perry will have to do a law course successfully before he even gets a seat at a Federal law convention here.

Let's hope he comes on a holiday first.

A "Bonanza" of a holiday

THESE days, most people are tackling a small diet problem following the Christmas food and parties. If you're feeling a bit sorry for yourself as you say "No, thank you," think of that genial character Dan Blocker, Hoss Cartwright of "Bonanza!" which incidentally starts again from Channel 9 at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, January 13.

Dan has just spent a week's holiday at Yosemite Park, and, due to what he calls a "slight oversight" on his part, gained 15 pounds in the week.

Dan, who weighs 21 stone 11lbs., is apologetic about his

TELEVISION PARADE

weight gain. "I guess I forgot myself," he said, "the food was too good."

Surprises in old movies

YOU get quite a bonus sometimes with those old, out-of-date movies.

Take a recent film, "Destin-



RAYMOND BURR (right), television's popular attorney, Perry Mason, talks with his nephew, Tony Vita, at a celebrity party in Beverly Hills.

ation Tokyo," vintage 1943, routine war heroics, with Cary Grant as a sub commander.

The bonus was in the also-rans in the cast.

Who was the sub comman-

der's officer-type offside? Warner Anderson (Ben of "San Francisco Beat"), looking practically a beardless boy, identifiable more readily by voice than by face.

Among the crew was Tom Tully (Ben's partner Matt, of "S.F. Beat"). He died early, but till then looked much the same as he does now—just a bit younger.

Other crew members in-

cluded Dane Clark, looking exactly the same as now when he ratbags away in "Bold Venture," and Peter Whitney, who's always cropping up in featured roles in Westerns.

Whitney so excels in middle-aged foreign-accent roles ("Rawhide" and "Riflemen" were two this year) that it was odd to see and hear him as a curlyhaired 20-year-old gob.

FOOTNOTE: Highlight of a recent night's viewing was the dancing teacher in "The Honeymooners," who appeared as the girls' mambo teacher. There he was, complete with satin shirt, none other than Inspector Paul Duval (Charles Korvin) of "Interpol." Oh, well, other time slots, other ways!

Their wedding made a million

● The whirlwind romance and marriage of Sandra Dee and singer-turned-actor Bobby Darin is expected to make an additional million dollars for Universal-International.

SUCH romances on location are not new, but never before has one star been so speedily courted and won between takes by her co-star as was the glamorous 19-year-old Sandra Dee by her teen-idol husband, 24-year-old Bobby.

The film was "Come September," in which the pair star with Gina Lollobrigida and Rock Hudson, the location was Italy, and the season summer.

Delighted with the unexpected world-wide publicity their film has received from the wedding, Universal-International intends rewarding the young couple with an expensive wedding present.

★ ★ ★

THE movie colony loses Martha Hyer to Mexico City next year when she marries the handsome Mexican financier she has been quietly dating in out-of-the-way Hollywood spots. Martha still refuses to divulge the name of her admirer until their engagement is announced.

BRIGITTE BARDOT turns producer for her next film, "The Loose Reins," in which newcomer Michel Subor co-stars. The script is being tailored to Bardot's dimensions — as ordered by the producer. Meanwhile Gene Kelly and the French bombshell have been in a huddle over plans for their future project "Tonight in Samarkand"—the screen ver-

sion of the internationally famous play.

★ ★ ★

AUDREY HEPBURN has been placed on a high-calorie starch diet by her personal physician, worried over her loss of weight. Miss Hepburn's doctor hopes to have his famous patient up to 7st. 7lb. in a few months—which would be her heaviest weight for over a decade.

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WEEKEND

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a conviction not at all diminished by the fact that all she knew of him was that his name had been George Brown and he had been in the American Air Force.

Deep in her heart Mrs. Harris was well aware that for her a trip to America was as remote as a trip to the moon. True, she had managed to cross the English Channel, and the aeroplane had made the Atlantic Ocean just another body of water over which to zoom, but the practical considerations of expense and living, etc., put such a journey well out of reach.

Mrs. Harris had achieved her Paris visit and heart's desire through two years of scrimping and saving, but this had been a kind of lifetime effort. It had taken a good deal out of her. She was older now and aware that she was no longer capable of making the effort to amass the necessary number of pounds to finance such an expedition.

True, l'affaire Dior had been sparked by the winning of a hundred pounds in a football pool, without which Mrs. Harris might never have undertaken the task of amassing another three hundred and fifty. She continued to play the pools, but without the blazing conviction which sometimes leads the face of fortune to smile. She knew very well that that kind of lightning never struck twice in the same place.

YET at the very moment that little Henry, under the cover of the abysmal gargling of Kentucky Clay-borne, was being cuffed about in the kitchen of number 7 Willis Gardens and sent to bed yet another night insufficiently nourished, fate was already laying the groundwork for an incredible change in the life not only of himself but likewise Ada Harris and Mrs. Butterfield.

There was no miracle involved, nothing more supernatural than two sets of men facing one another either side of the directors' table in the board and conference room of a gigantic Hollywood film and television studio six thousand miles away, glaring at one another with all the venom that can be mustered by greedy men engaged in a battle for power.

Seven hours, one hundred and three cups of coffee, and forty-two cigars later, the malevolence of the glares had not diminished, but the battle was over. A cablegram was dispatched which had consequences both direct and indirect in the lives of a strange assortment of people, some of whom had never even heard of North American Pictures and Television Company Inc.

Among the clients for whom Mrs. Harris "did" not only with regularity but enthusiasm, since she had her favorites, were Mr. and Mrs. Joel Schreiber, who had a six-roomed flat on the top floor of one of the reconditioned houses in Eaton Square. Joel and Henrietta Schreiber were a middle-aged, childless American couple who had made their home in London for the last three years, where Mr. Schreiber had acted as European representative and distribution manager for North American Pictures and Television Company.

It was through the kindness of Henrietta Schreiber originally that Mrs. Harris had been able to change her hard-earned pounds for the necessarily exportable dollars which had enabled her to pay for her Dior dress in Paris.

Neither of them had had any inkling that they were breaking the law in doing this.

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Continuing . . .

As Mrs. Schreiber saw it, the pound notes were remaining with her in England, and not leaving the country, which was what the British wanted, wasn't it? But then Mrs. Schreiber was one of those muddled people who never quite catch on to the way things operate, or are supposed to operate.

With the daily help and advice of Mrs. Harris she had been able to accustom herself to keeping house in London, shopping in Elizabeth Street, and doing her own cooking, while Mrs. Harris' energetic appearance for two hours a day kept her flat immaculate.

Any sudden changes or problems turning up were likely to send Mrs. Schreiber into a flutter. As one who before coming to England had been compelled to cope with the type of servants available in Hollywood and New York, Henrietta was a fervent admirer of Mrs. Harris' speed, efficiency, skill at making the dust fly, and, above all, her ability to cope with almost any situation which arose.

Joel Schreiber, like Napoleon's every-man soldier who carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, possessed an imaginary president's corporation seal in his briefcase. A hard-headed businessman would have worked his way up in North American Pictures from office boy to his present position, but always on the business side he also had nourished dreams of arts and letters, and what he would do if he were president of North American, a contingency so remote that he never even so much as discussed it with his Henrietta. The kind of job Mr. Schreiber had did not lead to presidencies, formations of policy, and conferences with the great and near-great stars of the film and television world.

Yet when the already-mentioned conference in Hollywood was over and the cablegram dispatched, it was to none other than Joel Schreiber, with instructions to move his offices as well as his domicile to New York for the tenure of a five-year contract as President of North American Pictures and Television Company Inc. Two power combines battling for control of North American, neither strong enough to win and facing exhaustion, had finally agreed upon Schreiber, a dark horse outsider, as a compromise candidate and eventual President of North American.

Following upon the cablegram which reached Schreiber at his office that afternoon were long-distance telephone calls, miraculous "conference" conversations spanning oceans and continents, in which five people—one in London, two in California, two in New York—sat at separate telephones and talked as though they were all in one room, and by the time Mr. Schreiber, a stocky little man with clever eyes, returned home that early evening he was simply bursting with excitement and news.

There was no holding it in, he spilled it all in one load upon the threshold as he entered his flat. "Henrietta, I'm it! I got news for you. Only it's real news. I'm President of North American Pictures, in charge of everything! They're moving the offices to New York. We've got to leave in two weeks. We're going to live there in a big apartment on Park Avenue. The company found one for me already. It's a double penthouse. I'm the big squeeze now, Henrietta. What do you think of it?"

They were a loving and affectionate couple, and so they hugged one another first, and then Mr. Schreiber danced Henrietta around the apartment a little until she was

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breathless and her comfortable, matronly figure was heaving.

She said, "You deserve it, Joel. They should have done it long ago." Then, to calm herself and collect her thoughts, she went to the window and looked out on to the quiet, leafy shade of Eaton Square, with its traffic artery running down the middle, and with a pang thought how used she had become to this placid way of life, how much she had loved it, and how she dreaded being plunged back into the hurly-burly and maniac tempo of New York.

Schreiber was pacing up and down the flat with excitement, unable to sit down, as dozens of new thoughts, thrills, and ideas connected with his newly exalted position shot through

and good-for-nothings who sold their services as "trained help."

Through her harassed mind marched the parade of Slovak, Lithuanian, Bosnian-Herzegovinian butlers or male servants with dirty fingernails, yellow, cigarette-stained fingers, who had worked for her at one time or another, trailing the ashes of their interminable cigarettes all over the rugs behind them. She had dealt with ox-like Swedes, equally bovine Finns, impudent Prussians, lazy Irish, lazier Italians, and inscrutable Orientals.

Fed up with foreigners, she had engaged American help, both colored and white, live-in servants who drank her liquor and used her perfume, or daily women who came in the morning and departed at night usually with some article of her clothing or lingerie hidden upon their persons. They didn't

tidying up and 'av the plyce lookin' like apple-pie."

To Mrs. Schreiber, her mind hardly cleared of the ghastly parade of remembered domestic slobs, Ada Harris looked like an angel, and before she knew what she was doing, she ran to the little chair, threw her arms about her neck, hugged her, and cried, "Oh, Mrs. Harris, you don't know how glad I am to see you—how very glad!"

And then, unaccountably, she began to cry. Perhaps it was the comfort of the return hug and pat that Mrs. Harris gave her, or release from the emotional strain following the good news of her husband's promotion, but she sobbed, "Oh, Mrs. Harris, something wonderful has happened to my husband. We're going to New York to live, but I'm so frightened—I'm so terribly afraid."

Mrs. Harris did not know what it was all about, but there was no doubt in her mind as to the cure: she put down her carry-all, patted Mrs. Schreiber on the arm, and said, "There, there, now, dear, don't you take on so. Just you let Ada Harris make you a cup of tea, and then you'll feel better."

It was a comfort to Mrs. Schreiber to let her do so, and she said, "If you'll make yourself one, too," and as the two women sat in the kitchen of the flat sipping their brew, Mrs. Schreiber poured it all forth to her sympathetic sister-under-the-skin, Mrs. Harris—the great good fortune that had befallen her husband and herself, the change that would take place in their lives, the monstrous, gaping, two-storeyed penthouse apartment that awaited them in America, the departure in two weeks, and,

above all, her qualms with the servant problem.

With renewed gusto she narrated for Mrs. Harris' appreciative ears all of the domestic horrors and catastrophes that awaited her on the other side of the Atlantic. It relieved her to do so, and gave Mrs. Harris a fine and satisfying sense of British superiority, so that she felt an even greater affection for Mrs. Schreiber.

At the conclusion of her narrative she looked over at the little apple-cheeked char with a new warmth and tenderness in her own eyes and said, "Oh, if only there were someone like you in New York to help me out, if just for a little until I could get settled."

There then fell a silence, during which time Henrietta Schreiber looked across the table at Ada Harris, and Ada Harris over the empty teacups regarded Henrietta Schreiber. Neither said anything. It would not have been possible by any scientific precision instrument known to man to have measured any appreciable interval as to which of them was hit by the great idea first. If such a thing were possible, the two pennies dropped at one and the same moment. But neither said anything.

Mrs. Harris arose, clearing the tea-things, and said, "Well, I'd best be gettin' on with me work, 'adn't I?" and Mrs. Schreiber said, "I suppose I ought to look over the things I mean to take with me." They both then turned to what they

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FOR THE CHILDREN



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his round head, and once he stopped and said, "If we'd had a kid, Henrietta, wouldn't he have been proud of his old man at this minute?"

The sentence went straight to Henrietta's heart, where it struck and quivered like a dart thrown into a board. She knew that it was not meant as a reproach to her, since her husband was not that kind of man — it had welled simply from the need he had felt so long to be a father as well as a husband. And now that overnight he had become somebody she understood how the need had become intensified. When she turned away from the window there were tears brimming from the corners of her eyes and she could only say, "Oh, Joel, I'm so proud of you."

He saw at once that he had hurt her, and going to her he put his arm around her shoulder and said, "There, Henrietta, I didn't mean it like it sounded. You don't need to cry. We're a very lucky couple. We're important now. Think of the wonderful times we're going to have in New York, and the dinner parties you're going to give for all the famous people. You're really going to be the hostess with the mostes' like in the song."

"Oh, Joel," Henrietta cried, "it's been so long since we've lived in America or New York — I'm frightened."

"Psha," comforted Mr. Schreiber. "What you got to be frightened of? It'll be a breeze for you. You'll do wonderful. We're rich now, and you can have all the servants you want."

But that was just what Mrs. Schreiber was worrying about, and which continued to worry her the following morning long after Mr. Schreiber had floated away to his office on a pink cloud.

Her confused and excited imagination ranged over the whole monstrous gamut of international slatterns, laggards,

know how to dust, polish, sweep, rinse out a glass, or clean a piece of silver, they left pedestal marks on the floor where, immobile like statues, they had leaned for hours on their brooms doing nothing.

None of them had any pride of house or beautiful things. They smashed her good dishes, china, lamps, and bric-a-brac, ruined her slipcovers and linens, burnt cigarette holes in her carpets, and wrecked her property and peace of mind.

TO this appalling crew she now added a long line of sour-faced cooks, each of whom had made her contribution to the grey hairs that were beginning to appear in her head. Some had been able to cook, others not. All of them had been unpleasant women with foul dispositions and unholy characters, embittered tyrants who had taken over and terrorised her home for whatever the length of their stay. Most of them had been only a little batty; some of them just one step from the loony bin. None of them had ever shown any sympathy or kindness, or so much as a single thought beyond the rules they laid down for their own comfort and satisfaction.

A key rattled in the door; it swung open and in marched Mrs. Harris, carrying her usual string bag full of goodness-only-knows-what that she always brought with her on her rounds, and wearing a too-long, last year's coat that someone had given her, with a truly ancient flowerpot hat, relic of a long-dead client, but which now by the rotation of styles had suddenly become fashionable again.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said cheerily. "I'm a bit early this morning, but, since you said you was 'aving some friends for dinner tonight, I thought I'd do a real good



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RARE GREEN

● Green is probably the rarest flower color of all, but with careful planning you can grow a "green garden." Besides the plants shown here, there are orchids with green flowers, green ixias, green lachenalias, green roses, pineapple lilies, a chrysanthemum . . .



MOLUCCELLA (Molucca balm, or Bells of Ireland) is a half-hardy annual distantly related to the mint family. Its bright green flowers are shell-shaped, have a double seed in the centre. Does best in an open, sunny bed or border. Sow seeds in spring.



MIGNONETTE thrives in alkaline soil, does best in sunny beds, borders, or rockeries. Several of the varieties are green, with yellow, white, and reddish-brown mixtures. Blooms in spring or early summer, in winter if seed sown in March.



LIRIODENDRON TULIPIFERA (Tulip tree) is long-lived, large, and erect, with a few short branches forming a narrow crown. The solitary flowers have three green sepals and six waxy petals, aromatic when crushed. Flowers appear in December.



ENGLISH ELM (*Ulmus procera*), a tall, straight tree, bears greenish flowers. Common in the cooler areas of N.S.W., in Victoria, and Tasmania. The blooms are followed by scaly seeds. The tree suckers freely. Will grow in any good soil.



HYDRANGEA PANICULATA, the tallest of this shrub family, growing to about 30ft., has white flowers that turn green as they age. Though there is no true green hydrangea, several white varieties turn green with age.



HELLEBORUS VIRIDIS (green hellebore) is a perennial, member of the ranunculus family. It has bright green flowers in mid-winter. Plants grow from seeds, which are sown in autumn, or from divisions of the roots.

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had to do. Usually when they were in the flat together they nattered, or, rather, Mrs. Harris did and Mrs. Schreiber listened, but this time the little char worked in thoughtful silence, and so did Mrs. Schreiber.

That night, when Mrs. Harris forgathered with Mrs. Butterfield, she said, "Old on to your hair, Vi; I've got something to tell you. We're going to America!"

Mrs. Butterfield's scream of alarm rang through the area with such violence that doors and windows were opened to check its source. After Mrs. Harris had fanned her back to coherence she cried, "Ave you gone out of yer mind? Did you say we're going?"

Mrs. Harris nodded complacently. "I told yer to 'ang on to yer hair," she said. "Mrs. Schreiber's going to ask me to go along with her until she can get settled into 'er new place in New York. I'm going to tell 'er I will, but not unless she tykes you along as cook. Together we're going to find little 'Enry's father!"

That night when Mr. Schreiber came home Henrietta broke a long period of taciturnity on her part by saying, "Joel, don't be angry with me, but I have an absolutely, hopelessly mad idea."

In his present state of euphoria nothing was likely to anger Mr. Schreiber. He said, "Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I'm going to ask Mrs. Harris to come to New York with us."

Schreiber was not angry, but he was certainly startled. He said, "What?"

"Only for a few months, perhaps, until we get settled in and I can find someone. You don't know how wonderful she is, and how she keeps this place. She knows how I like things. Oh, Joel, I'd feel so—secure."

"But would she come?" "I don't know," Henrietta replied, "but—but I think so. If I offered her a lot of money she'd have to come, wouldn't she? And I think she might just because she likes me, if I begged her."

Mr. Schreiber looked doubtful for a moment and said, "A Cockney char in a Park Avenue penthouse?" But then he softened and said, "If it'll make you feel better, Baby, go ahead. Anything you want now, I want you should have."

Exactly fourteen and one-half hours after Mrs. Harris had told Mrs. Butterfield she was about to be propositioned by Mrs. Schreiber to go to America, it happened. Mrs. Schreiber proposed the very next morning, shortly after Mrs. Harris had arrived, and was enthusiastically accepted upon one condition—namely, that Mrs. Butterfield be included in the party, and at a wage equal to that promised to Mrs. Harris.

"She's me oldest friend," explained Mrs. Harris. "I've never been away from London more than a week at a time in me life. If I 'ad 'er with me I wouldn't feel so lonely. Besides, she's a jolly good cook—cooked for some of the best 'ouses before she retired from steady work. You ask old Sir Alfred Welby who he got 'is gout from."

Mrs. Schreiber was almost beside herself with joy at the prospect of not only having Mrs. Harris to look after her during the first months of her return to the United States, but also at one and the same time acquiring a good cook who would get on well with the little char and keep her from getting too lonely.

She knew Mrs. Butterfield and liked her, for she had subbed for Mrs. Harris during the latter's expedition to Paris to acquire her Dior dress. "But

do you think she would come?" she asked of Mrs. Harris anxiously.

"At the drop of a brick," replied the latter. "Adventurous, that's what she is. Always wantin' to rush off into the unknown. Sometimes I can 'ardly keep 'er back. Oh, she'll come all right. Just you leave it to me to put it to 'er in the right way."

Mrs. Schreiber was delighted to do so, and they began to discuss details of departure—Mr. Schreiber was planning to sail in the French liner Ville de Paris from Southampton within ten days—as though everything was set and arranged for the two of them.

Mrs. Harris chose the psychological moment to move to the attack upon her friend, namely, the witching hour of that final mellow cup of tea they shared before retiring, and this time in Mrs. Butterfield's ample kitchen, well stocked with cakes and biscuits, jams, and jellies, for as her figure indicated, Mrs. Butterfield liked to eat well.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

—Isaiah 41:10.

These encouraging words may well be taken by all of us for personal comfort to fortify us as we enter upon the New Year. When we are conscious of God's presence there is no room for fear or dismay.

At first it seemed as though Mrs. Harris had committed a tactical error in approaching her friend on her own home ground instead of getting her away from her familiar surroundings, for Mrs. Butterfield was adamant in her refusal to budge and appeared to have an answer to every argument put forth by Mrs. Harris.

"What?" she cried, "Me go to America at my age, where they do that inflation and shooting and young people killing one another with knives? Don't you read the papers? And let me tell you something else, if you go it'll be the death of you, Ada 'Arris—and don't say I didn't warn you."

Mrs. Harris tried the financial offensive. "But Violet, look at the money she has offered to pay you—American wages, a hundred quid a month and keep."

"You don't earn that much in three months 'ere. You could rent your flat while you was away, yer widow's pension'd be piling up, you'd have no expenses of any kind—why, you'd like as not have five hundred quid by the time you came 'ome. Look what a 'oliday you could 'ave with that. Or put it into Premium Bonds and win a thousand quid more. You'd never 'ave to do another stroke of work."

"Money ain't everything," Mrs. Butterfield countered. "You know that, Ada 'Arris, if you read your Bible more. The root of all evil, that's what

it is. Who's got the most trouble in this world, who's always being dragged into court and getting their nymes in the papers? Millionaires. I can make enough for me needs right 'ere, and that's where I'm stayin'. Anyway, I wouldn't go to that Soda and Gomorow, what they say New York is, for five hundred quid a month."

Mrs. Harris moved up her inter-continental missile. "What about little 'Enry?" she said.

Mrs. Butterfield regarded her friend with some alarm. "What about 'im?" she asked to gain time, for in the excitement and terror of Mrs. Harris' proposition she had quite forgotten who and what lay behind it all.

"To find 'is dad and give the poor little tyke a decent life, that's what's all about 'im, Violet Butterfield, and I'm surprised and ashamed at you forgettin'. If you've 'eard it once, you've 'eard me say a 'undred times, if I could only get to America I'd find 'is dad and tell 'im where 'is kid was and what was 'appening to 'im. Well now, 'ere's our chance to go and do just that, and you ask me what about little 'Enry! Don't you love 'im?"

This was almost attacking below the belt, and Mrs. Butterfield let out a howl of protest. "'Ow, Ada, 'ow can you say such a thing? You know I do. Ain't I always feeding 'im up and cuddling 'im like a mother?"

"But don't you want to see 'im 'appy and safe with 'is father?"

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Butterfield, and then produced, to her own great surprise out of her own locker, an atomic ray defence, which nullified Mrs. Harris' attack. "'Oo's to look after 'im while you're away if I go too? What's the use of you turning up 'is old man only to 'ave 'im come over 'ere and find the poor little tyke starved to death? One of us 'as got to stay 'ere."

There was intrinsically so much logic in this statement that for the moment Mrs. Harris was nonplussed, and could not think of an answer, and so with an extraordinary heaviness about her heart she looked down into her teacup and said simply, "I do wish you'd come to America with me, Vi."

It was now Mrs. Butterfield's turn to look at her friend with astonishment. Sincerity brought forth an equal measure of sincerity in herself. Gone now were all the subtleties, and she replied, "I don't want to go to America—I'm afraid to go."

"So am I," said Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Butterfield's astonishment turned now to amazement. "What!" she cried. "You, Ada 'Arris, afraid! Why, I've known you for more than thirty-five years, and you've never been afraid of anything in your life."

"I am now," said Mrs. Harris. "It's a big step. It's a strange country. It's a long way off. Who's to look after me if anything happens? I wish you were coming with me. One never knows, does one?"

It might have sounded like irony, this sudden switch in the accustomed roles of the two women: Mrs. Harris the adventurous optimist suddenly turned into a kind of Butterfield-timorous pessimist. But the truth was that there was no irony whatsoever in her remark. It was just that the realisation had suddenly come upon her of the enormity of the undertaking into which she had thrust herself so lightly and heartily and with her usual sense of excitement and adventure.

New York was not only a long way off, it would be totally different from anything

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she had ever experienced. True, Paris had been utterly foreign, but if you looked at a map, Paris was just across the street. America would be English-speaking, it was true, and yet in another sense more foreign than France, or perhaps even China.

She was going to uproot herself from that wonderfully secure and comfortably fitting London, which had sheltered her for all her life and about whose streets and rhythm and noises and manifold moods she knew her way blindfolded. And she was no longer young. She knew of the many British wives who, having married Americans, had come running home, unable to adjust themselves to American life. She was sixty-one, a sixty-one that felt full of energy and brimming with life, it is true, but one never did know, did one?

SUPPOSING she fell ill? Who in a strange land would provide the necessary link between herself and her beloved London? Yes, for that instant she was truly and genuinely afraid, and it showed in her eyes. Violet Butterfield saw it there.

"Oh, dear," said the fat woman, and her round chins began to quiver, "do you mean it, Ada? Do you really need me?"

Mrs. Harris eyed her friend, and knew that she really did want this big, bulky, helpless but comfortable woman to lean on a little. "Yes, love," said Mrs. Harris, "I do."

"Then I'll come with you," said Mrs. Butterfield, and began to bawl. Mrs. Harris started to cry, too, and immediately the two women were locked in one another's arms, weeping together for the next few minutes, and having a most lovely time.

The die, however, had been cast, and the trip was on.

Anyone who knew the worth of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield to their clients would not have been surprised had they come into Belgraveia to have found large sections of this exclusive area decorated with black crepe hung out after the two widows had notified their clients that within one week's time they were departing for the United States, and would not be available for at least three months thereafter, and perhaps longer.

However, such is the toughness of the human spirit, as well as the frame, and likewise so stunning the news and excitement engendered by the fact that Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield were going out to what some of them still persisted in referring to as "the colonies," that the blow was taken more or less in stride.

Had the two women merely announced a one- or two-day, or a week's hiatus, there would then have been such revolutions in the area as to shake every mews, crescent, square, and lane—but three months meant forever, and constituted one of the hazards of modern living. With a sigh, most of them resigned themselves to renewed visits to the employment office, and a further period of trial and error until another such gem as Mrs. Harris or Mrs. Butterfield could be found.

Ever afterwards Mrs. Harris swore that the thought of kidnapping little Henry from the

disgusting Gussies, stowing him away aboard the Ville de Paris and taking him bodily to his father in America would never have occurred to her but for the astonishing coincidence of the episode in the home of the Countess Wyszczinska, whose London pied-a-terre in Belgrave Street Mrs. Harris brightened between the hours of five and six. It was that same Countess with whom she had had words over the new vacuum-cleaner and who, contrary to the gloomy prognostications of Mrs. Butterfield, had known what was good for her and produced one.

Thus she was in the flat of the Countess when a parcel arrived for that august lady from her eighteen-year-old nephew in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The contents of the parcel proved to be the most awful eyeglasses the Countess had ever beheld—a horribly encrusted beer stein with an imitation silver lid and "Souvenir of Milwaukee" emblazoned on its side. Unfortunately, so thoroughly had this revolting objet d'art been wrapped in and stuffed out with old newspapers that it had arrived in unbroken condition.

The Countess with an expression of distaste about her aristocratic countenance said, "Ugh! What on earth...?" And then, aware of Mrs. Harris' interested presence, quickly corrected herself and said, "Isn't it lovely? But I just don't know where to put it. There's so much in this little place already. Would you like to take it home with you, Mrs. Harris?"

Mrs. Harris said, "Wouldn't I just. 'Souvenir of Milwaukee'—I might be going there to visit when I'm in America."

"Well, just get it out of here—I mean, I'm glad you like it. And throw all that trash away while you're at it," pointing to the papers that had preserved its life. Thereupon the Countess departed, wondering what had got into chaps nowadays that they seemed always to be travelling.

Left to herself, Mrs. Harris then indulged in one of her favorite pastimes, which was the reading of old newspapers. One of her greatest pleasures when she went to the fishmonger's was to read two-year-old pages of the Sketch lying on the counter and used for wrapping.

Now she picked up a page of a newspaper called The Milwaukee Sentinel, eyed the front page headlines, and thereafter leafed through the other pages of the same instrument of public service until she came to one labelled "Society Page," on which she found many photographs of young brides, young grooms-to-be and young married couples.

Always interested in weddings, Mrs. Harris gave these announcements more undivided attention until she came upon one which caused her little eyes almost to pop out of her head and led her to emit a shriek, "Gor' blimey—it's 'im! It's 'appened! I felt it in me bones that something would."

What she was looking at was the photograph of a handsome bridal couple over which was the caption, "Brown-Tracey Nuptials," and underneath the story under the dateline of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, January 23: "The wedding was celebrated here today at the First Methodist Church on Maple Street of Miss Georgina Tracey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tracey, of 1327 Highland Avenue, to Mr. George Brown, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown, of 892 Delaware Road, Madison, Wisconsin. It was the bride's first marriage, the groom's second."

"The bride, one of the most popular graduates of Eastlake

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High School, has been a leader in the social activities of the younger debutante set. The groom, aged 34, an electronics engineer, was formerly in the U.S. Air Force stationed in England. The couple will make their home in Kenosha, Wisconsin."

Clutching the paper fiercely between her thin, veined hands, Mrs. Harris performed a little solo dance about the Countess' drawing-room, shouting, "It's 'im! It's 'im! I've found little 'Enry's father!"

There was not the least shadow of doubt in her mind. He was handsome; he resembled little 'Enry in that he had two eyes, a nose, a mouth and ears; he was of the right age; he was well-to-do, had a noble look about his eyes, as Mrs. Harris had imagined him, and now he was married to a fine-looking girl, who would be just the mother for little 'Enry. Popular the paper said she was, but Mrs. Harris also noted that she had a good, open countenance, and nice eyes. What clinched it and made it cert was the name of Mr. Brown: of course, the grandchild would be named after him.

Mrs. Harris ceased her dance, looked down upon the precious photograph, and said, "George Brown, you're going to get your baby back," and at that moment, for the first time, the thought of abstracting little 'Enry from the Gussies and of taking him to his father immediately smote her between the eyes.

True, she didn't have his address, but there would be no difficulty in locating him once she got herself and little 'Enry to Kenosha, Wisconsin. If this was not a sign from On High as to where her duty lay and what she ought to do about it, Mrs. Harris did not know signs from Above, which she had been encouraging and interpreting more or less successfully ever since she could remember.

LITTLE Henry Brown was aged eight in terms of the tenure of his frail body, eighty in the light of the experience of the harsh and unhappy world into which that body had been ushered. In his brief sojourn he had learned all of the tricks of the persecuted—to lie, to evade, to steal, to hide—in short, to survive. Thrown on his own in the concrete desert of the endless pavements of London, he very early acquired the quickness of mind and the cunning needed to outwit the wicked.

Withal, he yet managed to retain a childish charm and innate goodness. He would never scupper a pal or do the dirty on someone who had been kind to him. Someone, for instance, like the two widow charlatans, Mrs. Ada Harris and Mrs. Violet Butterfield, in whose kitchen he was now momentarily concealed, involved in a thrilling and breathless conspiracy.

He sat there looking rather like a small gnome, gorging himself on tea and buns to the point of distension, since one of the things life had taught him was whenever he came across any food that appeared to be unattached, the thing to do was to eat it quickly, and as much of it as he could hold, while Mrs. Harris unfolded the details of the plot.

One of Henry's assets was his taciturnity. Among other things he had learned to keep his mouth shut. He was eloquent rather by means of a pair of huge, dark, sad eyes, eyes filled with knowledge that no little boy of that age should

have, and which missed nothing that went on about him.

Because he was thin and somewhat stunted in growth, his head had the appearance of being too large and old, rather an adult head, with a shock of darkish hair, underneath which was a pale and usually dirty face. It was to his eternal credit that there was still some youth and sweetness left in him—adversity had not made him either mean or vengeful.

Whatever the steps he took to make life as easy for himself as possible under the circumstances, they were dictated purely by necessity. He rarely spoke, but when he did it was to the point.

And now as Mrs. Harris continued to unfold yet more details of the most fascinating scheme ever devised to free a small boy from hideous tyranny and guarantee him three square meals a day, he sat silently, his mouth stuffed full of bun, but nodding, his huge eyes filled with intelligence and understanding while Mrs. Harris enumerated each point of what he was to do when, where, and under various circumstances. In these same eyes was contained also considerable worship of her.

It was true he loved the occasional cuddle pillowed upon the pneumatic bosom of Mrs. Butterfield, though he did not go for too much of that soft stuff, or would not let himself, but it was he and Mrs. Harris who were kindred souls. They recognised something in one another, the independent spirit, the adventurous heart, the unquenchable soul, the ability to stand up to whatever had to be stood up to, and get on.

Mrs. Harris was not one to fuss and gush over him, but she addressed him like an equal, for equal they were in that nether world of hard and unremitting toil to feed and clothe oneself, where life is all struggle and the helping hands are one's own.

In so many ways they were alike. For instance, no one had ever heard Henry complain. Whatever happened to him, that's how things were. No one had ever heard Mrs. Harris complain either. Widowed at the age of thirty, she had raised, educated, and

married off her daughter, and kept herself and her self-respect, and all on her hands and knees with a scrubbing-brush, or bent over mop and duster, or sinks full of dirty dishes. She would have been the last person to have considered herself heroic, but the strain of simple heroism was in her, and Henry had it, too.

He also had that quick understanding that gets at the heart of the situation. Whereas Mrs. Harris had to go into long and elaborate explanations of things to Mrs. Butterfield, and she did so with great patience, little Henry usually got it in one, and would nod his acquiescence before Mrs. Harris was half-way through exposing what she had on her mind.

Now, when Mrs. Harris had finished rehearsing step by step how the plan was to work, Mrs. Butterfield, who for the first time was hearing what seemed to her to be the concoction of a mad woman, threw her apron over her head and began to rock and moan.

"Ere, 'ere, love, what's wrong?" said Mrs. Harris. "Are you ill?"

"Ill," cried Mrs. Butterfield, "I should think so! Whatever it's called, what you're doing, it's a jyle offence. You can't get away with it. It'll never work."

PUTTING the last of a sugar bun into his mouth, washing it down with a swig of tea, wiping his lips with the back of his hand and turning his large eyes upon the quivering figure of Mrs. Butterfield little Henry said simply, "Garn, why not?"

Mrs. Harris threw back her head and roared with laughter. "Oh, 'Enry," she said, "you're a man after me own 'eart."

Like all great ideas and schemes born out of Genius by Necessity, Mrs. Harris' plan to smuggle little Henry aboard the Ville de Paris at Southampton had the virtue of simplicity, and one to which the routine of boarding the ship with its attendant chaos, as Mr. Schreiber had carefully explained to her, lent itself beautifully.

Since the Schreibers were going First-Class and the two women Tourist, they would not

be able to travel together, and he had rehearsed for her the details of exactly what they would have to do—the departure by boat-train from Waterloo, the arrival at the pier at Southampton where, after passing through Customs and Immigration, they would board the tender for the trip down the Solent, and thus eventually would enter the side of the liner and be shown to their cabin, and thereafter the French Line would take over.

To these instructions Mrs. Harris added a vivid memory of an instance when she had been at Waterloo to take a suburban train, and at one of the gates had witnessed what appeared to be a small-sized riot, with people milling and crowding, children shrieking, etc., and inquiring into the nature of this disturbance had been informed that it was merely the departure of the boat-train at the height of the season.

As Mrs. Harris' scheme was outlined to her, even that perpetual prophetic of doom, Mrs. Butterfield, outdid herself with tremblings, 'groans', cries, quiverings, claspings of hands together, and calling upon heaven to witness that the only possible result could be that they would all spend the rest of their natural lives in a dungeon, and she, Mrs. Violet Butterfield, would have no part of it. She had agreed to embark upon this hare-brained voyage across an ocean waiting to engulf them, to a land where death lurked at every corner, but not to make disaster doubly sure by beginning the trip with a kidnapping and a stowing away.

Mrs. Harris who, once she had what she considered a feasible idea in her head, was not to be turned from it, said, "Now, now, Violet—don't take on so. A stitch in time will help us to cross over those bridges." And then with remarkable patience and perseverance managed to overcome practically all of her friend's objections.

Her intrinsic plan was based upon recollections of childhood visits to Clacton-on-Sea with her Mum and Dad, and the outings they used to enjoy on the excursion steamers to Margate, a luxury they occasionally permitted themselves. Poor and thrifty, her folks could manage the price of two tickets, but

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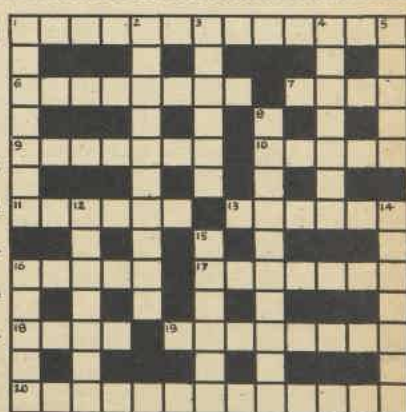
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Appurtenances of many links (8, 5).
- Excellent order, but not in bed (5-3).
- A knot in a dark narcissus (4).
- Look in a forked instrument to make it longer (7).
- Warning of approaching danger with winglike beginning (5).
- As in an heroic poem containing a standard printer's measure (6).
- Soft and flaxen-like mostly with a loss (6).
- Lapse occurs in the disintegrated segment of a calyx (5).
- Trumpet a lion to a car (7).
- No thriller without a small brook (4).
- Entrap in a given lie (8).
- These are related in the Ingoldsby Legend at Margate (13).

FENCINGMASTER
A L I D A I O
N E P H E N S C R U B
S P A D E T E I
A V E R S E G A R D E N
R R M
E S S E N C E U P K E E P
I X R
A G A N O U S A M P L E
L E B U M L E T
T R I P E I M P L O R E
E S A L R K
R E I N F O R C E M E N T

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Specimen of a lax M.P. in case (7).
- In the manner of an ab-stainer (10).
- The sea holly ordering Ireland to get away (6).
- U.S.A. land (Anagr., 7).
- Thin transparent part of the blood with intoxicating end (5).
- Pert animal (Anagr., 10).
- Transfixes the devil full of beer (7).
- They come from New England, U.S.A., starting with a sharp jerk (7).
- Once ending a candle-holder (6).
- Disc ramification: Get out of it (5).

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; short stories from 1100 to 1400; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address: manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

not three. When it came time to pass through the gates and encounter the ticket-taker, little Ada had been taught to detach herself from her parents and, seeking out a large family with five or more youngsters, join up with them until safely through the gates.

Experience had taught them that in the Sunday crush the harassed ticket-taker would not be able to distinguish whether it was five or six children who had passed him, and the equally harassed father of the family would not notice that he had suddenly acquired an extra little girl. Once they were inside, by the time paterfamilias, perhaps aware that something was a little unusual about his brood, instituted a nose count, little Ada would have detached herself from this group and joined up with her parents again.

Moreover, there was a reserve gambit in case a large enough family failed to turn up. Father and mother would pass through on their tickets, and a few seconds later little Ada would let forth a wail, "I'm lost! I'm lost! I've lost my Mummy!" By the time this performance had reached its climax and she was restored to her frantic parents, nobody thought of collecting a ticket from her. The excursion proceeded happily.

Mrs. Butterfield, who in her youth had had similar experiences, was forced to concede that neither of these devices had ever failed. She was further put off her prophetic stroke by Mrs. Harris' superior knowledge as a world traveller.

"Don't forget, dearie," said Mrs. Harris, "it's a French boat. Muddle, that's their middle name. They can't get nothing done without carrying-on, shouting, and waving their arms. You'll see."

Mrs. Butterfield made one more attempt. "But once 'e's in our room, won't they find 'im?" she quavered, her chins shaking.

Mrs. Harris, now slightly impatient, snorted. "Lor, love, use yer loaf. We've got a bar-room, 'aven't we?"

This was indeed true. So thrilled had Mrs. Schreiber been with her luck in acquiring two servants whom she liked and trusted, that she had persuaded her husband to procure for them one of the better rooms available in Tourist-Class on the liner, one of a few with a bathroom connected and intended for larger families.

Mrs. Harris had been shown the accommodations on a kind of skeleton plan of the ship, and while she did not exactly know what part the barroom would play once aboard the lugger it loomed large in her mind at least as a retreat in which parties could momentarily retire during alarm or crisis.

As may be imagined, the departure of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield for the United States was an event that shook the little street in Battersea known as Willis Gardens to its Roman foundations, and all of their friends and neighbors, including the unspeakable Gussets, turned out to bid them godspeed. Such was the excitement engendered by the arrival of the taxi-cab at Number 5, and the piling of ancient trunks and valises on the roof and next to the driver's seat that no one thought about or noticed the absence of little Henry Brown.

Like all persons unused to travelling, the two women had taken far more with them than they would ever need, including photographs, ornaments, and little knick-knacks from their homes which meant some-

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thing to them, and thus the inside of the cab was also stuffed with luggage, leaving, it seemed, barely room for the stout figure of Mrs. Butterfield and the spare one of Mrs. Harris to squeeze in.

Appraised that they were actually off to America, the cab-driver was deeply impressed and became helpful and solicitous, and treated the two ladies with the deference one accords to royalty, lifting and fastening their boxes and suitcases, and playing to the crowd gathered for the farewell with a fine sense of the dramatic.

MRS. HARRIS accepted all of the deference done her and the interest and excitement of friends and neighbors with graciousness, mingling affectionate farewells with sharp directions to the cab driver to be careful of this or that piece of baggage, but poor Mrs. Butterfield was able to do little more than palpitate, perspire, and fan herself, since she could not rid her mind of the enormity of what they were about to perpetrate, or cease to worry about the immediate future, beginning within the next few minutes, and whether it would come off.

The attitude of the Gussets was one of grudging interest, coupled with impudence, which bespoke their feeling of good riddance. Among other things, the departure of the two women meant to them an undisturbed period of abuse of the child who had been entrusted to their care.

It had actually to a great extent been Mrs. Harris who had kept their cruelty within bounds, for they were a little afraid of her and knew that she would not hesitate to involve them with the police if there was a case. Now, with pairs of eyes and ears removed from either side of them, they could let themselves go.

The Gusset children were going to have a field day, and Mr. Gusset, when things had gone wrong with one of his shady deals in Soho and little Henry happened to fall afoul of him, was not going to have to restrain himself. The child was in for a sticky time of it, and delight at the departure of his two protectresses was written all over the faces of the Gussets—mother, father, and offspring.

Finally the last valise had been stowed and secured, the taxi driver had taken his seat behind the wheel and animated the engine, perspiring Mrs. Butterfield and sparkling Mrs. Harris took their places in the space left for them in the interior of the cab, each clutching a small nosegay of flowers tied with a bit of silver ribbon thrust into their hands at the last moment by friends, and they drove off to a cheer and individual cries of, "Good luck!"—"Tyke care of yer-selves!"—"Send us a postcard!"—"Don't forget to come back!"—"Give me regards to Broadway!"—"Don't forget to write!" and "May the Good Lord look after you."

The cab gathered momentum, Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Harris turning and looking out through the rear windows to see their friends waving and cheering still and gazing after them, with several of the Gusset children making faces in their direction.

"Ow, Ada," quavered Mrs. Butterfield, "I'm so frightened. We oughtn't to be doing it. What if—?"

But Mrs. Harris who herself had been considerably nervous during the departure and had been playing something of a role, now indeed took command of the expedition and pulled herself together.

"Be quiet, Vil!" she commanded. "Nuffink's going to

happen. Blimey, dearie, if I didn't think you were going to give the show away. Now don't fergit when we get there— you keep your eye peeled out the back."

Therewith she tapped upon the window behind the driver with a penny, and when that individual cocked a large red ear in the direction of the opening, she said, "Go round the corner through Gifford Place to 'Ansburry Street— there's a greengrocer there on the corner, his name is Warbles."

The cab driver chose a bad moment to joke. "I thought you lydies said you was going to America," and was surprised at the asperity of the reply he received from Mrs. Harris.

"Do as you're told and you won't gather no flies," she said.

For she, too, was nervous, approaching that moment when dreams which seem so easy of realisation are turned into action which very often is not.

The taxi drew up in front of the shop, where Mr. Warbles was on the pavement tearing some tops off carrots for a customer.

Mrs. Harris said, "E would 'ave to be outside," and added a naughty word. Just then the greengrocer was hailed from within and answered the call.



"Now!" Mrs. Harris said fiercely to Mrs. Butterfield, who was already peering anxiously out of the back window, "do you see anyone?"

"I don't know," quavered Mrs. Butterfield. "I don't fink so. Leastways, nobody we know."

Mrs. Harris leaned forward to the opening in the window and whispered into the large red ear, "Onk yer 'orn three times."

Mystified and intimidated, the driver did so. From behind some stacked-up crates of cabbages the figure of a small, dark-haired boy came charging, looking neither right nor left, straight for the door of the cab which Mrs. Harris now held open. With the combined speed and agility of a ferret, the boy wriggled his way beneath the luggage piled inside the cab and vanished.

The door slammed shut. "Waterloo," hissed Mrs. Harris into the ear.

"Well I'm blowed," said the taxi-driver to himself at this curious performance, and put his machine into gear. That the two respectable charladies who were just departing for America from a respectable neighborhood might be engaging in a casual bit of kidnapping never entered his head.

It is a fact that nothing is quite as noticeable as a child that wants to be noticed, but the converse is likewise true, that there is nothing equally self-effacing as a child desiring to be vanished, and who in particular is permitted to operate in a crowd.

This was a technique known both to Mrs. Harris and little

Henry, and thus when the Schreibers were seen descending upon them along the bustling station platform at Waterloo, causing Mrs. Butterfield to utter a little yelp of terror, it was no problem at all for Mrs. Harris to vanish Henry. She gave him a slight pat on his bottom, which was the pre-arranged signal, at which he simply moved off from them and stood next to somebody else.

Since the Schreibers had never seen him before, they now did not see him at all, except as somebody else's child, standing by a piece of luggage and gazing heavenward, apparently singing hymns to himself.

"Ah, there you are," said Mrs. Schreiber breathlessly. "Is everything all right? I'm sure it will be. Have you ever seen so many people? I did give you your tickets, didn't I? Oh, dear! It's all so confusing."

Mrs. Harris tried to soothe her mistress. "Now there, dearie," she said. "Don't you fret. Everything's right as rain."

"We'll be fine. I've got Violet here to look after me." The sarcasm was lost on Mrs. Butterfield, who only perspired more profusely and fanned herself more freely. It seemed to her that the Schreibers must ask, "Who's that little boy with you?" even though at the moment he wasn't.

mense pile of hand luggage, and an indeterminate number of offspring—that is to say, indeterminate between five and six, due to the fact that they were wriggling, jumping about, escaping, playing hide-and-seek, so that not even Mrs. Harris was able successfully to count them. After observing them for an instant, Mrs. Harris took little Henry by the arm, pointed the group out to him, and leaning down whispered into his ear, "Them there."

Little Henry did not reply, but only nodded gravely, and with his sad, wise eyes studied the antics of the group in order that later he might blend the more perfectly with them.

It would be more successful and dramatic to be able to report that Mrs. Harris' plans were scuppered, or even scrambled by the usual malevolent fates, but the point is they simply were not.

Smoothly, efficiently, and without a hitch, they moved from Waterloo to Southampton, from Southampton to the tender, and from the tender to the great black, porthole-studded wall crowned by cream superstructure and gay red funnel of the Ville de Paris.

Whenever anyone remotely resembling a ticket collector, conductor, immigration or Customs official appeared in the offing, quietly and inconspicuously little Henry became a temporary member of the family of a Professor Albert R. Wagstaff, teacher of medieval literature at Bonanza College, Bonanza, Wyoming. With her unerring instinct Mrs. Harris had even managed to select an absent-minded professor for the deal.

If Dr. Wagstaff was at times not quite certain whether his family consisted of six or seven members, he was also equally befuddled as to the number of pieces of luggage accompanying him.

Each time he counted the articles they added up to a different sum until his irritated wife shouted, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Albert, stop counting! It'll either all be there or it won't."

In his usual state of terror where Mrs. Wagstaff was concerned, Dr. Wagstaff said, "Yes, dear," and immediately stopped counting not only luggage but children, even though from time to time there did seem to be one extra. Thus little Henry's task was made comparatively simple, and, as said before, there were no hitches.

One moment containing a slight measure of tension occurred when the three of them—Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Butterfield, and little Henry—were safely ensconced in Tourist Cabin No. A.134, a roomy enough and rather charmingly decorated enclosure with two lower and upper berths, closet space, and a bathroom opening off, when heavy footsteps were heard pounding down the companionway and there came a sharp and peremptory knock upon the door.

Mrs. Butterfield's florid countenance turned pink, which was the best she could do in the way of going pale. She gave a little shriek and sat down, perspiring and fanning. "Lor," she quavered, "it's all up with us!"

"Shut up," ordered Mrs. Harris fiercely, and then whispered to little Henry, "Just you go into that nice barroom, dearie, and be quiet as a mouse while we see who's come to disturb two defenceless lydies travelling to America."

Mrs. Harris opened the cabin door to be confronted by a sweating, and frayed-looking steward in white coat with the collar unbuttoned. He said, "Excuse me to disturb, I 'ave come to collect your steamship tickets."

With one eye on Mrs. Butterfield, who now had changed color from pink to magenta, and appeared on the verge of apoplexy, Mrs. Harris said, "Of course you 'ave," and diving into her purse produced them. "'Ot, ain't it?" she said pleasantly.

"Ah oui," the steward assented, "I make it cooler for you," and switched on the electric fan.

"Lots of people," said Mrs. Harris. This was like pushing a button releasing the steward's neurosis, and he suddenly shouted and waved his arms. "Oui, oui, oui—people, people. Everywhere people."

"It's the kids that's the worst, ain't it?" said Mrs. Harris.

This appeared to be an even more potent button. "Oh, la, la," shouted the steward, and waved his arms some more. "You 'ave seen? Keeds, keeds, keeds, everywhere keeds." "Ain't that the truth," said Mrs. Harris. "I never seen so many. You never know where they are or where they ain't. I don't know how they keep track of 'em all."

The steward said, "Sometimes is not possible." Having blown off steam, he recovered himself and said, "Sank you, ladies. You wish for anything, ring for Antoine."

Mrs. Harris opened the bathroom door, looked in and said, "You can come out now." Little Henry asked, "Do I duck in there every time there's a knock?"

"No, pet," Mrs. Harris replied, "not any more. From now on it will be all right."

Which indeed it was, since Mrs. Harris had planted her psychological seed at the right time and in the right soil. In the evening an Antoine even more frayed arrived to turn down the beds. There was little Henry with Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Harris. The steward looked at the child and said, "Ullo, 'oo's this?"

NO longer gentle, friendly, and conversational as she had been before, Mrs. Harris said, "Ullo, yourself. What do you mean, 'oo's this? This is little 'Enry, me sister's boy. I'm taking 'im to America to 'er."

The steward still looked baffled. "But he was not here before, was he?"

Mrs. Harris bristled. "'E wasn't what? 'Ow do you like that? The child's the happle of me eye and never been out of me sight since we left Battersea."

The steward wavered. He said, "Oui, madame, but—"

"But nothing," snapped Mrs. Harris, attacking with asperity, "it ain't our fault you Frenchies get excited over nothing and lose your 'eads, come in 'ere shouting about people and kids. You said yourself you couldn't remember all the kids. Well, don't you go forgetting little 'Enry 'ere or we'll 'ave to 'ave a word with one of the officers."

The steward capitulated. It had been an unusually trying sailing.

"Oui, oui, oui, Madame," he soothed, "of course I remember heem. 'Ow you call heem—little Henri? You try not to make a mess in the cabin for Antoine, we'll all have very 'appy voyage."

He did the beds and went out. From then on little Henry was a full-fledged passenger on the Ville de Paris, with all the privileges and perquisites pertaining thereto. Nobody ever questioned his presence.

Meanwhile, back at No. 7 Willis Gardens, Battersea, the sole repercussion from Mrs. Harris' tremendous coup, which saw little 'Enry removed for ever from the custody of the Gussets and now afloat on the briny, took place upon the return of Mr. Gusset from

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

another of his slightly shady transactions in Soho.

"Enry's been missing since this morning. I think maybe he's run away," Mrs. Gusset told him.

"As 'e?" replied Mr. Gusset. "That's good."

"Oh, dear," said Henrietta Schreiber suddenly, "I wonder if I've done the right thing?" She was sitting in front of her mirror in her cabin, putting the final touches to her face. Beside her lay an engraved card of invitation which stated that Pierre Rene Dubois, captain of the Ville de Paris, would be honored by the company of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Schreiber for cocktails in his cabin at 7.30 that evening.

"What's that?" said her husband, who, properly accoutred in black tie, had been waiting for ten minutes.

"I mean about Mrs. Harris."

"What about Mrs. Harris?"

"I'm just wondering if we've done right taking her and Mrs. Butterfield out of their element. They're so very London you know. People over here understand about chaps and their ways, but—"

"You mean they'll laugh at us because we've got a couple of Cockneys?"

PROTESTING a little, Mrs. Schreiber said, "Oh, no, nobody would laugh at Mrs. Harris." She made another attempt upon her eyebrows. "It's just I wouldn't want her to be frightened. Who could she talk to? Who could she have for friends?"

"You should have thought of that before," he said. "She can talk to Mrs. Butterfield, can't she?"

"Don't be cross with me, Joel. I'm so proud you're president now of North American and I wanted to do everything to make things right for you in New York—and she's such a wonderful help. For all I know she may be back there crying her eyes out."

"Well, it's too late now. But maybe tomorrow I'll take a walk back to Tourist and see how she's getting on. How about coming along now, baby?"

They emerged from their cabin, where their steward waited to guide them. He took them as far as the private stairway leading to the captain's quarters, which they mounted, to be received by another steward who asked their names and then led them to the door of the huge cabin from which emerged that distinctive babble of sounds that denotes a cocktail party in full swing.

Embedded in these sounds—the clink of glasses and the cross-currents of conversation—was an impossible sentence which smote the ears of Mrs. Schreiber. "Lor' love yer, the Marquis and I are old friends from Paris."

The steward stepped through the doorway and announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Joel Schreiber," which brought forth a drop in the conversation, and the bustle of all the men rising to their feet.

For an appalling moment Mrs. Schreiber seemed to be aware of another impossibility, one even more unthinkable than the auditory one she had just experienced. It was Mrs. Harris ensconced between the captain and a distinguished-looking Frenchman with white hair and moustache—Mrs. Harris wearing a very smart frock.

The captain, a handsome man in dress uniform with gold braid, said, "Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber. So delighted you could come," and then, with practised hand, swung the circle of introductions—names that Mrs. Schreiber only half heard until he came to the last two and no mistake about those: "His Excellency the

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Marquis Hypolite de Chassagne, the new French Ambassador to your country, and Madame Harris."

There was no doubt about it, it was true! Mrs. Harris was there, apple-checked, beady-eyed, beaming, yet not at all conspicuous, and looking as quietly well-dressed as, if not better than, most of the women in the room. And somehow it was not the presence of Mrs. Harris so much, but the matter of her appearance which bewildered Henrietta more than anything. All that went through her mind was, "Where have I seen that dress before?"

Mrs. Harris nodded graciously and then said to the Marquis, "That's 'er I been telling you about. Ain't she a dear? If it 'adn't been for 'er I never could have got the dollars to go to Paris to buy me dress, and now she's tying me with 'er to America."

What had happened was that, having learned from his chauffeur of the presence of Mrs. Harris on board in Tourist-Class, the Marquis had said to the captain, who was a friend, "Do you know, Pierre, that you have a most remarkable woman on board your ship? I am referring to a London scrubwoman—a char, as they call them—who all day long is on her knees scrubbing the floors of her clients in Belgravia, or having her hands in dirty dishwater washing-up after them—but if you looked into her wardrobe you would find hanging there the most exquisite creation from the house of Christian Dior, a dress to the value of four hundred and fifty pounds, which she purchased for herself."

The captain was truly intrigued. "What is that you say? And this woman is aboard and you say is a friend of yours? Well, then, we shall have her up for a drink. I should be honored to meet her."

And thus it was that Mrs. Harris had received exactly the same kind of engraved invitation as had gone out to the Schreibers.

Mrs. Harris was now chattering away happily and unconcernedly with the captain.

Henrietta's next seated neighbor said to her, "Are you enjoying the voyage, Mrs. Schreiber?" and was somewhat astonished to receive the reply, "Oh, goodness gracious me! Why, it's one that I gave her!" He had, of course, no way of knowing that the dress encasing Mrs. Harris was one that Mrs. Schreiber had made her a present of several years ago.

Everything went smoothly on the voyage, lulling Mrs. Harris into self-congratulation and a false sense of security.

The Ville de Paris ploughed steadily without a tremor of motion through flat calm seas, and as Mrs. Harris said to herself, everything was tickety-boo—yet disaster was no more than forty-eight hours away.

It all came about through a conversation which took place with the coterie of friends with whom Mrs. Harris had surrounded herself, and at which, fortunately, Mrs. Butterfield happened not to be present.

It consisted of an elderly and elegant chauffeur, two mechanics from a British firm sent to America to study missile assembly, and a couple from Wolverhampton going over to visit their daughter who had married a GI, and their grandchild.

If Mrs. Harris was the life of this party—which indeed she was—the chauffeur, Mr. John Bayswater, of "Bayswater," as he himself would say, "and no finer district in

London," was the unquestioned leader of the coterie.

To begin with, he was not only a chauffeur of long experience—thirty-five years—a small, sixtyish, dark-haired man whose clothes were well cut and in impeccable taste, but he was also a Rolls chauffeur. A bachelor, he had had a succession of these motor cars instead of wives or mistresses, and they took up his entire time and attention.

But if this were not sufficient cachet, he was also now going out to America as the chauffeur of the Marquis

democratic United States of America which put the wind up Mrs. Harris and indicated to her the extent of the trap into which she had led little Enry, Mrs. Butterfield, and herself.

The conversation came about as indicated during the absence of Mrs. Butterfield from the deckchairs, and the couple from Wolverhampton, Mr. and Mrs. Tidder, were expounding on the trials they had had to endure at the hands of American officials before a visitors' visa was granted them to set foot in America.

"Goodness me," said Mrs. Tidder, whose husband was a

Tidder, "Garn—I don't believe it. It's just people talking. It's a free country, ain't it?"

"Not when you're trying to get into it," Mr. Bayswater observed. "Proper Spanish Inquisition, that's what it is. 'Who are you? Where are you from? Haven't you got a home in England—what are you coming over here for?' Then they start in on your papers. Heaven 'elp you if there's anything wrong with them. You can cool your heels behind bars on their ruddy island until someone comes and fetches you."

The stone at the pit of Mrs. Harris' tum grew a little larger, colder, and harder to ignore. She asked, trying to make her question sound casual, "Are they like that with kids, too? The Americans I knew in London were always good to kids."

"They eat kids. A baby in arms is like a bomb to them. If they don't see the name and birth certificate and proper papers for them they don't get through."

And so there it was. For twelve unhappy hours Mrs. Harris kept the ghastly news and problem bottled up inside her, during which time she also managed to increase its scope and embroider its dangers.

She fretted herself into a state of near exhaustion trying to think of some way that little Enry might avoid the tight immigration net that Mr. Bayswater had outlined, but could find none.

There was no doubt but Ada Harris was for it and needed help badly. But to whom to turn? Certainly not Mrs. Butterfield, and she did not wish to alarm the Schreibers until it was absolutely necessary. Her mind then leaped to the one man of experience that she knew—Mr. Bayswater.

SO that night when dinner was over and they were repairing up to the smoking-room for coffee and a cigarette, Mrs. Harris whispered, "Could I 'ave a word with you, Mr. Bayswater? You being such a travelled man, I need your advice."

"Of course, Mrs. Harris," Mr. Bayswater replied courteously, "I should be happy to give you the benefit of my experience."

"I think we'd better go up on deck, perhaps, where it's quiet and nobody's around," she said.

Mr. Bayswater looked a little startled at this, but detached himself from the group and followed Mrs. Harris to the boatdeck.

They were silent for a moment, and then Mrs. Harris said, "Lumme, now that I've got you 'ere, I don't know how to begin."

Really alarmed, Mr. Bayswater turned to look at the little char and steel himself. He had preserved his bachelorhood from numerous assaults for some forty-odd years and did not consider surrendering it now. But all he saw on the face of the small, grey-haired woman standing next to him was concern and unhappiness. She said, "I'm in trouble, Mr. Bayswater."

The chauffeur felt a sudden flood of relief, as well as warm, masculine protectiveness.

"Supposing you tell me all about it, Mrs. Harris."

"You know the boy," she said, "little Enry, that is?"

Mr. Bayswater nodded.

"Well," Mrs. Harris blurted, "he isn't mine. He's not anybody's!" And then in a torrent the whole story came pouring forth from her—the Gusset family, the kindly Schreibers, the kidnapping and stowing-

away of little Enry, and the plan to deliver him to his long-lost father.

When she had finished there was a silence. Then, "Blimey," said Mr. Bayswater, lapsing once again, "that's a nasty one, isn't it?"

"You've been to America before," pleaded Mrs. Harris, "isn't there something we could do to hide him or get 'im through?"

"Not from those blokes," said Mr. Bayswater. "You'll only make it worse if you do. It's ten times as bad if they catch you trying to evade them. Look here, what about the father?"

Despite her worries Mrs. Harris was not insensible that Mr. Bayswater had used the word "we" instead of "you," thus including himself in her dilemma, and it gave her a sudden feeling of returning courage and warmth. But it receded almost immediately as she waited, "But I don't know 'is address yet. I just fink I know where he is going to live, but I've got to find him first, don't you see? It's a 'orrible mess. I should have known better."

"Don't say that," said Mr. Bayswater, "you were only trying to do your best for the kid." He fell silent for a moment, thinking, and then said, "Look here, Mrs. Harris, I know you said you knew my boss the Marquis—is it true what I heard, that you were invited by him up to the captain's cabin for a drink?"

"Certainly," she replied, "and why not? 'E's an old friend of mine from Paris."

"Well then," said Mr. Bayswater, his idea growing within him to bursting point and the dropping of another aitch, "if you know him that well, why don't you ask 'im?"

"Im, the Marquis? Why, what good would that do? 'E's a pal of mine, I wouldn't want to get 'im sent off to Ellers Island or whatever it's called."

"But don't you see," said Mr. Bayswater excitedly, "he's just the very one who could do it. He's a diplomat and he travels on a special passport, no one ever even looks at it, no questions asked—V.I.P. and red carpet. I'm telling you, last time I came over with the '53 Silver Cloud, the one with the weak number three cylinder gasket, it was with Sir Gerald Granby, the British Ambassador."

"We didn't half breeze through on the pier. No Immigration or Customs for him. It was 'How do you do, Sir Gerald?' and 'Welcome to the United States, Sir Gerald. Come right through, your car is waiting, Sir Gerald.' That's how it went, smooth as silk, when you've got a diplomatic passport and a title. Americans are awfully impressed by titles."

"Now just you think about my boss. He's not only the Ambassador himself, but a genuine French Marquis. Coo, they'll never even notice the kid, and if they do they won't ask any questions. You ask him. I'll bet he'd do it for you. He's a proper gent. Afterwards, when he has got the kid through and on to the pier you can collect him easy as wink and no trouble to anyone. Well, what do you think?"

Mrs. Harris was staring at him now with her mischievous little eyes shining—no longer from tears. "Mr. Bayswater," she cried, "I could kiss you."

For an instant the hardened bachelor's fears returned to the dignified chauffeur, but in the light of Mrs. Harris' relieved and merry countenance they were dispelled and he patted one of her hands on the rail gently and said, "Save the smacker for later, old girl—until we see whether it's going to come off."

To be continued

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Hypolite de Chassagne, newly appointed Ambassador for France in the United States.

He was a happy and contented man was Mr. John Bayswater, for in the hold of the Ville de Paris there travelled the newest, the finest, the most modern and most gleaming Rolls Royce in two tones of sky and smoke blue that he had ever driven.

Mr. Bayswater had made the trip twice—once with a '47 Silver Wraith (a sweet job he had loved dearly) and again with a '53 Silver Cloud, of which he was not quite so enamored, but which he knew needed him, and all the more in the strange country.

And it was precisely this knowledge of Mr. Bayswater's of the procedural ceremony upon entering the free and

retired civil servant, "you would have thought we were going over to burgle a piece of the country." Then she sighed, "Oh, well, I suppose one mustn't complain. They gave us our visas, and it's all over now."

Mr. Bayswater snorted, "Ho-ho, is that what you think? Wait until you come up against the American Immigration Inspectors—they'll put you through it. I'll never forget the first time I came over. It was just after the war. They had me sweating. You ever heard of Ellis Island? It's a kind of a gaol where they can pop you if they don't like the look of your face."

At the pit of Mrs. Harris' stomach a small, cold stone was forming which she tried to ignore. She said to Mrs.

beat the burn



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herself as tall as she could and said, "Do you know who I am? I am Clementina Davenport."

"And I'm Jack and these are Cocoa, Nuts, and Candy Floss," said Jack.

"I am Clementina Davenport," said Clementina scornfully. "I live in a big house. I have a room full of toys and a pony. I have a bicycle and twenty pairs of shoes."

"That's nice for you," said Jack, "but you can't have Candy Floss."

I believe that was the first time anyone had ever said "can't" to Clementina.

Jack was too busy picking up balls, taking pennies and sixpences, handing out cocoanuts and calling his call to pay much attention to Clementina. "Cut off," he told her, but Clementina did not cut off. She came nearer.

Cocoa, Nuts, and Candy Floss watched her out of the corners of their eyes.

Clementina came nearer still. If Candy Floss and Nuts had been breathing, they would have held their breaths.

Clementina came close and at that moment Cocoa got down to take a lap of water from his bowl. (It was not Cocoa's fault; he had never known a girl like Clementina.)

Nuts tried to turn faster, but he could turn only as fast as the music went. He wanted to kick, but he had to hold his forelegs up; he tried to shake his silver bells, but they did not make enough noise.

As Clementina's hand came out Candy Floss shrieked, "Help! Help!" but a doll's shriek has no sound.

When Jack turned round Candy Floss had gone. There was no sign of Clementina.

When Clementina snatched Candy Floss, quick-as-a-cat-can-wink-it's-eye, she hid her in the paper umbrella and ran after her father.

Candy Floss was head downward, which made her dizzy. The umbrella banged against Clementina's legs as she ran, and that gave Candy Floss great bumps. She trembled with terror as she felt herself being carried far away; but she had not been brought up in a fair for nothing.

SHE was used to being dizzy (on the merry-go-rounds), used to being bumped (on the bumper cars), used to trembling (on the Ferris wheel), and when, in the big house on the hill, Clementina took her out of the umbrella, Candy Floss looked almost as pretty and calm as she had on Nuts' saddle; but china can be cold and hard; she made herself cold and hard in Clementina's hand and her eyes looked as if they were the brightest, clearest glass.

Dolls cannot talk aloud; they talk in wishes. You and I have often felt them wish and we know how clear that can be, but Clementina had never played long enough with any of her dolls to feel a wish. She had never felt anything at all. "But you will," said Candy Floss. "You will."

Clementina turned all her dolls' house dolls out of the dolls' house, higgledy-piggledy, on to the floor. "You will live in the dolls' house," she told Candy Floss.

"I live in a cocoanut shy," said Candy Floss, and her dress caught in the prim little chairs and tables. Every time Clementina moved her she upset something. When she had knocked down a lamp, spilled a vase of flowers, and pulled the cloth off a table, Clementina took her out.

"Don't live in the dolls' house, then," said Clementina. "You must wear another dress," said Clementina, and tried to take the pink one off, but she did not know, as Jack knew, how to stick the glue. All she did was to tear the gauze.

She made a charming supper for Candy Floss: a daisy poached egg, some green

Continuing . . . CANDY FLOSS

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spinach and a blossom fruit salad with paint sauce. She had never taken such trouble over a supper before, but Candy Floss would not touch it. "I eat hot dogs," said Candy Floss. Nor would she take any notice of the dolls' house's best blue-and-white china. "I eat out of a shell," said Candy Floss. "I drink from an acorn bowl."

"Eat it up," said Clementina, but Candy Floss tumbled slowly forward on to the supper and lay with her face in the blossom fruit salad. "I shall put you

to bed," scolded Clementina and she got out the dolls' house bed.

"I don't sleep in a bed," said Candy Floss. "I sleep in a lolly drawer," and she made herself stiff so that her feet stuck out. When Clementina tucked them in, Candy Floss' head stuck out. Clementina put the bedclothes round her, but they sprang up again at once. "Are you trying to fight me?" asked Clementina.

Candy Floss did not answer, but the bedclothes sprang up again.

"Well, you can sit on a chair all night," said Clementina and she took out a dolls' house chair.

"I don't sit on a chair," said Candy Floss, "I sit on Nuts," and as soon as Clementina put her on the chair she fell off. "Sit!" said Clementina in a terrible voice and sat Candy Floss hard on the chair. "Snap," the chair legs broke.

Clementina stood looking at the pieces in her hand; she looked as if she were thinking, and if Candy Floss' little china mouth had not been smiling already, I should have said she smiled.

But she did not smile in the night. Clementina left her on the table when she went to bed and all night long Candy Floss lay on the cold table in that strange room.

There was no van; no music box with Nuts asleep under the old red cloth; no sound of Cocoa breathing; no Jack to feel big and warm; no lolly drawer to make a bed, no shamrock handkerchief. There was no music from the fair, no sixpence stars. "And how can I get back?" asked Candy Floss. "I can't get back. Oh, how will the shy go on? What will Jack do without his luck?"

Dolls cannot cry, but they can feel. In the night Candy Floss felt so much she thought that she must crack.

Next morning Clementina took Candy Floss into the garden. "You must go in my dolls' house perambulator," said Clementina.

"I go in a pocket," said Candy Floss, and she held her head up so that it would not go under the hood. Clementina shook her until her eyes came loose in her head.

"You belong to me now," said Clementina.

"I belong to Jack."

Candy Floss, as we know, could not say these things aloud, but now Clementina was beginning to feel them. Clementina was not used to feeling — the more she felt, the angrier she grew, and she thought of something dreadful to say to Candy Floss.

"You're only a doll. The shops are full of dolls. Do you think Jack wouldn't have bought another doll to take your place?"

Candy Floss seemed to sway in Clementina's hand. Another doll in her place! In all her places! On Nuts' back; in Jack's pocket; in the lolly drawer; in the shamrock handkerchief. Another doll to be Jack's luck. What shall I do, thought Candy Floss, what can I do? And she cried out with such a big wish that she fell out of Clementina's hand on to the path and a crack ran down her back. "Jack! Jack! Cocoa! Nuts! Help!" she cried.

At that moment, in the fair, the merry-go-rounds started up. All the music began to play louder and louder, until it sounded as if the whole fair were in the garden.

Clementina picked Candy Floss up off the path and what had happened? Candy Floss was cracked; her eyes were loose, the shine had gone out of her hair, her face was covered with paint where she had fallen into the salad, and her dress was torn. As for its pink, you know how brown and dull pink spun sugar can go. Candy Floss' dress looked like that.

"You're horrid," said Clementina, and she threw Candy Floss back on to the path. "I think I shall go indoors and paint." She went in, but the fair music came into the house, and now, as Clementina listened, she heard, "She belongs to Jack." "You're horrid," said Clementina. "Cruel Clementina," said the music.

"I won't sit still. I shall skip," said Clementina, but though she skipped up to a hundred times she could not shut out that music. "She belongs to Jack." "Poor Candy Floss, and the Ferris wheel turning (you could see the top of it from the garden) seemed to say, "I can see everything."

When lunchtime came, Clementina did not want any lunch. "Are you ill?" asked her nurse, and made Clementina lie down on her bed with a picture book. "You look quite bad."

"I don't!" shouted Clementina and hid under her blanket; but the bed and the picture book, even the blanket, could not shut out the fair, and the music never stopped: "Bad Clementina." "Cruel Clementina." "She belongs to Jack." "Poor Candy Floss." Clementina began to cry.

BY and by she sat up. Just as she was, rumpled and crumpled from lying on the bed and tearstained from crying, she tiptoed down the stairs into the garden, where she picked up Candy Floss; then she tiptoed to the gate.

No one was about. She opened the gate and ran.

She ran up the hill to the heath and into the fair, past the balloon man and the toy sellers, the fish-and-chips bar, the hot-dog stands and the toffee-apple stalls. She ran past the merry-go-round with the horses and swans, past the bingos, the mouse circus, the rifle range and the Ferris wheel . . . and then she stopped.

The cocoanut shy was closed. The cocoanuts sat sadly on their posts. No lights shone. But no one threw at them. The balls were stacked in their scarlet stands. The music box was covered with the old red cloth. Nuts could not be seen. Cocoa sat on the ground with his head on his paws; now and again he whimpered. Jack was sitting on a box, hunched and still. When people came to the shy he shook his head.

"My luck's gone," he said and Cocoa put up his nose and howled.

Now Clementina had meant to put Candy Floss back on Nuts and run away as fast as she could, but she could not bear it when she saw how miserable she had made them and she cried, "Oh, please, don't be so sorry! I have brought her back."

Jack stood up. Cocoa stood up. The cloth slithered off the music box and there was Nuts, standing up. "Brought her back?" asked Jack, and Clementina forgot all about being Clementina Davenport in the big house on the hill and, "Yes, I'm Clementina. I took her," she said, and burst into tears.

When Jack saw what Clementina had done to Candy Floss, he looked very, very grave; but in no time at all he had borrowed some china cement from the china-smashing stall and filled in the crack. Very gently he touched the loosened eyes with glue and made them firm again. He washed the torn skirt off and glued a fresh one on and cleaned the paint off Candy Floss' face; then he spun out her hair again and she looked as good as new. Cocoa stopped growling and Clementina actually smiled.

Then in a jiffy (which was what Jack called a moment) he opened the shy. He put Cocoa's bow on and told him to jump up on the stool; he ran over Nuts' paint with a rag so that it shone; then he put Candy Floss in the saddle and switched on the music box.

TINKLE-TINKLE went the music box. "Three balls fr threepence; seven fr a tanner," called Jack. His shout sounded so joyful, Cocoa begged so cleverly, Nuts frisked so happily and Candy Floss turned so gaily that the crowds flocked to the shy. "Come 'n' help," called Jack to Clementina and Clementina began to pick up the balls.

But who was this coming? It was Clementina's father and mother and with them the nurse and all the maids and a policeman, because there had been such a fuss when they had missed Clementina. They had searched all through the fair. Now they stopped at the cocoanut shy, and said, "Is that Clementina?"

The cross look had gone from Clementina's face; she was too busy to be cross. Her cheeks were as pink as Candy Floss' dress; her eyes were shining as if they were made of glass; her hair looked almost gold. "Can it be Clementina?" asked her father and mother, the nurse and the maids.

"Clementina, Clementina," they called.

"Three fr threepence; seven fr a tanner," yelled Clementina.

"What am I to do with her?" cried her mother.

"If I were you, mum," said the policeman, who had been called out to look for Clementina, "I should leave her alone."

Clementina was allowed to stay all afternoon at the shy. She worked so hard picking up balls that Jack gave her two sixpences for herself, and Clementina was prouder of those sixpences than of all the pound notes in her money-box (she calls it a lolly-box now). "I earned them," said Clementina.

When her nurse came to take her home she had to say goodbye to Jack, Cocoa, Nuts, and Candy Floss, but, "Not goodbye; so long," said Jack.

"So long?" asked Clementina. "So long as there's fairs we'll be back," said Jack. "Come 'n' look fr us."

Tinkle-tinkle went the music box. "Three fr threepence; seven fr a tanner," called Jack. Cocoa begged, Nuts frisked, and Candy Floss went round and round.

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pin. Her hair was dull red, her mouth twitched incessantly, and she had no eyebrows.

She had been eight years with M. Latille, and she resented his retirement.

"Mademoiselle Pelbec," Plageot said, "what do you know of a man called Zvoynitch, who says he is a nihilist?"

Mlle. Pelbec became guarded. "Well, I know Monsieur Latille considered him a dangerous character," she replied.

"If he is so dangerous, why was he not deported?"

"Oh, dear me, no," Mlle. Pelbec blurted, and then steadied herself. "While Monsieur Latille considered him dangerous, he did not consider him as dangerous as he considered himself, if you follow."

"Frankly, no. From one meeting, I consider him a harmless crank."

"You mean you are not sending him to Corsica?" Mlle. Pelbec asked in horror.

"Why should I?"

"Well, he never reports without good reason. The relationship between him and Monsieur Latille was quite remarkable. For as long as I remember, Monsieur Latille never had to send for any of them. They would report of their own accord whenever they read in the papers that anyone of any importance was visiting Paris."

"They never killed anyone in France, true, but in Macedonia their record is terrible."

"How do you know?"

"Monsieur Latille told me so."

Plageot grunted. "There's no evidence of it here."

"Monsieur Latille wouldn't have invented such information. Why should he?"

"I wonder. That will be all, Mademoiselle Pelbec."

PLAGEOOT called another department of the Surete National. In reply to his question about the Imam's arrival, he was told that the portentous was due on Air France, Flight 264, from Geneva at 9.12 on Wednesday morning, and that he would be staying as the guest of the President of the Republic. Smiling grimly, he replaced the receiver.

He prepared to dismiss the matter from his mind momentarily when the phone rang. The man at the other end told him that he had been given the wrong information and that the Imam would not be staying at the Elysees but at the Hotel Raphael.

Plageot cursed. "But tell me," he asked, "is he flying from Geneva and not from Baghdad?"

"The information I gave you about the flight is correct," said the voice.

"And where does the Imam go after Paris?"

"Monte Carlo."

"Monte Carlo, not Marseilles."

"No, no! Monte Carlo. The Imam is coming here to better the lot of his underprivileged people, but he is wealthy himself and likes to gamble."

Plageot smiled. "And I presume that he will fly to Nice and then proceed by car."

"No," said the voice. "He is booked all the way on the Blue Train."

"What? Thank you." Plageot hung up and thought.

Two of the facts supplied by the old man were right; two were wrong. It would be dreadful if the Imam did perish, blown to pieces by the traditional bunch of flowers containing the infernal machine in its scented bosom.

Damn Zvoynitch! With all his clumsiness, he knew what he was doing, setting little balls of doubt rolling. He was just too sinister not to be ridiculous, yet not ridiculous enough to be quite harmless.

Plageot called for the files of the people Zvoynitch had named as his collaborators. Their police records were remarkably similar. All had aliases.

Plageot made some rapid

calculations on his pad and came to the remarkable conclusion that their combined ages came to 508 years, Yahuda Achron being the youngest of the group at seventy-nine, Madame Perlesco the oldest at ninety-two.

It was more and more disturbing, more and more absurd. There was only one key to the mystery—Latille. Plageot telephoned Latille at home.

"Hullo, is Monsieur Latille in?" he asked.

A woman's voice seemed hesitant.

"Who is speaking?"

"Ambroise Plageot. Is that Madame Latille?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Madame. This is Plageot, your husband's successor. You may remember me from the little party the day before yesterday to celebrate your husband's retirement. It was I who presented him with the commemorative inkwell."

"Indeed I remember you, Monsieur. The inkwell is very beautiful, as indeed was your speech."

"I flatter myself that I chose my words with some felicity. Is your husband in, Madame?"

"Just a second," she said.

M. Latille came to the phone. "Hullo, Plageot. How's everything at the office?"

"That's just it, Latille. I have a question which only you can answer. Would you have a moment to see me?"

There was a pause at the other end. "Oh, very well. Come around at once."

"Thank you," Plageot said, already feeling more a master of the situation.

Plageot was unmarried, but he had a sweetheart who might as well have been his wife, because he was not entirely faithful to her. This happened to be her birthday. He called her, "Annik," he said in his most authoritative voice, "I will be late — three quarters of an hour."

He put on his rakish black hat and left the office.

"My dear Plageot," said M. Latille, entering his humble drawing-room, "please excuse the disorder, but we are leaving tomorrow morning for Dinard." He was a colorful personality, this Latille, with his unkempt grey hair, his tiny goatee, and his watery blue eyes, more of an artist, to look at, than a functionary.

"I realise you must be very busy. I can only stay for a moment, in any case, so I will come straight to the point. It is about a certain Zvoynitch."

M. Latille lost his geniality. "Yes," he said. "I was afraid you would ask me about him. When I opened this morning's paper and saw that the Imam of the Hejaz was arriving tomorrow, it spoiled my day. I hoped to get away before the storm broke."

Plageot sat down also. "But what is the mystery?" he asked.

"Either the fellow is dangerous or he is not. It must be a relatively simple question to decide."

"It is far from simple," Latille said sadly. "I feel at the moment rather like the head cashier of a bank, trusted by all, who is suddenly discovered to have embezzled millions."

"Why do you feel like that?" demanded Plageot.

"Because — because I could never make up my mind whether these superannuated revolutionaries were dangerous or not. Eventually, I could stand the uncertainty no longer, and I gave them the benefit of the doubt."

"You mean that you acceded to their request and sent them to Corsica without due reason?"

"Precisely."

Plageot's manner became very stiff and self-righteous. "You realise that you utilised the taxpayers' money in these caprices of yours, Latille?"

"Of course I realise it, my dear fellow, although I can't pretend that it caused me much anguish. The end result of most of the taxpayers' money is

far less charitable and far less useful. Look at the amount of it which was poured into the Maginot Line, and a lot of good that did."

"If everyone thought as you, there would be chaos!"

"There is chaos in any case, my dear Plageot, not because all men think like me but because all men think differently from each other. As Voltaire wisely said: It is up to each one of us to cultivate his own garden."

"I did not come here, Plageot said, 'to indulge in a metaphysical discussion.'"

● The absent-minded man is often the man who is making the best of life and therefore has no time to remember the mediocre.

— Robert Lynd

"No," replied Latille reasonably. "You came here to ask if six old assassins are dangerous or not. I give you my answer. I don't know."

"You surprise me, Latille, and you shock me. Now I understand why Zvoynitch told me he had an agreeable working arrangement with you."

Latille smiled. "Did he say that? That was very kind of him, if a little tactless, seeing as he hadn't got your measure yet."

"What do you mean by that?" Plageot exploded. "Are you now attempting to justify your actions?"

"I don't think they need justification. Up to yesterday your department was my department. I ran it for eight years, and I don't regret my decision in regard to these people. All I dreaded was the day on which I would have to explain myself. There is a difference between explanation and justification."

"Explain yourself, then," cried Plageot.

Latille spoke with amusement.

"I remember the first time Zvoynitch came to my office. He was called Zbigniew at the time. It was in 1946, when Paris was brimful of Allied generals. At that time I was struck by his honesty. He told me he couldn't resist making attempts on the lives of foreign notables. I thought I might send him to a psychiatrist, but somehow it seemed a little eccentric to try to cure the foibles of a man over seventy, which had hardened, according to his file, into an ineradicable habit. Had he been a youth I would not have hesitated. In view of his age, however, I decided to dispatch him to Corsica. Admittedly, I became a little suspicious when he suddenly produced as many as five friends, all suffering from the same peculiar temptation. Still, the last thing we wanted was a dead Allied diplomat or general on our hands, especially at a time when we were doing our utmost to make our battered country attractive for tourists. After a while a degree of stability was re-established, and these old people were allowed to return to France."

"Then someone like Molotov came to Paris — I forget who, exactly — but suddenly the place was teeming with Russian security officers with the most alarmingly comprehensive lists of exactly whom they wished removed. When they used the word 'removed,' I suspect that they meant a more irrevocable course of action than mere transportation to Corsica."

"In my eagerness to show the Russians that their lists were far from complete, I ostentatiously sent our six friends abroad once again. I didn't have to round them up. As

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usual, they reported of their own accord, and during the presence of General Serov in my office I was able to demonstrate to the Russian that opposition to the regime is civic-minded in a democracy."

"When Tito arrived, the same procedure was repeated, and it happened again when Adenauer appeared. Then one day they turned up for no particular reason. I asked them to what I owed the pleasure of their visit — and it was a pleasure, Plageot, I promise you."

"They explained, without batting an eyelid, that the Shah of Persia was due in France. I laughed. 'You are not going to pretend,' I said, 'that you wish to assassinate the poor, defenceless Shah. He has troubles of his own, finding out how to drag gasoline from the soil, without any more trouble from you.'"

"Zvoynitch took over at this point. He is their spokesman. 'His eyes gleamed with a cunning so transparent it was touching. Look at Madame Perlesco's file,' he said, 'and see what happened in the late summer of 1912. I did so. She had been arrested in Isfahan and deported to France at the request of the Persian Government for shouting insults at the royal house in public.'"

"They recognised danger when they saw it. In those countries it is not the practice to conduct assassinations personally. Instead, you incite the mob, and they do the work collectively."

"The story was incredible but expounded so ingeniously, and they had packed their few belongings so painstakingly, that I gave in."

"Some nine months later, they really went too far. They came to my office, all packed and ready to go, on the pretext that the Prince of Monte Carlo was due. I told them to go home. They insisted that the consequences of my decision would be dire. I replied that they were abusing my kindness. Zvoynitch suddenly brandished a huge pistol of Arabic design."

"Have you a licence for that?" I asked him. He answered that the Nihilist International had no licence for anything and that this formed part of their general policy."

"I began to laugh. This seemed to enrage Zvoynitch, who pointed his pistol out of the window and pulled the trigger. There was a resounding report. Unfortunately, the dramatic effect was somewhat spoiled by Perlesco, who shouted, 'Fool, there goes the last of the gunpowder!'"

"Out! Out! I yelled, 'and never come back!'"

LATILLE continued.

"When it was announced some time later that the Emperor of Ethiopia was about to pay us a visit, I half expected them to return, but the days passed and they did not come. I was troubled by remorse, Plageot. Perhaps I myself was growing older and could sense the yawning cave of retirement before me, ever closer, ever closer. Whatever the reason, I felt myself the prey to a terrible compassion for these old idiots."

"By throwing them out of my office, I began to sense the kind of guilt I associate with kicking a dog or stealing a sweet from a child. I prayed for them to return so that I could clear my conscience."

"Then, only a few hours before the arrival of the Negus at Orly Airport, the door to my office opened. It was Zvoynitch! I blurted out, 'Where have you been? I thought I'd have to come and get you!'"

Zvoynitch smiled feebly and

began to shake. "Then we can go to Corsica?"

"Here are your papers," I said with a sigh of relief.

"That was the last I saw of them."

Plageot stared at Latille as though he had just watched some military secrets being sold.

"One thing you have not explained," he morted. "Why do these people wish to go to Corsica? Is it the meeting place of the Nihilist International?"

"Oh, no," said Latille, with a smile of charming frankness. "I don't believe the Nihilist International exists any more. They like the climate of Corsica. They regard it as a vacation we pay for."

Plageot hovered on the brink of physical disintegration. He was purple with outrage.

"This is the most scandalous sequence of events which has ever come to my notice," he roared. "You are a victim of your own weakness and sentimentality, Latille, and because of your approaching dotage you project your self-pity on to a group of harmless nitwits."

Latille held up a hand to stay the avalanche.

"Harmless?" he flashed. "If that pistol had been aimed at a man, it would have taken his head off. They do not lack imagination to the extent that you do, Plageot. They may be mad, but they are imaginative. At this moment they may be seated in some garret, concocting some diabolical device in order to dispatch the Imam of the Hejaz — not, Plageot, because they have anything against the Imam, but because it is their way of telling you that it is time for them to go to Corsica."

"Arrest them, then! Throw them into prison! Teach them a lesson!"

"That's your way, isn't it? Prison. It's still at the public expense, Plageot. It may be cheaper at the Cherche-Midi, but the food they eat is paid for by the taxpayer. The people of France must pay for either my tolerance or your intolerance."

"Deport them, then."

"Where to? Who would take them? My dear boy, you have a very low opinion of France and of her traditions."

"France is not a charitable organisation!"

"France is the home of the cultivated mind. You're so ambitious that you will rise to the top of the tree and scatter the seeds of your personal misery far and wide. Thank heavens I am not your contemporary."

Plageot's eyes stared. "What the devil are you talking about?" he cried.

"Why was I so civilised in regard to these curious characters? Because I am happy in myself, and he who is happy is generous. He wishes to give others the secret. I have been married for forty-one years, and no cross word has ever passed between my wife and myself. We had humor and resilience. I knew I would never rise to the top, and I was reconciled to my mediocrity."

"Our daughters are not very beautiful. They have my wife's face and my figure. Consequently, they found husbands who married them for the most subtle of their qualities, and they are all as happy as we are. When my wife drove our car into a tree last year, I welcomed the opportunity of walking again. There is some advantage to every disaster."

"What has this to do with me or with the efficient administration of the department?"

"Everything," said Latille. "You are a thoroughly miserable character. Head of a department in your early forties, you are deemed one of the most promising men in the police, and it is to be expected that you will end up as prefect

of Lyons, or Marseilles, at least, making life difficult down there with your dreary little pettifoggish decisions. Or else you may end up as resident in one of our minor possessions, confusing the natives and passing the time by altering the traffic regulations from day to day."

"I know your sort. Life is a dossier, memory is a file, ambition is a badge, love is a regulation. You are a bachelor. Why? Because you are selfish. You need women more than you like them, and you like them more than you love them, and you love them more than you can love one of them. At the moment you are living with a second-rate actress. Again, why? Because you have reached a grade in which it is necessary to live with a second-rate actress. You never take a spiritual risk. You are dead."

JUST then Mme Latille entered. She was of surprising ugliness, but her smile radiated warmth and amusement. "Jules," she chided, "you haven't offered our guest a drink."

Plageot, sobered by the presence of a lady, said, "I regret, Latille, that I will have to ask for a thorough investigation of your activities."

Latille shrugged his shoulders and grinned sadly. "Do as you wish, but don't be surprised if the Imam is blown sky-high while you are engaged in your corrective measures and the Arab world rises against us in vengeance."

Plageot stormed out and proceeded to a most unhappy birthday celebration with his actress. Annik did what she could to cheer him up, but all he could do now was to think of her as a second-rate actress. He argued with the waiter, the car wouldn't start, and when they reached his apartment, a fuse had blown out. Annik changed into a pair of black pyjamas, but he sat grimly on a chair, silent.

Suddenly he phoned the Surete. "Inspector Brevat," he said, "are you on duty tonight? There are six people I want followed. This is top priority. I will give you their names and addresses."

When he had finished his conversation, he lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. Soon he was asleep. His dreams were peopled with murderers. Everyone carried some lethal instrument. Mlle. Pelbec tried to stab him with her scissors. He couldn't open a door without finding Latille there, followed by a battalion of happy and hideous daughters.

When he went to the cubbyholes to fetch his mail, he saw that many tiny women were filed there, one for every grade. The prefect's cubbyhole contained one of the most distinguished actresses in France, six inches tall. "Bon jour, Plageot," she said with a captivating smile. "One day you will be a prefect and you will inherit me." He awoke, on the verge of tears.

"Curse Latille!" he cried.

The next morning two detectives were waiting to see him.

"Well?" he asked. "Did you find any of them?"

"No, sir," they replied.

"Fools!" Plageot shouted.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, a phone call from His Excellency Djamil Al-Haroun Ibn-Ibrahim Al-Salaoui, chief economic adviser to His Serenity the Imam of the Hejaz, announced the fact that a threatening letter had been received by the delegation in Geneva on the eve of their departure.

Apparently the letter, postmarked Soissons, was brief and to the point. It said, "Death Awaits You in Paris." There was no signature, but an amateurish picture of a decapitated head and a gory scimitar.

In a way, Plageot was relieved. Now there was no more ambiguity, no fear of looking

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DRESS SENSE

By

Betty Keep

DS435. — One-piece, 32 to 38in. bust; 4yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 2in. ribbon, 5yds. 2 1/2in. edging. Price 4/9. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● A cool, pretty look in cotton is a new trend for informal beach parties.

THIS fashion item answers a query from a reader who wrote:

"I want a new dress for informal beach parties, and a pattern to make it from. I am 17 and like to look feminine."

Illustrated above is a short-skirted party dress. The material is blue-and-pink-striped cotton; the trim is white cotton lace. The off-shoulder neckline is cool, pretty, and feminine, the soft width in the skirt is ideal for dancing. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Please suggest a cool tailored dress to suit a matron in her mid-forties — the material is beige silk."

I suggest a slim, side-closed dress with a decollete, notched collar and the waistline tied with a self-material, fringed sash. The buttons for the side closing would be attractive in matching beige, trimmed with dark chocolate-brown.

"I want to have a shortie party frock made in white eyelet cotton trimmed with white cotton lace. The lace is about 5in. wide."

My suggestion is a torso dress with a sleeveless top ending in six ruffled tiers of cotton lace. Have the neckline high, round, and collarless.

"In January my husband and I will visit Sydney for two weeks. Please advise me on clothes and climate."

Sydney in January is hot. It is also rather like a resort city, and clothes lean towards the informal. However, the key to your clothes problem is the kind of social life you will have and where you expect to stay. You won't go wrong if you include in your wardrobe a light cotton or silk suit, a late-day dress, and several shirt-waist dresses with the usual accessories.

"Should a flowergirl wear a floor-length frock?"

The traditional flowergirl's dress is floor- or ankle-length. The design is usually high-waisted, with a round neckline finished with a tiny ruffle, short puffed sleeves, and a skirt gathered all round.

"Please give me a color suggestion for a sleeveless top and circular skirt."

High on the color chart is a hot pink and deep purple team, and I suggest this twosome for your separates. Use pink for the top and purple for the skirt.

ridiculous. He informed all relevant departments of the nature of the threat. At six o'clock a man walking with the aid of two sticks was arrested, but released after an hour of questioning. He turned out to be a retired colonel with a glorious record. He also intended to sue the police.

The Geneva police called at eight to report the arrival of a menacing telegram at the hotel of the Arabian delegation. It read: "We meant what we said in the letter. The scimitar of vengeance is poised." It had been sent from Bordeaux, Bordeaux? Plageot examined the map. Soissons was quite far from Paris, Bordeaux much farther. This must mean that the organisation was larger than he thought.

At eight o'clock the prefect, M. Vagny, held a conference, which Plageot attended.

"Gentlemen," the prefect said gravely, "we are taking every precaution to ensure the safety of the Imam of the Hejaz. Obviously, what I tell you here is of the utmost secrecy. At the last moment the Imam and his party will be switched from the Air France plane which was to have taken them to Orly to a Swissair plane which will land at Le Bourget. The Swissair plane lands ten minutes earlier.

"From there a Citroen car bearing a false Imam will proceed directly to the Hotel Raphael, while the real Imam will go in a Delage by a more circuitous route. The floor waiters on the second floor of the Raphael have all been replaced by policemen. The elevator operator will be Detective Vaubourgoin, one of our best men.

"We will infiltrate the kitchen staff with our lads. If the assassins strike, they will find us waiting. That will be all, gentlemen. To your posts."

Just before the Air France plane was due to leave Geneva it was searched by the Swiss police. A bomb with a timing device was found aboard, gaily ticking away under a seat. Most of the passengers had already taken their seats when one of them, a distinguished gentleman of swarthy appearance, collapsed. He was taken off with suspected appendicitis. It was under his seat that the bomb was found.

He was promptly arrested by the Swiss authorities and turned out to be a member of an Arabian secret society in favor of a return to power of the Imam's deposed uncle. The French were informed of this when the Swissair plane was already close to Paris.

The Swiss also added that, while the would-be murderer was still believed to have been a bona fide appendectomy patient, he had used the phone in the airport clinic and was talking agitatedly in Arabic when the police broke in to arrest him. He may have realised that the Imam would not be a passenger on that plane and may have warned his fellow conspirators.

The French police prowling through Orly Airport noticed a suspicious group of Arabs who were drinking coffee nervously at the bar. Plageot walked up and down with Inspector Lagnon, but saw no trace of the nihilists.

"Is the plane late?" he asked. "Didn't you hear?" Lagnon replied surreptitiously. "They got a message through just now. They found a bomb aboard. The plane won't be coming at all. They caught the man, but they think he had time to warn his organisation that the Imam would land at Le Bourget."

"What?" cried Plageot. "Why didn't you tell me?" He got his car and set out for Le Bourget at full speed.

He arrived at Le Bourget just as the Imam and his party were sweeping out of the plane in a flurry of white.

Inspector De Valde met Plageot. "It's all right. They've

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just phoned through from Orly. They've captured all the assassins. Eight of them, Arabs."

"That's what they think!" cried Plageot. There among the crowd was Zvoitch with five old people. "Arrest those people!"

"What for?" asked the baffled De Valde. "Those are your assassins!"

"But I tell you, they telephoned—"

"Do as I say!"

Discreetly, the six nihilists were rounded up and hustled away.

Zvoitch looked triumphant. "Oh, please let me hear the thing explode," he pleaded with Plageot as the little group stood on the pavement.

"What thing?" Plageot screamed.

Zvoitch rapped him painfully on the knuckles with one of his sticks. "The bomb."

"Where is it?" Plageot was nursing his hand.

"Will you send us to Corsica?"

Plageot caught sight of the Imam and his party approaching their car.

"Very well," he hissed, "but where is it?"

"Under the rear wheel of the car. When the car moves off—puff!" Zvoitch made an eloquent gesture.

LIKE lightning

Plageot ran off and dived under the Imam's car. Running madly with a black box in his hand, followed by two of his men, he threw himself into the gentlemen's toilet. To the consternation of the old attendant he filled a sink with water and dropped the black box in.

"Get out!" he cried to the attendant, and to his men he gasped, "Cordon off this area. Bring the bomb—removal people."

On the way back to Paris he gave in to dreams of glory. He heard the congratulations of ministers, read the envy in the eyes of his colleagues, and was tinglingly surprised at his own incredible courage. Half an hour later he sat at his desk.

The six assassins were lined up before him. He did not offer them seats. He had called in De Valde to witness his triumph.

"What was the name of your contact in Geneva?" he asked.

"Geneva? We have no contact in Geneva," Zvoitch said.

"And in Soissons?"

"Nor in Soissons."

"And in Bordeaux?"

"No."

"You're lying."

Zvoitch shrugged.

"Perhaps the name of Mohammed - Bin - Mohammed will refresh your memories?" Plageot barked.

The assassins looked at each other, then shook their heads.

"It's not a name any of us have ever used," said Zvoitch.

"You choose to joke," said Plageot with an unpleasant inflection. "I advise you to take this examination more seriously, for your own sakes. The game's up, you know. Mohammed - Bin - Mohammed is arrested. He has confessed."

"I don't understand why you are asking all these meaningless questions," Zvoitch remarked gently. "You promised us we could go to Corsica."

"Corsica?" Plageot laughed harshly.

"But you promised!" Zvoitch was indignant.

"Shut up!"

There was silence.

"I will tell you what occurred, since you refuse to tell me," Plageot murmured. "You were expecting the Imam at Orly, but we forestalled you. Your contact in Geneva, Mohammed-Bin-Mohammed, entered the plane as a passenger and placed his bomb under the seat. Then he looked around

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and realised that the Imam would not be travelling on that craft. He feigned illness and was carried to the airport clinic.

"While the nurse was out of the room he telephoned you and had time to tell you to go to Le Bourget before the Swiss authorities arrested him. You moved quickly to Le Bourget with the bomb you had prepared in case the attempt in the airplane failed.

"Quickly identifying the car destined to carry the Imam by the quantity of policemen surrounding it, you stooped to tie your shoe and placed the bomb under the back wheel, and then retired amid the crowd to watch the results of your lethal handiwork. Can you deny this?"

De Valde looked at Plageot in admiration.

"We went to Le Bourget because we guessed that the Imam would land there," said Zvoitch.

"Lies!" snapped Plageot.

"The other day you told me the Imam would land at Orly in an Air France plane."

"Did I? I was guessing."

"You even mentioned the flight number."

"I made it up, knowing that you would forget it. As far as Air France goes, that was in the papers."

"But the Air France morning flight from Geneva does not go to Le Bourget."

"How was I to know?" Zvoitch replied. "I relied on my instinct. If I had been wrong, we would have gone to the Hotel Raphael."

"Ah! At last a confession! And how did you know about the Hotel Raphael?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Zvoitch. "The hotel puts out its refuse bins very early every morning. If you get there in good time you'll find the reports of the celebrity service almost every day. They're a little late by the time we get them, but they're good enough for us. They announce imminent arrivals on occasion."

Plageot smiled grimly. "Never underestimate the ingenuity of the trained criminal mind," he said to De Valde.

Just then M. Kellerer of the police laboratory entered.

"Ah!" said Plageot. "Now for the incriminating evidence!"

"Are you sure this is the correct article?" asked the perplexed Kellerer.

"Positive," said De Valde. "I supervised its removal from the sink in the men's toilet myself and transported it here."

"What's wrong with it?" Plageot demanded.

Kellerer opened it. "It's just an empty box."

"But the wire leading from it?" Plageot stuttered. "Does it signify nothing?"

"Nothing at all. It's just soldered on to the outside."

"Could it not have contained something which dissolved under the water?"

"Out of the question."

De Valde began laughing, at first softly, then hysterically.

Plageot's irritated question, "What are you laughing at, De Valde?" only made matters worse.

Kellerer felt that the laughter would be contagious and prudently left with the evidence, a smile growing on his face.

"For heaven's sake, De Valde, pull yourself together!" yelled Plageot.

"The idea . . . of your breaking the world's record for the two hundred metres . . . in order to make an empty box harmless . . . by immersing it under water in the gents' toilet. Oh, it's good, too good!" De Valde sobbed.

"De Valde! Return to your office!"

But it was too late. The

laughter was sweeping like a forest fire through the assassins. De Valde left with difficulty. Tears of rage filled Plageot's eyes.

"Silence! Silence! I demand silence!" he bellowed like a child in a tantrum. "I shall arrest you," he announced.

"On what grounds?" asked Zvoitch.

"I'll—I'll find grounds . . ."

"Presumably we'll stand trial, whatever grounds you find. The courtroom would be an ideal place for us to ventilate this story, perhaps even to immortalise it."

"Are you blackmailing me?"

"Not at all," said Zvoitch.

"Blackmail entails a financial transaction. If we have to go to court we will have to swear to tell the truth. I am only threatening to do what I have to do on oath in any case."

Plageot looked around like a madman.

"All right," he said. "I'll send you away, but it'll be to the Sahara, to the Chad—Ubangi-Shari, where the heat is unbearable."

"Monsieur Plageot," Zvoitch replied calmly, "we are very conscious of the fact that every time we are sent away from France it is at the public expense. If you wreak your vengeance on us by sending us to Equatorial Africa, it will not be we who suffer so much as the poor taxpayer. The fare is considerably more expensive. I should hate to think that our good-natured romp would end up as a burden on the man in the street, simply because your feelings are hurt."

These particular sentiments, expressed with such solicitous nobility, were too much for Plageot, who simply sat down and wept.

After a moment he rang for Mlle. Pelbec.

"The documents, Mademoiselle," he said wearily, "for Corsica."

"Here they are," replied Mlle. Pelbec.

"You had them ready?"

"Oh, yes, since I saw in the papers that the Imam was arriving."

"I am back-dating them to yesterday, before the Imam's arrival, for the record," Plageot said, handing them the documents.

The situation was delicate. The assassins just nodded politely and left, not even deigning to express their thanks for fear of arousing another storm.

As Plageot sat alone, his soul was a desert. He heard laughter from the office next door, and he could not conceive that the reason for it might be other than the story of his disgrace on its journey round the vast agglomeration of buildings. He grew grim, and his mouth set in a powerful and melancholy curve. Such things are sent to try a man, to temper his steel. With a painful sob he gazed at the sky and knew that he would go far.

"Mademoiselle Pelbec," he called militarily, "bring me the deportation files nineteen and twenty-one, at once!"

It was only in fairy stories that a chastening experience makes a lasting difference in a man's character. M. Plageot became, if anything, harder and more disagreeable. He used every opportunity to discredit both De Valde and Kellerer without really analysing his reasons for hating them. His relations with Annik were cold, contrived, and artificial. When he wished to be hurtful, he called her a second-rate actress.

Only in one regard did the incident of the six assassins affect him. Knowing that they would never retire and that he would have to wait for them to die, he never again opened his morning paper without a sickening trepidation.

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Mother, Aunt Jane, Derek, and Tom were to go in one car. By a strange and fortunate coincidence, Donna was to have gone in the bridal car. Dora had lightly suggested that arrangement the day before. "Oh, you ride along with father and me, Donna. Support me all the way to the altar, as a good twin should."

And everyone had laughed and said how sweet that idea was. Now, for a moment, the house settled to absolute quiet, Katie and Howard had departed for the church. Katie? Why, she knew about Dora. She would be the one person to see through the present subterfuge! But she would keep her own counsel. She loved them both.

"Come on, Dora!" It was her father's voice.

"Coming," Donna called, and in her mist of white began to descend the stairs to where the judge, handsome, tenderly proud, awaited her.

"Where's Donna?" he asked. She lowered her voice. "Daddy, don't say anything. Donna suddenly feels quite ill. Sort of weak and shaky. She can't take her place. She says to go on and forget about her. It won't really matter with all the other bridesmaids."

"Forget about her? I'll go up this minute and see her." Donna put her hand firmly on his arm. "Don't, Daddy, please. She'll be all right, but she just can't make it. It's late now. We've got to go on."

"Oh, this is dreadful," the judge said. "She seemed well enough at lunch. It must be one of those viruses. That's the way it hit me. All at once. You're sure she doesn't need anything? We'll send Katie home right after the ceremony to stay with her."

He smiled at her. "Thank heaven, it didn't happen to the bride. You're very lovely, my dear. I'm so proud of you."

In the limousine, he patted her hand. "Don't try to talk. Just tell me when I ought to break the news to your mother about Donna."

Donna still whispered, but her father did not seem to notice. "Wait till after you've given me away and gone back to the pew. She can't discuss it then. Later, she'll be busy at the reception."

In the parish house, Miss Irving, the wedding counsellor, took charge. "Judge, I've had Mrs. Barclay sit down over there until her time to go in. You and the bride stand here. You look lovely, Dora. Positively radiant. The bridesmaids are lined up, all except —"

Donna leaned over and spoke in her ear.

"Oh, no!" Miss Irving whispered. "Oh, I couldn't be more sorry. I'll just explain to the girls and ask Milly to hold your bouquet." In a moment she was back. "It's four o'clock to the minute. I'll start Mrs. Barclay in."

There was a soft sound of music as the organist began "O Perfect Love." Donna remembered her mother had arranged for that to be played. How ghastly it all was!

Her father patted her hand. "Nervous?" he asked.

She nodded, for she could not speak. Miss Irving was giving a signal to an usher. In a few moments, loud and clear and terribly final, came the first notes of the wedding march. The six bridesmaids, two by two, started through the door into the back of the church, with Miss Irving carefully directing the distance between each pair.

At last her hand was raised and she smiled toward the bride and her father. They moved forward, and soon Donna was dimly aware of the turned heads, the distant altar, the white flowers, white candles, white ribbons along the pews, as she moved up the aisle.

Suddenly, from the bouquet she carried, a heavenly fragrance rose. She had not noticed before what Derek's selection

for his bride had been. Now she remembered that as she had walked with him in the garden last night — Dora had gone to her room as soon as the rehearsal guests had left — he had remarked, "I like flowers that smell sweet."

"Oh, so do I," she had said. "Are you the gardener?" he asked.

"Oh, I like to potter about a little. I love a garden."

"So do I," he had replied. Now the sweet scent of her bouquet seemed like a message from Derek. Oh, the blessed self-control of the English! For the first time, she raised her eyes to look clearly towards the front of the church.

There stood the bishop in his white embroidered cape. Thank heaven, his speech in church was always what her father, quoting Browning, said was like the "blessed mutter of the Mass," sort of pontifically unintelligible. She doubted whether the names, as he rolled the words together, would be clear enough to understand.

AT last she looked to the right, where Derek and Tom were standing in front of the ushers. And Derek had on his lips the smile, his nice smile, as he looked towards her. It steadied her. She felt now they would at least get safely through this thing, this dreadful travesty.

Donna and her father came to the end of the long aisle, and Derek stepped forward to meet her. When he took her hand, his closed firmly over it, and she clung to that grip as though to life itself.

The voice of the bishop, majestically and mercifully blurred, began the familiar words: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company." And then: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment . . . that if either of you know any impediment —"

Oh, dear, Donna thought, I'd forgotten about that part! Derek pressed her hand more firmly, as though he feared she might speak out and disclose the secret. There was no real impediment, however, in the sense that the prayer book means.

When the vows came, their voices were so low that even those standing nearest could not be sure of the names. The bishop apparently was satisfied.

He now went on steadily with the ceremony. When it came time for the ring, Donna gave her bouquet to Milly, seeing as through a mist the slender hand as Tom handed the ring to the bishop and he, in turn, to Derek, whose voice was all at once distinct and clear as he repeated the words of the service: "With this ring I thee wed: In the name of the —"

It was over. They had knelt for the final prayer and benediction and were standing again in breathless silence — a sudden awkward second while everyone waited for the nuptial kiss. But not for long. Derek raised her veil and pressed his lips firmly on hers. Then Milly handed her her bouquet; the organ, with a great burst, began Mendelssohn; and they started down the aisle.

Donna recalled that many people had said she and Dora were identical when they smiled widely, so now, smiling, she turned her head to left and right until they reached the vestibule, walked under the awning, and entered the car awaiting them. Then she leaned back weakly, praying that she wasn't going to faint.

Derek, in a matter-of-fact way, took her hand in his. "You're still trembling, aren't you? The champagne will help. Anyway, we're safely over the first hurdle."

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And Donna laughed, a sweet, involuntary peal, which Derek joined. "I don't feel quite so tense now. I must explain, though, that I'll have to carry through after the reception."

"Dora! — I mean, the going-away clothes are in a room at the club. I'll have to change, you know, after I throw my bouquet and all that. Tom has your things in another room. We'll have to start off together."

"Quite so," he said. "One thing I've been wondering about. Tom's car is there, as planned. He was to have driven us to — He will not be needed now, of course. Do you want me to take you home at once, afterward? Tom will tell your parents the truth when they get home. Do you want to be there then?"

"No," Donna said convulsively. "I'd rather not."

"Right. I'm not sure I could take it, either. Suppose we drive around for a while, then, until your father and mother have recovered from their first shock. Tom said he would take me to the city tonight. I can catch a plane to England tomorrow."

"In spite of how very, very much I like your parents, I think it would be better if I did not see them again just now. I will come back any time your father suggests and that you wish — to — to undo this. I'll do anything to make it as right as possible for you. You do believe this, don't you?"

"Of course," she said. "You couldn't be braver or kinder."

"Another possibility," he said, his voice sounding worried. "Would it look better if you were to be away for some time? And then come back as though we had really been trying to make a go of it, but it just hadn't worked out? Of course," he added, "it would still be an annulment, but it might put a better look on the whole thing."

"We're sorry for each other," she said, "and that helps. I'll have to think out which is best to do, but my problem is so very much less than yours. Oh, here we are at the club. I hope I don't start shaking again."

"Steady," he said. "Just consider this as the second act of the play."

The Shore Club was impressive at any time, but now it was a fairyland. Flowers blossomed fair and white on every mantelpiece and in every niche.

Mrs. Barclay fell on her daughter in a little tremor of excitement. Donna kissed her cheek, turning her face well aside.

"Oh, my dear," her mother said, "the ceremony was beautiful, beautiful, though we couldn't hear a word either of you said. But, oh, it's so dreadful about Donna! I've sent Katie home. Do you think I should go, too?"

"No," Donna whispered. "It's not serious. Father says it's probably like the virus he had. It hit him so suddenly, don't you remember? And, Mother, don't telephone. She's probably asleep. It's such a shame, but we've got to go ahead now."

"I know. Oh, here are the photographers. Oh, Derek looks so handsome! Your voice doesn't sound just like you, Dora. I hope you haven't caught Donna's cold . . . Yes, Miss Irving, we're ready."

The bulbs flashed; the shutters clicked. At last the head photographer motioned to right and left. "If you please," he said, "just stand back. I want the bride and groom alone. That's good! That's fine!"

Miss Irving raised her hand, in welcome, as it were, and the waiting crowd began to stream in from the other rooms. It was much easier than Donna

had thought it would be. There was music and a constant din of voices. Her words were automatic, as everyone else's seemed to be. When it was over at last, the judge came to grasp his new son-in-law's hand.

Milly, who was Dora's best friend, came close to the bride. "What is this, anyway?" she said. "I know there's been a switch. Whatever happened to Dora?"

"Oh, Milly, please don't say a word," Donna implored. "I beg you to keep quiet."

"Of course I will, but what about Dora? Was it Rusty, after all?"

Donna nodded. "Does Derek know?" Milly asked.

"Of course. And Tom. This seemed all we could do, less than an hour before the wedding. That's when we found out. If I can just get through the reception!"

"You will. In this madhouse. Keep laughing. You look exactly alike that way. I'll help you dress when it's over."

Miss Irving was at the bride's elbow. "The first dance, my dear. Come, Mr. Melville. Come into the main room."

There was an open space in the middle of the great floor, and Donna and Derek stepped out on it. He took her in his arms, and they circled before the watching crowd. "Perhaps," he said softly, "you should look up at me. Isn't that the way it always is in the pictures?"

She raised her face at once and felt him draw her closer.

A surge of happiness seemed to possess the guests. The champagne was excellent and plentiful. The dancers seemed more and more lighthearted. Occasionally there was a subdued question about Donna, but the bride's answer was readily accepted.

"Isn't it the most awful shame? She suddenly felt so miserable! Father's just got over a virus." The general crush and gay confusion went on until supper was served.

When it came time for cutting the cake and giving the toasts, the guests seemed to rise in a body and press forward to watch and listen. Through it all there were rippling waves of laughter and music until Donna heard Tom say to Derek, "I guess it's you now, old man. The toast to the bride, you know."

Donna's heart seemed to stop, and a silence fell on the crowd as Derek slowly rose, glass in hand. And then he raised his glass and looked down at the girl in white beside him. "To you," he said clearly, "who are as unselfish and as courageous as you are beautiful!"

There was a faint sound, as of the expulsion of many breaths, and then deafening applause. Donna's eyes were wet as she tried to speak, but Derek was first. "Oh, I say, I didn't mean to make you weep. It probably sounded a bit sticky, but it was utterly sincere."

"It was beautiful," she said. "Thank you."

Before Donna thought it possible, Miss Irving was again at her elbow. "Time to go and change now, my dear. Your mother will be up to help you."

Donna grasped her arm. "Miss Irving, could you tell her I'm afraid of breaking down when I say goodbye? Tell her Milly is helping me change, and I'll see her and father as we go out. Will you?"

"Of course," Miss Irving agreed. "Very sensible of you. It's such an emotional moment."

The bouquet was thrown from the top of the stairs and caught, as usual, by one of the bridesmaids; then Tom appeared to escort Derek, and Donna hurried to the room appointed for her. Milly was there ahead of her. They did not speak much. Donna couldn't, and Milly respected

her silence. Once she said, "Where is Dora?"

"With Rusty's sister," Donna answered.

The going-away suit was blue, with a pale pink blouse and a blue velvet beret, caught at the side with a pink rose. As Donna put it on, she knew she had never worn anything so becoming, and her heart bled within her.

"It's harder, somehow," to wear this than the bridal gown," she said to Milly. "That was impersonal, in a way, but this is just made for Dora!"

"It's made for you, too. You look like a dream in it. I hope you and Derek know what you're doing — from now on."

"We're going to drive around for a while and talk, while Tom breaks it all to father and mother. When they know the truth they may decide they'd rather have me stay away for a little — just till the excitement dies down. Oh, I don't know what will be best. Derek and I will talk it over."

There was a tap on the door and Miss Irving entered. "Dora, you look ravishing! Your husband is in the hallway with your father and mother. My dear, you do look beautiful. Goodbye and the best of luck!"

"Thank you, Miss Irving. You've been wonderful," Donna replied. She kissed Milly. Then, as she went into the dimly lighted hall, she saw Derek give her a strange, penetrating look.

She embraced her parents hastily and in a moment was going down the stairs with Derek, holding his arm tightly as the crowd surged about them and rose petals rained in a shower. They finally reached the outdoors and found Tom waiting with the car.

They drove off by the lake. "Which road now?" Derek asked.

"The right, I think. It's a quiet one that leads to the mountain."

"Good," he said, and turned the car. "Do you know," he went on, trying to bridge the awkward silence, "that was the most amazing reception I ever attended. Those people were so utterly gay, and they showed their enjoyment. I believe we are a bit stodgy over on our side. We're so restrained that it congeals the blood a bit. But this party was really — as Tom would say — terrific!"

"I thought so, too. And the beauty of it all is that even when the truth is out, everyone, including father and mother, will have this beautiful affair to remember. It sort of justifies what we did."

"Quite," agreed Derek. Then, after another silence, he said, "I feel embarrassed to mention it, but you know, I'm hungry."

DONNA laughed. "You couldn't have made a more congenial confession. I'm starved."

"Well, where could we go for food?"

"I know the very place," Donna said. "It's one of my favorite spots. It's a little French restaurant, really a sort of inn, up in the mountains. A wonderful old man named Louis and his wife run it. It's much too quiet for the average tourist, so it's never crowded, but the food is superb."

"It sounds perfect. Just give me the directions. By the way, I must tell you that I realised this afternoon it was actually easier for me to go through the — well, what we did, you know — than to have sat in your family's living-room all that time amidst the general wreckage of the plans."

"I'm so glad," Donna said. "That makes me feel better."

"Now, why don't you just sit quietly and relax if you can?"

So they drove in silence while a full moon rose. After a few moments, however, Derek turned to her and said, "I've just had an idea. We must

talk seriously later about what is best for you to do. We can ring up your people from the inn. But now we're tired and hungry, and we deserve a respite. So why don't we pretend a little?"

"Let's say we've met only recently — which is true, isn't it? And we really don't know each other. Well, let's pretend we are out on our first date, and let's just talk about ourselves and get acquainted and forget all our problem until after dinner."

"I would love that," Donna said. "And I can make the idea even better. Let's be really gale. We could stop at the next service station and change into evening clothes. I don't feel right in someone else's going-away costume. And perhaps we would feel like new people."

Derek thought this a splendid idea, and before long they were able to carry out the scheme. Finally, after half an hour's driving they reached the inn.

Derek gave a quick exclamation of pleasure. "Ah, this is nice." He parked the car and went around to help Donna out. As he looked down at her, he asked, "Why did you say so positively that your sister is more beautiful than you?"

Donna raised her clear, honest eyes to his. "But she is," she insisted. "If you saw us together, you would realise it. Everyone thinks so."

"Not everyone," he said in a quiet voice.

Inside the inn, Louis welcomed them warmly. "Ah, but Mmes Barclay! What grand pleasure! So long since we've seen you. And this —"

"Mr. Melville."

"Ah, monsieur, an honor to have you." He eyed Donna's corsage of white gardenias. "A little occasion, non?"

"Quite so," said Derek. "We would like dinner as soon as possible, and we want something rather special."

"Ah, but oui, monsieur. Will you have this little table by the window? You see I have for you a moon. And now, cocktails?"

Derek looked at Donna. "Champagne cocktails, Louis, and we'll arrange the menu now for dinner."

As they talked, Donna saw Louis' respect for his new guest grow more and more profound. "You've made him your devoted slave," she said.

"I'm sure now the dinner will be worth waiting for." When the cocktails came, Donna raised her glass. "I believe it's my turn to give the toast. To a gallant gentleman," she said.

As her eyes met his, she saw that his were misty. "We seem to affect each other by our toasts," she added, trying to speak lightly, "but mine, too, was most sincere."

"So are my thanks," he said. "And now let us begin talking about ourselves. I'm so very curious about you. Won't you begin — say, when you were, oh, about sixteen and —"

"And bring the record up to date," she finished, laughing. "Please do."

"Well," she said, "I have nothing dramatic to recount."

"Thank heavens," he said under his breath.

"I went to the Breasted School for Girls here until I was seventeen. Both Dora and I did," she added. "Then I wanted to go to college. Dora didn't want to, so she went to Miss Porter's for another two years. I went to Wellesley. It's in Massachusetts. Oh, it's a beautiful place," she said, her whole face lighting. "I simply loved college."

"Do go on," he prompted. "I majored in English, but I took a lot of music. I'm very fond of it."

"Yes, I know," Derek said. "I heard you playing the piano the first night I was here, after everyone else was in bed. It was beautiful."

"You heard that?" she said.

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"I was feeling a bit low just then and music always helps."
"I'm frightfully fond of it myself, but I can't play a note on anything. I love to hear it, though. You played some of my favorites that night."

"I'm glad. Well, that's really all I have to tell, except that I'm thinking of taking a secretarial course this winter. I could help father in his office. I'd like to be doing something useful. Now it's your turn."

"Just a minute. You've left out something important. The love affairs."

Donna laughed. "Oh, there have been a few, of course. I mean, several nice boys along the way have —" she hesitated.

"Done you the honor of asking your hand in marriage?" Derek finished for her.

"Well, yes."
"But there's no one you are seriously involved with at the moment? You know that question gave me a lot of trouble this afternoon."

"If you mean, is there anyone who has a right to be disturbed over the day's happenings — no."

"Good. Now, as to me. How shall I start? You know about my parents. I have one brother. The family place is called Hardgate, not too far from London. Small as English country places go, but nice, rather. I spend all my holidays there. I was at Oxford. We'll skip the war years. Since then I've been with the publishing house, as you know. I'm terribly keen on my work. And that's about all."

"Not quite," said Donna, looking at her plate. "There is this summer."

"Yes. Well, shall we say I've never been too comfortable with girls. I believe they always frightened me, somewhat. In June I met Dora at a party your aunt gave. I had never known an American girl before. They are different, you know. So free and easy, so full of fun, so — it's hard to describe."

"But it was her beauty that made me fall in love. I did nothing but dream of that face. I see now I was unfair to Dora. I didn't give her a chance to refuse me. I fairly made her promise to marry me. If I had not been so frightfully insistent — you know the rest," he finished.

The main course had come, and for a little while they ate hungrily.

Then Derek said suddenly. "My word, we've been terribly normal in our disclosures, haven't we? Not a trace of Freud. Not even a recurring dream."

Donna looked up, laughing. "Oh, but I have one. Not that I dream it at night. It's a daydream. But it has come to me many, many times. I see myself on an autumn afternoon going for a walk in the woods with a dog. There is the delicious smell of the leaves and there's a wind with a light mist in it."

"And then I come back to a big living-room with an open fire and a tea-table before it, and the dog sits beside me with his head against my knee."

She stopped, startled at the look on Derek's face. "Oh, I know it sounds silly," she apologised. "But, you see, I've always wanted a dog. Father can take them or leave them, but mother and Dora are actually afraid of them, so we've never had one."
"Far from being silly," Derek said slowly. "That's the finest daydream I ever heard. You see, I've often done exactly what you describe."

"With a dog?"
"Yes. My family has several."

"Oh, tell me about them!"
So they talked on, and time passed. The desert came and coffee and liqueurs. Still they

sat, lost in conversation that was easy, intimate, absorbing.

The moon had risen out of sight when Donna looked about the empty room. Louis had long since been paid and had retired to his desk in the hallway, where the one bellboy lounged on the window seat, half asleep.

"Oh, we should leave," Donna said. "Could we go out on the verandah now? And I'll try to decide what to do. I think we should call the family. Tom could come after us in the other car, you know, and he could drive you into the city and I could go on to my cousin's if that's what Mother would prefer."

"Or I could call a cab from here," Derek said.
They went out to the big verandah that overhung the ravine. It was very still.

"I have a confession to make to you before we part," Derek said, standing very close to Donna and, as he spoke, putting his arms lightly around her waist. "But I will preface it with two statements which you will have to believe."

"The fact is that, needless to say, I would die rather than take advantage of the fact that you are at the moment my wife. The second is that if I had married Dora I would have banished forever this thought of which I'm going to tell you. Do you believe me?"

"Of course," she faltered.
"Last night, as you and I walked in the garden after Dora had gone to her room, it came to me, and went, like a flash of lightning, that I wished it had been you instead of Dora I had met last summer."

"I am telling you this so that there will be one small truth in all this day of deception and also so that your tender heart will not suffer too much for what you feel is my sorrow."

There was silence again, and then Donna spoke, so low he had to lean nearer to catch the words. "There is something you must answer me. If you had been the most unattractive man in the world, I would still have done what I did today. Do you believe that, Derek?"

"Yes."
"Then, since you have confessed what you have, I will tell you that from the first moment I saw you, I envied my sister with a deep and consuming envy."

Her words hung between them, as if caught in the clouds of the night. Then Derek, with a murmured apology, turned and went back into the dining-room. Donna watched him as he made his way quickly to Louis at his desk.

She turned back to stare into the darkness. Oh, I should never have told him that, she thought. He is probably trying now to get a taxi and leave as soon as we can. My confession was so bold, so indelicate, compared with his.

She leaned her head wearily against a verandah post. In all this strange and unreal day no moment had been so hard to bear as this present one. She heard him come back and stand again beside her.

"In that case," he said, as though continuing a conversation, and the utter tenderness in his voice made her look up. She knew then that the English dog sometimes show their feelings. He cupped her face gently between his hands. "Mrs. Melville," he said, "do you think I should have the bags brought in from the car?"

A warm color rose in her cheeks, but her eyes did not fall as they met his. "Perhaps you should," she said softly. "It must be growing late."

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . TOO TALL

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have been a model!" lamented Sally, herself now employed by a famous fashion house. "I'm sure you'd look marvellous modelling our furs! Don't you find an insurance company terribly flat?"

But as Mary found everything, outside ballet, equally flat, she felt she might just as well stick to insurance. She was very sensible. Sometimes she felt quite numb with being sensible. But she stuck it.

Sally wasn't the only one who tried to unsettle her. The head of the secretarial college, hating to waste a star pupil, wrote twice. But Mary, in exquisitely set-out typing, returned two polite refusals, and settled down again. She hadn't really been unsettled; she was too numb.

But she wasn't numb (or only her fingers were) when she opened the letter from Madame Vera.

IT wasn't a typed letter, this time; Madame Vera's violet ink arabesques over the notepaper in personal temperamental words.

"My dear child," scrawled Madame Vera, "Am I wrong, what are you doing, have you by any chance become a secretary, like so many others? Though not such good pupils as M. Macdonald! To be brief, my other good pupil Natasha (so Madame Vera referred to the greatest ballerina of all) feels the need of a secretary to complete her entourage."

"In my opinion it would be dogbody work (Madame Vera was always proud of her colloquialisms), but with travel, and at least an interesting milieu. She is now at Carrington's Hotel, and tomorrow at eleven will be interviewing prospective dogs. Your 'entree' was so good, my dear child, I draw your attention to an opportunity you may care to examine, warning you at the same time that there will be much competition. Now I go to take the seniors," scrawled Madame Vera, "who are all just as bad as ever!"

To save explanations, Mary Macdonald left home next day at the usual time. She felt she couldn't bear to explain, couldn't bear to see Madame Vera's letter handed about, perhaps hear her own chances discussed, perhaps even be discouraged from making the attempt at all. Also if nothing came of it, as was most likely (there would be much competition!), she didn't wish to have betrayed her secret discontent. If nothing came of it, Mary felt her heart would break again, but that was no reason for distressing her parents.

Conscientiously, she telephoned the insurance company from a call box. She said (in a rather shaky voice): urgent personal reasons. But her standing was so high with the insurance company, it was enough. "I hope nothing serious?" her immediate superior asked kindly. "I—I don't know yet," stammered Mary Macdonald. "In any case, don't worry," said the kind voice, "and if you need tomorrow off as well . . ."

What a kind, considerate company Mary had fallen into! She would nonetheless have seen it bankrupted in exchange for a chance to get back into the world where she truly belonged.

For what did it matter, thought Mary, that she wouldn't be dancing herself? She might never, after all, have been really good. Indeed, what her Scots blood had yearned to, in ballet,

was its strict discipline, its unremitting quest after perfection. (It's what the Navy is to Ian and Toby, thought Mary, something to dedicate oneself to.)

How better could she be dedicated, than in service to the greatest prima ballerina of the age? On the surface, perhaps, just typing conventional answers to conventional fan mail, keeping expense accounts in order, getting railway tickets, but in deeper truth, by shouldering all petty material burdens, setting free for the world's delight the spirit of an Odette-Odile.

And there'd be travel too. Opera houses in Paris and Rome, New York and Buenos Aires, with equal expectancy awaited the transit of the goddess. No wonder there was competition! "And I've only French," thought Mary suddenly. "How soon could I get up enough Spanish and Italian?" Although she knew her own powers of work, the answer was at least a couple of months.

It's languages that are going to fail me, thought Mary desperately. Because her shorthand and her typing and her bookkeeping really couldn't be faulted; and as to age, Madame Vera appeared to think twenty sufficient. But if she couldn't speak three languages at least, what was the use of trying at all?

Mary Macdonald still tried. She still went to Carrington's, arriving shortly after ten. Even so, the little lobby guarding the famous suite was already filled, and by such competitors as made Mary's heart sink again. Composed and confident sat each one, emanating not only efficiency but sophistication; by some hazard each exactly the right size to make up, together, a pony ballet. Mary took the last seat, and tried to look as if she matched.

French was nothing. Across from her, ignoring her, two applicants chatted in Italian. Another pair chatted in Spanish. ("Of course, I speak Russian," someone murmured casually.) Mary held her tongue, it was the best she could do, and waited.

Precisely at eleven, a further door opened; one after another each candidate was summoned within. Each returned, Mary noted, wearing an identical air of confidence; it seemed as though the goddess was finding it difficult to choose, and no wonder.

At last, it was Mary's turn. By this time she felt it was a mere formality, a mere pawning of respects. She was still elated of the opportunity to do so; to show gratitude for such beauty as the great ballerina continually revealed.

She was very small, was the great ballerina, much smaller than she looked on the stage. Sitting up in the huge upholstered bed, sipping at a big glass of milk, how small the great ballerina looked! But small as a hummingbird is, or a dragonfly, ready as each to dart into beautiful motion, Mary stood in the doorway, feeling like a clumsy giantess.

"And have you all the high speeds, too?" sighed a very small voice.

A little old woman who looked like a dresser popped apparently out of a wardrobe. "Must I remind Madame again to ask their names?" she snapped crossly.

"I'm Mary Macdonald," said Mary.

"Be quiet, Helene," said the ballerina. "You make me forget my steps. The first thing is the speeds!"

"Mine — mine really are tops," stammered Mary.

"And you can keep accounts?"

Mary nodded.

"And buy railway tickets in three languages?"

Mary swallowed.

"Only two," said Mary, and added honestly, "counting English." It was only natural that the ballerina laughed!

"But I learn very fast," pleaded Mary. "I'm a very quick worker."

"So Madame Vera tells me, Miss Macdonald," said the ballerina, unexpectedly. "All the same, even my old Helene here . . . how many languages do you speak, Helene?"

"Five, Madame," said the dresser.

Mary shot her a desperate, pleading glance. If only she would help! But the dresser refused to meet her eye. In wild imagination Mary saw herself offering a purse of gold to buy the old woman's goodwill. But all she had on her was fourteen and ninepence.

"May I remind Madame that Madame has a matinee?" added the dresser, pointedly. "If this young lady is the last . . ."

"Are you?" sighed the ballerina.

Mary nodded. Her disappointment, however irrational, was so great that she couldn't trust herself to speak. Then, again, she swallowed hard, and at least proved she knew what a matinee meant.

"It was very kind of you to see me," said Mary Macdonald formally, "especially as I've taken ten minutes off your rest."

She got out of the room she didn't quite know how, probably with her knees knocking. If she waited outside in the lobby, it was just to see which sophisticated, multilingual, top-speed competitor would finally be picked. It seemed to be the general attitude.

Out of a dozen, obviously only one could win the prize; but the whole pony ballet, however low this one or that must have assessed her personal chance, waited to see which. (Mary's own guess was the Russian speaker, who sat with modest confidence checking the visas in her passport.)

A subdued multilingual murmur filled the lobby with the hum of a multilingual beehive, while within the queen bee meditated.

Mary Macdonald hadn't any-one to murmur with. She just waited to see which, before going back to the company.

AT last the inner door reopened. At last old Helene put out her head. "Miss Macdonald!" called old Helene. "Miss Macdonald, please to come in, all the rest to go away!"

Incredulous with joy, Mary stood once again at the foot of the huge bed. The goddess hadn't even finished her big glass of milk. With a most charming gesture, however, of her free hand, she pushed across the quilt a bundle of letters and bills and travel schedules. "All headaches for my new secretary!" The ballerina smiled.

"But haven't you forgotten," cried Mary anxiously, "I've only French?"

"I can teach Mademoiselle all she needs!" old Helene said, and smiled.

"Oh, I'll work!" promised Mary breathlessly. "You don't know how I can work! But why me?"

"My dear, you are so tall!" sighed the great ballerina. "We have just been agreeing, my old Helene and I, how easily we could pick you out on a railway platform! Of course, Madame Vera has also given you a very good character; and you understand about ballet. Didn't you perceive, just now, how I needed to rest? And it seems you have the sneeds as well. But the chief thing," said the great ballerina happily, "is that you are so tall."

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Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4989, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 4348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN
F9397.—Dainty nightie for a little girl comes in sizes two to eight years. Requires 24 to 24yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 4in. lace edging. Price 3/.

F7051.—Pretty teenager's frock has square neckline and either short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Short-sleeves style takes 3yds. 54in. material, long sleeves 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7031.—Slender and elegant frock and jacket ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 5/6.

F7051

F7031

F9397

F7005

F7030

F7000

F7030.—Full-skirted frock has box pleats, fitted jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 4yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 5/6.

F7005.—Useful frock has slim skirt, neat collar, and button trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Long-sleeved style takes 3yds. 54in. material, short sleeves 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7000.—Versatile frock with contrast collar and bodice trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Long-sleeved style requires 3yds. 54in. material, short sleeves 4yds. 36in. material. Both styles take 8yd. contrast material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 395.—HAT

Cute little hat is available cut out ready to sew in pink, mid-blue, navy, silver-grey, cinnamon, and mint-green poplin. It may be obtained in colors with a contrasting white finish, or in white, with a contrasting color band. Price is 11/6, plus 1/6 postage.

No. 396.—FROCK

Cool summer frock with scoop neckline and bell skirt is available cut out ready to make in pink, mid-blue, navy/silver-grey, cinnamon, and mint-green heavy poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 48/6; 36 and 38in. bust 49/6. Postage 4/-.

No. 397.—GIRL'S SUNFROCK

Easy to make girl's sunfrock has side buttoning, and pockets edged with braid or lace. Material is striped cotton in blue, pink, turquoise, and red, all with white. Braid or lace is not supplied. Sizes 2 and 4 years 19/6, 6 and 8 years 23/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 398.—GIRL'S FROCK

Full making instructions are given with this cut-out girl's frock. Material is a pretty floral cotton in shades of tangerine, turquoise, and pink, all on a white background. Sizes 2 and 4 years 41/6, 6 and 8 years 46/6, and 10 and 12 years 47/6. Postage 4/-.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 4, 1961

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 2



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in prestige.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a holiday.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in independence.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in partnerships.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday. Luck in a new personality.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in chance.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in the end of a cycle.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a short journey.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a do-it-yourself job.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 13. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, orange. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday. Luck in generosity.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in a crowded place.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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you find
healthy, happy
children . .



EVERY DAY IN **1961** YOU WILL ENJOY

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There is no Substitute for Quality.

1961 JANUARY 1961	1961 FEBRUARY 1961	1961 MARCH 1961
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2 3 4
8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	5 6 7 8 9 10 11
15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	12 13 14 15 16 17 18
22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	19 20 21 22 23 24 25
29 30 31	26 27 28	26 27 28 29 30 31
1961 APRIL 1961	1961 MAY 1961	1961 JUNE 1961
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
1	1 2 3 4 5 6	1 2 3
2 3 4 5 6 7 8	7 8 9 10 11 12 13	4 5 6 7 8 9 10
9 10 11 12 13 14 15	14 15 16 17 18 19 20	11 12 13 14 15 16 17
16 17 18 19 20 21 22	21 22 23 24 25 26 27	18 19 20 21 22 23 24
23 24 25 26 27 28 29	28 29 30 31	25 26 27 28 29 30
1961 JULY 1961	1961 AUGUST 1961	1961 SEPTEMBER 1961
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
1	1 2 3 4 5	1 2
2 3 4 5 6 7 8	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
9 10 11 12 13 14 15	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
16 17 18 19 20 21 22	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
23 24 25 26 27 28 29	27 28 29 30 31	24 25 26 27 28 29 30
1961 OCTOBER 1961	1961 NOVEMBER 1961	1961 DECEMBER 1961
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2
8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30	24 25 26 27 28 29 30

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS — 1961

New Year Holiday, 1st January;
Australia Day Holiday, 26th January;
Labour Day (Tas. & W.A.), 8th Mar.;
Labour Day (Vic.), 13th March;
Good Friday, 31st March;
Easter Saturday, 1st April;
Easter Monday, 2nd April;

Easter Tuesday (Vic.), 4th April;
Bank Holiday (Tas. & W.A.),
4th April;
Anzac Day, 25th April;
Labour Day (Qld.), 1st May;
Queen's Birthday (except W.A.), to
be proclaimed;
Foundation Day (W.A.), 8th June;

Bank Holiday (N.S.W.), 7th August;
Queen's Birthday (W.A.), to be pro-
claimed;
Six Hour Day (N.S.W.), 2nd Oct.;
Labour Day (B.A.), 9th October;
Christmas Day, 25th December;
Boxing Day, 26th December;
Proclamation Day (B.A.), 28th Dec.

... YOU WILL FIND



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Biscuits

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